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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, JR.

VOL. XXVII.

CHURCHILL, FALCONER, GRAINGER.

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The Sugar-Cane, in four Books.

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SELECT POEMS

OF

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A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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SELECT POEMS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE OF CHURCHILL.

CHARLES CHURCHILL was born in Vine-street, in the parish of St. John the Evangelist, London, some time in February, 1731. His father was for many years curate and lecturer of that parish, and rector of Rainham, near Grays in Essex. He placed his son, when about eight years of age, at Westminster school. His proficiency at school, although not inconsiderable, was less remarkable than his irregularities. On entering his nineteenth year, he applied for matriculation at the university of Oxford, where, it is reported by some, he was rejected, on account of his deficiency in the learned languages; and by others, that he was hurt at the trifling and childish questions put to him, and answered the examiner with a contempt which was mistaken for ignorance. It is not easy to reconcile these accounts, and not of great importance. The examinations at that time were not very strict, for Gibbon was admitted of Magdalen College with probably less classical knowledge than Churchill, and would not have thought his examination trifling, if he had been able to answer it. Churchill, however, was afterwards admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge, but immediately returned to London, and never visited the university more.

The reason of his abandoning the university, may have been an attachment which he formed while at Westminster school, and which ended in a clandestine marriage This was a severe disappointment to his father's hopes; but he wisely became reconciled to what was unavoidable, and entertained the young couple in his house about a year, during which his son's conduct was irreproachable. In 1751, he retired to Sunderland, in the north of England, where he applied himself to such studies as might qualify him for the church. Why he could not have done this under the eye of his father, we know not; but at the customary age, he received deacon's orders at the hands of Dr. Willis, bishop of Bath and Wells, and in 1756 was ordained priest by Dr. Sherlock, bishop of London. He exercised his clerical functions at Cadbury in Somersetshire, and at Rainham, his father's living, but in what manner, or with what display of abilities, is not recorded. A story was current some time after his death, that he received a curacy of thirty pounds a year in Wales, and kept a public house, to supply his deficiencies; but for this, there appears to have been no other foundation, than what the irregularities of his more advanced life supplied. So regardless was he of character, that his enemies found ready credit for any fiction at his expense.

While at Rainham, he endeavoured to provide for his family, by teaching the youth of the neighbourhood, an occupation which necessity rendered eligible, and habit might have made pleasing; but, in 1758, his father's death opened a more flattering prospect to him in the metropolis, where he was chosen his successor in the curacy and lectureship of St. John's. For some time he performed the duties of these offices with external decency at least, and employed his leisure hours in the instruction of some pupils in the learned languages, and was also engaged as a teacher at a ladies' boarding

school. He was in his twenty-seventh year, when he began to relax from the obligations of virtue, and more openly to enter into those dissipations, which, while they ruined his character and impaired his health, indirectly led to his celebrity in public life. He was immoderately fond of pleasure, a constant attendant at the theatres, and the associate of men who united wit and profligacy, and qualified themselves for moral teachers by practising the vices they censured in others.

Lloyd, the poet, had been one of his school fellows at Westminster, and their intimacy, renewed eagerly, became now a close partnership in debt and dissipation. In one respect, this proved beneficial to Churchill. Dr. Lloyd, his companion's father, persuaded Churchill's creditors to accept of five shillings in the pound, and to grant releases; nor ought it to be concealed, that there is some reason for believing that Churchill, as soon as he had acquired money by his publications, voluntarily paid the full amount of the original debts.

At what period he made the first experiment of his poetical talents, is not known. He had, in conjunction with Lloyd, the care of the poetical department in The Library, a kind of magazine, of which Dr. Kippis was editor; and he probably wrote, as Lloyd certainly did, some small pieces in that work; but they cannot now be distinguished. About the year 1759 or 1760, he wrote a poem of some length, entitled *The Bard*, which was rejected by an eminent bookseller, and perhaps justly, as the author did not publish it afterwards, when it might have had the protection of his name. He wrote also *The Conclave*, a satire levelled at the dean and chapter of Westminster, which his friends prevailed upon him to suppress. Thus disappointed in his first two productions, his constant attendance at the theatres suggested a third, levelled at a class of men who seldom have the means of public resent-

ment. This was his celebrated *Rosciad*, in which the professional characters of the performers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres were examined with a severity, yet with an acuteness of criticism and easy flow of humour and sarcasm, which rendered what he probably considered as a temporary trifle, a publication of uncommon popularity and lasting reputation. He had, however, so little encouragement in bringing this poem forward, that five guineas were refused as the price at which he valued it; and he printed it at his own risk, when he had scarcely ready money enough to pay for the necessary advertisements. It was published in March, 1761, and its sale exceeded all expectation. His name did not appear to the first edition, and Lloyd having not long before published The Actor, a poem on the same subject, if not with the same intentions, the Rosciad was generally supposed to be the production of the same writer; while, by others, it was attributed to those confederate wits, Colman and Thornton.

Churchill, however, soon avowed a poem which promised so much fame and profit; and as it had been not only severely handled in the Critical Review, but positively attributed to another pen, he published *The Apology*, addressed to the Critical Reviewers, in 1761. In this he retaliated with that bitterness of personal satire, which he displayed with additional malignity in his subsequent productions. The success of The Rosciad, and of The Apology, opened new prospects to their author. He saw, in his genius, a source of plentiful emolument, but unfortunately also he contemplated it as an instrument of terror, which might be employed against the friends of virtue, with whom he no longer thought it necessary to keep any terms. While insulting public decency by the grossest immorality, he wreaked his vengeance on those who censured him, with a sprightliness of malignity and

force of ridicule which were deemed irresistible. His conduct, as a clergyman, had long shocked his parishioners, and incurred the displeasure of Dr. Pearce, the dean of Westminster; who remonstrated as became his station. But Churchill was now too far gone in profligacy; and being, as his friends have been pleased to say, too *honest* to dissemble, he resigned his curacy and lectureship, and with this acknowledged sacrifice to depravity, threw off all the external restraints which his former character could be thought to impose. That his contempt for the clerical dress might be more notorious, he was seen at all public places habited in a blue coat with metal buttons, a gold laced waistcoat, a gold laced hat and ruffles. It is singular that one who knew satire so well, should have thus unconsciously stript himself of a dress he was no longer worthy to wear, and put on one which made him ridiculous.

In February, 1761, a separation took place between him and his wife, whose imprudence is said to have kept pace with his own. But from a licentious passage in one of his letters to Wilkes, it appears that he was tired of her person, and probably neglected her in pursuit of vagrant amours. As his conduct in this and other matters was too notorious to pass without animadversion, he endeavoured to vindicate it in a poem, entitled *Night*, addressed to his wretched partner Lloyd. The poetical beauties of this poem, which are very striking, can never atone for the absurdity, as well as immorality, of his main argument—that avowed vice is more harmless than concealed, and did not prevent his readers from perceiving that he who maintains it must have lost shame, as well as virtue.

His next publication was *The Ghost*, 1762, extended, at irregular intervals, to four books. This was founded on the well known imposture of a ghost having disturbed a family in Cock Lane; but

he contrived to render it the vehicle of many characteristic sketches, and desultory thoughts on various subjects unconnected with its title. About this time he appears to have formed a connection with the celebrated John Wilkes, who encouraged him to add fiction to profligacy, and increase the number of his enemies by reviling every person of rank or distinction with whom Wilkes chose to be at variance. His pen is said to have been also employed in Wilkes's North Briton, and *The Prophecy of Fame,* Churchill's next production, was originally sketched in prose for that paper. What other contributions he made, cannot now be ascertained, but it may be suspected that his satirical talent would ill submit to the tameness of prose, nor indeed was such an employment worthy of the author of The Rosciad, and The Apology. Wilkes suggested the Prophecy of Famine as a more suitable vehicle for the bitterness of national scurrility, and he was not mistaken.

The Epistle to Hogarth, which followed, was occasioned by that artist's having taken some liberties, in his political engravings, with the characters of the earls Temple and Chatham. The only revenge he took was a paltry print, representing Churchill as a Russian bear. The parties had been once intimate, and Churchill paid due reverence to the talents of Hogarth, but in his present humour he stuck at nothing which could vex and irritate. Hogarth died soon after, and some of Churchill's friends asserted, with malicious satisfaction, that the poem had accelerated that event. Mr. Nichols, in his copious life of Hogarth, starts some reasonable doubts on this subject. In 1763, Churchill formed an intimacy with the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster, and prevailed upon her to live with him; but within a fortnight his passion was satiated, and she had leisure to repent. Her father received her back, and she might probably

have been reformed, had she not been insulted by a sister, and her situation rendered so disagreeable, that she preferred the company of her seducer. Churchill thought himself bound in honour and gratitude to receive her, and confirm her wretchedness by a more lengthened connection. While this affair was the general subject of public indignation, he wrote *The Conference*, in which he assumes the language of repentance and atonement, with such pathetic effect, that every reader must hope he was sincere.

The duel which took place between Wilkes and Martin, gave rise to *The Duellist*, (1763,) which he extended to three books, and diversified, as usual, by much personal satire. In *The Author*, published about the end of the same year, he gave more general satisfaction, as the topics were of a more general nature. His first publication in 1764 was *Gotham*, which, without a definite object, or much connection of parts, contains many passages of sterling merit. *The Candidate* was written soon after, to expose Lord Sandwich, who was a candidate for the office of High Steward of the University of Cambridge. His lordship's deficiencies in moral conduct were perhaps no unfair objects for satire, but this from the pen of a man now debilitated by habitual excess, served only to prove that Churchill was a profligate in contempt of knowledge and reason. Towards the end of October, 1764, he accompanied Humphrey Cotes, one of Wilkes's dupes, to visit this patriot, in his voluntary exile in France. The party met at Boulogne, where Churchill, immediately on his arrival, was attacked by a miliary fever, which terminated his life, (November 4,) in the thirty-fourth year of his age. It was reported, that his last words were—"What a fool have I been!" but Wilkes, who was present, thought it his duty to contradict this statement. He considered it as a calumny on a man

whose *philosophy*, he gravely informs us, shone in full lustre during the whole time of his very severe illness.

His body was brought from Boulogne for interment at Dover, where it was deposited in the old church-yard, formerly belonging to the collegiate church of St. Martin. A stone was afterwards placed on his grave, on which are inscribed his age, the time of his death, and this line from his works:

"Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies."

Of the nature of his life, and its enjoyments, enough has been said. He left two sons, Charles and John, the charge of whose education was generously undertaken by Sir Richard Jebb; but they soon died, like their father, victims to imprudence and intemperance. The year after his death, a volume of sermons was published, which he is said to have prepared for the press; but this seems wholly improbable. They bear no marks of his composition; and it has been conjectured by the editor of the Biographia, that they were some of his father's, which he had copied for his own use. Churchill was not a hypocrite, and would not have published sermons for a serious purpose; nor could he be tempted by necessity to avail himself of public curiosity. His poetry supplied all his wants, and, if we may credit his will, he left behind him a considerable sum of money.

The merit of Churchill, as a poet, has but lately been weighed with impartiality. During his life, his works were popular beyond all competition.

While he continued to supply that species of entertainment which is more generally gratifying than a good mind can conceive, or a bad one will acknowledge, he was more eagerly and more frequently read than any of his contemporaries. Dr. Warton seems to complain that there was a time when

Churchill was more in vogue than Gray. This is not wonderful; a personal satirist is sure to engross public attention, and as a supporter of factious defamation, Churchill was admirably suited to the time in which he lived. But if his poems were popular with those who love to see worth depreciated and distinctions levelled; with the vulgar, the envious and the malignant; they were no less held in abhorrence by those who were as much hurt at the prostitution as charmed by the excellence of his talents, and who were afraid to praise his genius, lest they should propagate his writings. Few men, therefore, made so much noise during their lives and relatively so little after their deaths. His associates in vice and faction shrank from the task of perpetuating his memory, either from the fear of an alliance with a character so obnoxious as to injure their party, or from the neglect with which bad men usually treat their confederates when they can be no longer useful. Lloyd, to whom he had been more kind than Colman or Thornton, did not survive him above a month. Colman and Thornton preserved a cautious silence about one whom to praise was to engage with the many enemies he had created; and Wilkes, to whom he bequeathed the editorship and illustration of his poems by notes &c., neglected the task, until having succeeded in his ambitious manœuvres, he became ashamed of the agents who had supported him, and left his poorer partisans to shift for themselves. When the friends of Churchill were thus heedless of his fame, it was not to be expected that his enemies would be very eager to celebrate the memory of a man by whom they had suffered so severely. Perhaps no writer ever made so many enemies, or carried his hostilities into so many quarters, without provocation. If we except the case of Hogarth, I do not recollect that he has attacked the character of one individual who ever did him an injury, or stood in his

way. Such wantonness of detraction must have naturally led to a general wish that his name and works might be speedily consigned to oblivion. The time, however, is now come, when, although his character cannot be rescued from the contempt into which it fell, his writings may be read with more calmness, and his rank as a poet assigned with the regards due to real genius, however misapplied. If those passages in which his genius shines more conspicuously were to be selected from the mass of defamation by which they are surrounded, he might be allowed to approach to Pope in every thing but correctness; and even of his failure in this respect, it may be justly said, that he evinces carelessness rather than want of taste. But he despised regularity in every thing; and whatever was within rules, bore an air of restraint to which his proud spirit could not submit. From the evidence of his writings, as well as of his friends, it appears that he thought so meanly of Pope as to suppose it no difficult matter to excel him. Dryden was his acknowledged model, and he left inequalities in his writings that he might resemble Dryden, and shun Pope's unvaried excellence. Such caprice is unaccountable; but it is certain that Churchill persisted in despising that correctness which he might have attained with very little care. The opinion of Cowper upon this subject is too valuable to be omitted.

"Churchill is a careless writer for the most part, but where shall we find in any of those authors, who finish their works with the exactness of a Flemish pencil, those bold and daring strokes of fancy, those numbers so hazardously ventured upon, and so happily finished, the matter so compressed, and yet so clear, and the colouring so sparingly laid on, and yet with such a beautiful effect? In short, it is not his least praise, that he is never guilty of those faults as a writer which he lays to the

charge of others. A proof that he did not judge by a borrowed standard, or from rules laid down by critics, but that he was qualified to do it by his own native powers and his great superiority of genius."

The superiority of his genius, indeed, is so obvious from even a slight perusal of his works, that it must ever be regretted that his subjects were temporary, and his manner irritating; and that he should have given to party and to passion, what might have promoted the dignity of virtue, and advanced the honours of poetry. His fertility was astonishing, for the whole of his poems were designed and finished within the short space of three years and a half.

In some cases, the poet may be considered separate from the man, and indeed of many eminent poets we know too little to be able to determine what influence their character had on their writings. But Churchill's productions are so connected with his tumbulent and irregular life, that they must necessarily be brought in contact. He frequently alludes to his character and situation, and takes every opportunity to vindicate what seems to redound most to his discredit, his vices and his associates; and as his works will probably long be read with admiration as works of genius, or from curiosity as specimens of obloquy, it is necessary we should tell that he had very little veneration for truth, that he drew his characters in extravagant disproportions, and that he was indifferent about the means by which he could bring temporary or lasting disgrace on the persons, whom either faction or revenge made him consider as enemies.

ENCOMIUMS ON CHURCHILL.

ON THE

DEATH OF CHURCHILL.

PROSE-DRIVING dunces, waddling fools in rhyme,
Scoundrels of every kind, by vengeance led,
Spit forth your venom, poison all your clime,
CHURCHILL, who scourg'd you to your holes,—
is dead!

ON THE SAME.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

SAYS Tom to Richard—'CHURCHILL's dead!'
Says Richard—'Tom, you lie:
Old Rancour the report hath spread;
But genius cannot die.'

IN Anna's wars immortal CHURCHILL rose,
And, great in arms, subdued Britannia's foes;
A greater CHURCHILL now commands our praise,
And the palm yields her empire to the bays.
Though John fought nobly at his army's head,
And slew his thousands with the balls of lead;
Yet must the hero to the bard submit,
Who hurls, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.

FROM THE POST.

A POETICAL EPISTLE, ADDRESSED BY LLOYD TO CHURCHILL.

Is there a man, whose genius strong
Rolls like a rapid stream along;
Whose Muse, long hid in cheerless night,
Pours on us like a flood of light;
Whose active, comprehensive mind
Walks Fancy's regions, unconfin'd;
Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor affectation, warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf
To talk on, with an eye to self;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, who freely speaks,
And meets the wit he never seeks;
Whose reason calm, whose judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who, bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends, yet loves them too?
CHURCHILL will be the last to know,
His is the portrait I would show.

FROM

COWPER'S TABLE-TALK.

CONTEMPORARIES all surpass'd, see one,
Short his career indeed, yet ably run,
CHURCHILL! himself unconscious of his pow'rs,
In penury consum'd his idle hours,
And, like a scatter'd seed at random sown,
Was left to spring by vigour of his own:
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in luxury's soft lap,
And there too often took his easy nap.
If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth:
Surly and slovenly, and bold and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
The laurel seemed to wait on his command:
He snatch'd it rudely from the Muse's hand.

[redacted]

DEDICATION.*

HEALTH to great Glo'ster—from a man unknown,
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own,
Accept this greeting—nor let modest fear
Call up one maiden blush—I mean not here
To wound with flattery; 'tis a villain's art,
And suits not with the frankness of my heart.
Truth best becomes an orthodox divine,
And, spite of hell, that character is mine:
To speak ev'n bitter truths I cannot fear:
But truth, my Lord, is panegyric here.
Health to great Glo'ster—nor, through love of ease,
Which all priests love, let this address displease.
I ask no favour, not one note I crave;
And when this busy brain rests in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have rest)
I will not trouble you with one bequest.
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a son,
In that dread hour executor I'll leave,
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give, but little.—To great Glo'ster health;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth

* This unfinished ironical dedication to an intended volume of Sermons was addressed to Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, the commentator on Pope, &c.

Here take a false alarm—in purse though poor,
In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free:
I, though a dedicator, scorn a fee:
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;
I would not Allen* rob, nor Allen's heir.
Think not, a thought unworthy thy great soul,
Which pomps of this world never could control,
Which never offer'd up at Power's vain shrine;
Think not that pomp and power can work on mine.
'Tis not thy name, though that indeed is great;
'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state;
'Tis not thy title, Doctor though thou art;
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce; names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by mistaken kings,
Titles are oft misplac'd; mitres, which shine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unless set off by virtue; who deceives
Under the sacred sanction of lawn sleeves
Enhances guilt, commits a double sin;
So fair without, and yet so foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien,
Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush, lie,
Which can from sixty to sixteen impart
The force of Love, and point his blunted dart!
'Tis not thy face, though that by Nature's made
An index to thy soul; though there display'd
We see thy mind at large, and through thy skin
Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within;

* Ralph Allen, Esq. the patron of Warburton, and the well known object of Pope's graceful panegyric.

'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories shine——
But what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
Heralds can make those arms they cannot find;
When thou art to thyself, thy sire unknown,
A whole Welch genealogy alone?
No; 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right just estimation here on earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholesome source, thy mind,
Thy known contempt of persecution's rod,
Thy charity for man, thy love of God,
Thy faith in Christ, so well approv'd 'mongst men,
Which now give life and utterance to my pen.
Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
'Tis not the Bishop, but the Saint, I praise:
Rais'd by that theme I soar on wings more strong,
And burst forth into praise, withheld too long.
Much did I wish, ev'n whilst I kept those sheep
Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep;
Ordain'd, alas! to keep through need, not choice;*
Those sheep which never heard their shepherd's voice,
Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,
Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I should stray;
Those sheep which my good father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
Kept well, yet starv'd himself; ev'n at that time
Whilst I was pure and innocent of rhyme,

* Churchill succeeded his father in the curacy and lectureship of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster; but in January, 1763, resigned his cure, and with it his clerical dress, the last remaining badge of his clerical profession.

Whilst sacred dulness ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew.
Much did I wish, though little could I hope,
A friend in him who was the friend of Pope.
'His hand, (said I) my youthful steps shall guide,
And lead me safe where thousands fall beside;
His temper, his experience, shall control
And hush to peace the tempest of my soul;
His judgment teach me, from the critic school,
How not to err, and how to err by rule;
Instruct me, mingle profit with delight,
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakspeare was not right;
Where they are justly prais'd, and where through whim,
How little's due to them, how much to him.
Rais'd 'bove the slavery of common rules,
Of common sense, of modern, ancient schools;
Those feelings banish'd, which mislead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we Nature call;
He, by his great example, might impart
A better something, and baptize it—Art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might show me what is taste, by what is not;
By him supported with a proper pride,
I might hold all mankind as fools beside;
He (should a world, perverse and peevish grown,
Explode their maxims, and assert their own)
Might teach me, like himself to be content,
And let their folly be their punishment;
Might, like himself, teach his adopted son,
'Gainst all the world, to quote a Warburton.'
Fool that I was! could I so much deceive
My soul with lying hopes? could I believe

That he, the servant of his Maker sworn,
The servant of his Saviour, would be torn
From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
The cure of souls, his duty and his joy,
For toys like mine, and waste his precious time,
On which so much depended, for a rhyme?
Should he forsake the task he undertook,
Desert his flock, and break his pastoral crook?
Should he (forbid it, Heaven!) so high in place,
So rich in knowledge, quit the work of grace,
And, idly wandering o'er the Muses' hill,
Let the salvation of mankind stand still?

Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
Be such revolt from grace, and far from me
The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
Not so, not so, hath Warburton been taught,
Not so learn'd Christ—recal that day, well known,
When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blasphemers forth—methinks I now
See stern Rebuke enthroned on his brow,
And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from his tongue,
Where fiery zeal and Christian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
And chill with horror every sinner's soul—
In vain they strive to fly—flight cannot save;
And Potter trembles even in his grave—
With all the conscious pride of innocence
Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
Bear witness to himself; whilst all men knew,
By gospel rules, his witness to be true.

O glorious man! thy zeal I must commend,
Though it depriv'd me of my dearest friend;
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes must the justice of that anger own;

And, could thy bosom have been bar'd to view,
Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you.
Bred to the law, you wisely took the gown,
Which I, like Demas, foolishly laid down;
Hence double strength our Holy Mother drew;
Me she got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant, fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,
Grasping at shadows, let the substance slip;
But you, my lord, renounc'd attorneyship
With better purpose, and more noble aim,
And wisely play'd a more substantial game:
Nor did Law mourn, bless'd in her younger son,
For Mansfield does what Glo'ster would have done.
Doctor! Dean! Bishop! Glo'ster! and my Lord!
If haply these high titles may accord
With thy meek spirit; if the barren sound
Of pride delights thee, to the topmost round
Of fortune's ladder got, despise not one
For want of smooth hypocrisy undone;
Who, far below, turns up his wondering eye,
And, without envy, sees thee plac'd so high:
Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and lose distinction; lose her skill
And wonted powers of knowing good from ill,
Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from foes,
Let Glo'ster well remember how he rose,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great;
Let him not, gorg'd with power and drunk with state,
Forget what once he was, though no so high,
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Cætera desunt.

SELECT POEMS.

THE ROSCIAD.

1761.

Roscius deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
Push'd all his interest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's sake, tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume;
In pompous strain fight o'er the' extinguish'd war,
And show where honour bled in every scar.
But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here:
We form our judgment in another way,
And they will best succeed, who best can pay;
Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.
What can an actor give? in every age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of every play'r,
Appear as often as their image there;
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.

Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon;
And of Roast Beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have, they give; could Clive* do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?
Shuter† keeps open house at Southwark-fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates‡ prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love, instead of meat.
Foote,§ at Old House, (for even Foote will be
In self-conceit an actor) bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinson‖ at second-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.
The town divided, each runs several ways,
As passion, humour, interest, party, sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

* Robert Lord Clive, the restorer, if not the founder, of the British empire in India.

† Edward Shuter, a comic actor, who after various theatrical vicissitudes, died in 1776. Shuter had an acting booth in Southwark, till Lady Fair was suppressed in 1762, by an order of the court of Common Council.

‡ Richard Yates, from filling the most insignificant characters, gradually rose to good repute in certain characters. His second wife was a first-rate actress. Yates kept open booth at Smithfield during Bartholomew Fair.

§ Samuel Foote, the well-known author of several comedies and farces, and manager of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, where he performed in most of his own pieces. Most of these were dramatic libels, whence he was called 'The English Aristophanes.'

‖ Tate Wilkinson, a versatile actor, was, at the publication of the Roscind, principal proprietor and manager of Sadler's Wells, which concern he quitted many years ago, and became patentee

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises;—he's so droll.
Embox'd the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer,* oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf with aching eyes
Looks up and vows that Barry's† out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vigorous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.‡
When place of judgment is by whim supplied,
And our opinions have their rise in pride,
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self;
All must meet friends, and Ackman§ bids as fair
In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair.
At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be tried;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial:—who?
For Johnson¶ some; but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave, and Sterne‖ too gay appear'd;

of the theatre at York, where his kindness and liberality to the performers excited honourable praise. He died in 1803.

* John Palmer, a favourite actor in genteel comedy, married a daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Pritchard; but, like his namesake, met with an untimely death, in consequence of an improper draught being given to him, for what might otherwise have proved but a slight indisposition. He was a very respectable player, and a man much esteemed for his integrity.

† Spranger Barry, an actor of first-rate eminence, who was in his person near six feet high, finely formed, and possessing a manly countenance, with a most harmonious voice.

‡ John Coan, a dwarf, was a native of Norfolk, and died in March, 1764.

§ Ackman, ranked with the lowest comic actors of his time.

‖ The celebrated Dr. Johnson.

¶ Laurence Sterne, whose Tristram Shandy was recently published.

Others for Franklin* voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman† many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
For Murphy‡ some few pilfering wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.
To mischief train'd, ev'n from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud,
A pert, prim, prater, of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth,—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice strok'd his band.—§
'At Friendship's call, (thus oft, with traitorous aim,
Men void of faith, usurp faith's sacred name)
At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
Who thus by me developes his intent:
But lest, transfus'd, the spirit should be lost,
That spirit which, in storms of rhetoric tost,
Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer.
In his own words his own intentions hear.

* Dr. Thomas Franklin, the translator of Sophocles, Phalaris, and Lucian, the author of several plays, and of a volume of Sermons, &c.

† The translator of Terence and of the Art of Poetry, and the intimate friend and favourite of Churchill.

‡ Arthur Murphy, Esq. a well-known playwight, &c.

§ This character has been supposed to allude to the late Earl of Rosslyn.

'Thanks to my friends;—but to vile fortunes born,
No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
Vain your applause; no aid from thence I draw;
Vain all my wit; for what is wit in law? [gain
Twice, (curs'd remembrance!) twice I strove to
Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn prepare
For client's wretched feet the legal snare:
Dead to those arts which polish and refine,
Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,
Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,
And plans of far more liberal note pursue.
Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast
Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd:
Here give your votes, your interest here exert,
And let success for once attend desert.'

With sleek appearance and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face.
The proteus Hill* put in his modest plea,—
'Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me.'—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist?

* Dr. John Hill was originally an apothecary and a student in botany, a pamphleteer, or an actor and a dramatic author. Few epigrams possess truer point than that of Garrick on this medical dramatist:

For physic and farces his equal there scare is:
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.

He compiled the supplement to Chambers's Dictionary, and published a daily paper called the 'Inspector,' to which Churchill alludes.

Knows any one so well—sure no one knows—
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
Who can—But Woodward* came,—Hill slipp away,
Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.
With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearan charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With the dull, rooted, callous impudence
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,

* This alludes to a paper war in which Hill was engaged w Woodward the comedian, in consequence of an insult the lat had received from him in the exercise of his profession.

A motely figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage, impannell'd matrons would perplex;
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in Its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful It seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er Its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.
Much did It talk, in Its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of players and plays;
Much too of writings, which Itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what It wrote, none but Itself should read;
Much, too, It chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause;
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, It smirk'd, It wriggled to the chair,
And, with an awkward briskness not Its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common-Sense appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with Plain-Truth, to guard the chair;
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To Its first state of nothing melted down.
Nor shall the Muse, (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times,)

With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the thing forgot:
Let It, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!*
  Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half froze,
Creeps labouring through the veins; whose heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat:—a servile race,
Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
With solemn consequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone:
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.
  When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood forth,
Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
Alone he stem'd the mighty critic flood:
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble reverence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.
  'But more than just to other countries grown,
Must we turn base apostates to our own?
Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
That England may not please the ear as well?

* Mr William Tooke, in his able illustrative notes on this poem, has informed us that the original of this spirited invective was one Fitzpatrick, who was also the hero of Garrick's Fribblerad.

What mighty magic's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs must centre there?
In states, let strangers blindly be preferr'd;
In state of letters, merit should be heard.
Genius is of no country; her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as general as the day;
Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter ev'n in Holland rise.
May not, (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
May not some great extensive genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;
And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
Make England great in letters as in arms?
There may—there hath—and Shakspeare's muse aspires
Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
Mounting aloft he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his height.

'Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
When abler judges we may find at home?
Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
Have we not Shakspeare?—is not Jonson ours?
For them, your natural judges, Britons, vote;
They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote.'

He said, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her sway,
And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
Meantime the stranger every voice employ'd,
To ask or tell his name.—Who is it?—Lloyd.*

* Robert Lloyd, the bosom friend of our author, was the son of Dr. Peirson Lloyd, and was author of the poem called 'The

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth;
Confuted Falsehood, and disabled Pride,
Whilst baffled Age stood snarling at his side.
The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
Lest day of trial should be put off here:
Causes but seldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.
The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in, the day before.
Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
With decent modesty perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal; from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support;
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause
To their own purpose tun'd the pliant laws:

Actor.' Mr. Lloyd took the degree of M. A. at Cambridge, and was afterwards usher at Westminster school, but this he relinquished, and resorted to his pen for subsistence: and being of a thoughtless and extravagant turn, he soon contracted debts which he was unable to discharge. This placed him within the walls of the Fleet Prison, where he depended for support almost wholly on the bounty of Churchill whose kindness to him continued during all his necessities. On the death of his benefactor, Lloyd sunk into a state of despondence, and his unhappy life came to a close on the 18th of December, 1764, in less than two months after the death of Churchill.

Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
As Mansfield* wise, and as old Foster† just.
  In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakspeare :—in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through Nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll:
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.
  Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd;
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault:
The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source:
Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view:
The coxcomb felt a lash in every word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd Folly more than law.
  But, hark!—the trumpet sounds, the crowd gives way,
And the procession comes in just array.

* The celebrated Lord Chief Justice Murray, Earl of Mansfield.

† Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench. He died the 7th of November, 1763.

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine,
Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken Memory, with a sleeping ode:*
For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
But give, kind Dulness! memory and rhyme,
We'll put off genius till another time.

First, Order came,—with solemn step, and slow,
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry:
Appearances to save his only care;
So things seems right, no matter what they are:
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.

Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute:
Next snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute:
Legions of angels all in white advance;
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
Next came the Treasurer of either House,
One with full purse, t'other with not a sous:†
Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all the' impertinence of state;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

* A supposed allusion to Mason's 'Ode to Memory,' which was also ridiculed by Lloyd in an 'Ode to Oblivion.'

† Covent-Garden theatre became rich under the management of Beard, who, with Miss Brent in the Beggar's Opera and Artaxerxes, turned the tide of public favour for several seasons to the advantage of that house.

Here Havard,* all serene, in the same strains
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies;† on my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Statesman all over!—in plots famous grown!—
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.
Next Holland‡ came,—with truly tragic stalk,
He creeps, he flies,—a hero should not walk.
As if with Heaven he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might, perhaps, have pleas'd an easy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate ev'n Garrick thus at second-hand.
Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;

* William Havard was the son of a vintner at Dublin, and originally intended for the practice of surgery. As an actor he was pleasing, though not powerful, and his attention to his part and amiable character recommended him to the good-will of the audience.

† Thomas Davies, a bookseller, actor, and author. He died in 1785. Mrs. Davies was sometimes called upon to perform Mrs. Cibber's parts, particularly Cordelia in Lear; and her figure, look, and deportment, made her be received with no inconsiderable share of approbation.

‡ Holland, a pupil of Mr. Garrick, under whose tuition he made some proficiency, though he seldom merited more praise than that of being a close copy of his original.

Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove every other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face:
From her his features caught the generous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame;
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in Brass.*
  Lo, Yates!†—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause; I wish he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career
How vilely 'Hark'e! Hark'e!' grates the ear;
When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recal
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.
  In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of every decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face;
There Yates, with justice, strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause;
But when, to please himself, or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's clothes,‡

* King's most admired characters were Brass in the Confederacy, Sir Peter Teazle in the School for Scandal, the Grave-digger in Hamlet, &c. but his *chef-d'œuvre* was Lord Ogilby in the Clandestine Marriage, which he performed with uncommon discrimination. For dry humour and articulate volubility King was unequalled. He died in 1804.

† The character of Yates is accurately drawn by Churchill.

‡ A character in Farquhar's comedy of the Constant Couple.

Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward,* endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, favourite of the Town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures, every limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed; but, on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.
But when bold wits, (not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in these insipid days,)
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge,
To probability's extremest verge;
Where modest Judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time, nor censures nor commends;

* Henry Woodward was born in London, had a liberal education at Merchant Taylors' School, and was at first engaged in the business of a tallow chandler. He was then bound apprentice to Mr. Rich, the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, under whose tuition he became qualified for a harlequin. He afterwards engaged at Drury-Lane, where his comic powers acquired great applause. Bobadil and Parolles were esteemed his master pieces. His death happened on the 17th of April, 1777. and was occasioned by an accident. as he was jumping on to a table, in the character of Scrub in the Beaux Stratagem.

Where critics can't determine on the spot
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his powers exert,
Nor fail of favour where he shows desert;
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kitely* scarce had more.
By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote† laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes:
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.‡
His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport
Are all contain'd in this one word,—distort.
Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
Ev'n I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own.
Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinson this, Obrien§ was that name.

* Kitely, in Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, was a favourite character of Garrick's.

† Foote was outrageously offended at this attack, and was most violent in his anger. He wrote a prose dialogue, wherein he lampooned Churchill and Lloyd, but was too wise to publish it.

‡ In several of his farces, Foote personated three or four of the principal characters himself.

§ Obrien was originally a fencing master, and made his first appearance as an actor at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1758, in the part of Captain Brazen. After continuing on the stage six years, he married Lady Susan Stringeways, daughter to the Earl of Helvetier, and soon after went over to America, where he enjoyed a profitable post under government.

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic power endued,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shows
In Jonson's Stephen which way genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd be-
When a dull copier simple grace neglects, [fore.
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
By nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endued,
Next Jackson* came—Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a play'r;
List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When to enforce some very tender part,
The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse,
To sooth his weeping mother, turns and bows:
Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.

* Jackson has since had the chief management of the Theatre Royal at Edinburgh; though possessed of a good person and some judgment, he was a very indifferent performer, owing to the disadvantages of a harsh voice and provincial accent.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile——Should we a parent's faults adore,
And err because our fathers err'd before!
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults; or, seeing, not avoid?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
Why without meaning rolls Love's* glassy eye?
Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we [know—
It was the fashion twenty years ago:
Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.
Yet (though in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the stage;
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features;
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
And humour set the audience in a roar.

* James Love, an actor and dramatic writer. His real name was Dance, and his father was surveyor to the city of London. The son was a performer on Drury-Lane stage, and excelled in the character of Falstaff. He died in 1774.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that favourite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dangerous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—himself, the first and last—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,*
And Boniface,† disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In *anno Domini* of Falstaff's sack.
Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching slow,
A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from every bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.
[‡But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest,
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buz about the stage.
'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
To arm satiric truth against a play'r?

* In Dryden's Spanish Fair.

† In Farquhar's Beaux Stratagem.

‡ The lines within brackets were added in the second edition, in consequence of the language adopted by some of the Actors and Reviewers, on the first appearance of the poem.

Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind.'
What! shall Opinion then, of nature free,
And liberal as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line:
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek,
What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak
With just disdain of every paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.]
Austin* would always glisten in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks;†
For who, like Ackman, can with humour please
Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly eas
Higher than all the rest, see Bransby‡ strut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.
Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare

* Austin is believed to be the present manager of some pr vincial Theatre.

† Wilks and Norris, two excellent actors of the old schoc were contemporaries with Betterton and Booth. Packer ar Ackman long retained humble engagements at Drury Lar Theatre; and were useful ciphers.

‡ Bransby was uncommonly tall, and in his gait remarkab stiff; but his performance of Kent in Lear, and of Downright i Every Man in his Humour, might have entitled him to honou able mention.

Frenchman* is still at top;—but scorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age:
French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.
Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport; with partial view
Form'd general notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And Sense, awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody,† we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues, praise.
Next came the legion which our summer Bayes‡
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise;
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed,
With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Veterans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;
Each on himself determines to rely;
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did players so well an author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.

* The forte of Blakes lay in personating the French fop or valet, which he did with consummate chasteness and accuracy. He died in 1763.

† This very respectable actor and man retired from the stage about the year 1795. In Irish characters he has never been excelled.

‡ Alluding to the summer theatre, where Murphy's plays were got up and acted under the joint management of himself and Mr. Foote. Miss Elliot, a young actress of merit, appeared there for the first time, in the part of Maria, in the Citizen.

So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reason swore, nor would the oath recal,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.
  As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom dulness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits the rage of fame.
What though the sons of Nonsense hail him Sire
Auditor,* Author, Manager, and 'Squire,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there;
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him Play'r.
  In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease;
When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the Thing was made to move!
  His voice in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under groun
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.
  Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one favourite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.
  Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene:

* Murphy, in the Auditor, undertook, in concert with D Smollett, who was the editor of the Briton, a systematic defen of Lord Bute's administration.

In cold-wrought scenes, the lifeless actor flags;
In passion, tears the passion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
Whilst Common-Sense stood trembling at the door.
  How few are found with real talents bless'd!
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
With various readings stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell, that two and two make four;
His name had stood in City-annals fair,
And prudent Dulness mark'd him for a may'r.
  What then could tempt thee, in a critic-age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reason e'en to thee have shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown?
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.
  A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred Dulness and her first-born due;
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal Ledgers* puff their Murphy's name,

* The Public Ledger was a newspaper, conducted by Hugh Kelly.

Whilst Vaughan* or Dapper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet and give out the bill.
There rule secure from critics and from sense,
Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.
From Covent Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know:
Veterans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Westminster-militia, train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Asham'd among such troops to show the head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.
Sparks† at his glass sat comfortably down
To separate frown from smile, and smile from frown.
Smith,‡ the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part.
Ross,§ (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;

* Thomas Vaughan, a friend of Murphy, wrote two farces, neither of which deserve to be recorded.

† Luke Sparks was a man of strong intelligence, and knew how to captivate his auditory. He acquired a competent fortune, though not entirely from acting, and retired from the stage soon after the publication of the Rosciad. He died about the year 1769.

‡ A very favourite actor in genteel comedy, and the original Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal. He married a woman of fortune, and retired from the stage about the year 1788, to reside at Bury St. Edmonds. In 1797, he was prevailed upon to act Charles, for the benefit of his friend King, which he did, with an ease and elegance that obtained the unanimous applause of a crowded house.

§ Ross pleaded guilty to the charge brought against him by Churchill, and laughed at his punishment. His defects were owing to his love of ease, and fondness for social pleasure; for

Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.
Macklin,* who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible, and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled powers of light and shade;
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangued, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel,
Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's† their Macklin's name.
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, though, levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where City-swains in lap of Dulness dream,
Where, quiet as her strains their strains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,

he sometimes gave proofs that he possessed abilities to rouse and animate an audience in the principal scenes of our best tragedies.

* Charles Macklin, *alias* M'Laughlin, 'The Jew that Shakspeare drew.' The censure bestowed on him by Churchill is just, but his very defects were in his favour in the representation of Shylock, and in his own plays of the Man of the World and Love-a-la-Mode.

† This gentleman was a competitor of Macklin's in teaching elocution.

Secret as night, with Rolt's* experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
And spin out happy folly through the year.
But think not, though these dastard chiefs are fled,
That Covent Garden troops shall want a head;
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to Novelty, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms;
On one side Folly sits, by some called Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, Lun;†
Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
Sense, helpless, captive, drags the galling chain;
Six rude misshapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw,
Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
'Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.'
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The Town, as usual, met him in full cry;
The Town, as usual, knew no reason why:
But fashion so directs, and Moderns raise
On fashion's mouldering base their transient praise.
Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force, for Britain owns no salique law:
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

* Richard Rolt had been a hackney writer to an attorney, and became a drudge to the booksellers. He is thought to have excited Churchill's notice by having engaged with Smart in some theatrical enterprise, and afterwards to have joined Shuter in a similar scheme.

† Mr. John Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, acquired the name of Lun, by his excellent performance of Harlequin: in which he remained unrivalled during half a century.

First giggling, plotting, chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by General Clive.*
In spite of outward blemishes she shone,
For humour fam'd and humour all her own:
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod:
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please:
No comic actress ever yet could raise
On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope† advance in jig and trip,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip:
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new:
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.‡

Lo! Vincent§ comes—with simple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade:
Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

* Catherine Clive, a celebrated comic actress, was the daughter of an Irish gentleman of the name of Raftor, and in 1732 married G. Clive, Esq. brother of Mr. Baron Clive. From a collision of tempers they soon separated, but calumny never wounded her fame. In 1769 Mrs. Clive quitted the stage, and lived a retired life upon a competency, at Twickenham, where she died in 1785, at the age of 74.

† This pleasing actress has confirmed the poet's prediction, and still contributes to the entertainment of the public.

‡ It is remarkable that Lloyd, the friend of Churchill, strengthened this closing presage, by declaring,

Pope, for comic humour fam'd,
Shall live when Clive no more is nam'd.

§ Mrs. Vincent, afterwards Mrs. Mills, was more admired for her melodious voice than for her talents as an actress.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here;
Defects like these, which modest terrors cause,
From Impudence itself extort applause:
Candour and Reason still takes Virtue's part;
We love ev'n foibles in so good a heart.
Let Tommy Arne,* with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach ev'n Brent† a method not to please;
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage;
The boasted work's call'd national in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour the' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard‡ and Vincent sing.

* Thomas Augustine Arne, an English musician, and brother to Mrs. Cibber. He became eminent in his profession, and in 1759 he had the degree of doctor of music conferred upon him by the university of Oxford. His Artaxerxes still ranks among the first of our operative compositions. He died in 1778.

† Miss Brent was a scholar of Dr. Arne, and though deficient in beauty as well as form to represent Polly Peachum; yet such were the fascinating powers of her voice, that the Town seemed to be better pleased with the Beggar's Opera when Beard and Brent performed, than when the parts were originally acted by Tom Walker and the celebrated Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton.

‡ John Beard married a daughter of Rich, and in 1761 succeeded in the management of Covent Garden Theatre. His first wife

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates* dispute her claim?
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show;
For, through the regions of that beauteous face
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart:
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.
What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires:
They seem like puppets led about by wires:
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wondering, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.

was the Lady Henrietta Herbert, daughter of James Earl Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Edward Herbert. His first appearance in Covent-Garden was in 1759, in the character of Macheath, which, aided by Miss Brent in Polly, ran fifty-two nights. He retired from the stage in 1769, and died in 1791 at the age of 74 years.

* Anna Maria Yates, the wife of Richard Yates, beforementioned, and a tragic actress of very considerable celebrity. She performed at Drury Lane with Garrick, near the close of his theatrical career; and her recitation of Sheridan's Monody on his death drew many tears. Mrs. Yates died in 1787: and an affectionate tribute to her merits appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for July in that year, from the pen of a female friend.

Weak of themselves are what we beauties call
It is the manner which gives strength to all;
This teaches every beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light:
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart* sweeps alc
If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expression's lively force
With beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
Rouse the quick passions, and inflame the hear
If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride† must not pass unsung.
When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conc
By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
Shall shoot abroad and gather strength from ag
When Heaven, in mercy, shall the stage releas
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
When some stale flower, disgraceful to the wal
Which long hath hung, though wither'd, on
stalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her w
And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action, she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

* Mrs. Hart was the daughter of a reputable tradesman in James's, and obtained an engagement at Covent Garden by elegance of her figure, but was possessed of no other claim public favour.

† It has been thought that Churchill considerably overrated abilities of this actress, whose reputation never seems to ha 'justified his praise.'

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
With rival excellence of love and rage;
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber* came.

When poor Alicia's maddening brains are rack'd,
And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract,
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too,
My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view!
The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—new horrors [rise,
And Reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart;
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence,

* Mrs. Cibber was the daughter of Mr. Arne, an upholsterer in King Street, Covent Garden, and sister to the celebrated composer of that name. In 1734 she married Theophilus Cibber, and became a pupil of his father Colley, to whose instructions she was considerably indebted for her future eminence. Her person was perfectly elegant; her voice was beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in powers for the expression of resentment or disdain; and she possessed an equal command of feature for the representation of pity or rage, of pride or complacence. Through every cast of tragedy she was excellent, and but for Mrs. Pritchard, supreme. She made some attempts in comedy, but they were in no degree equal to her tragic efforts. She died in 1766.

I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.
Pritchard,* by Nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?
When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage,
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a queen.
When she to murder whets the timorous than
I feel ambition rush through every vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and every nerve's unstrun
In comedy—'Nay, there,' cries Critic, 'hold;
Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old;

* Mrs. Pritchard's maiden name was Vaughan. Her first a pearance was in one of Fielding's pieces, in the little Hay-ma ket Theatre Her second attempt was at the playhous in Goo man's Fields; and soon after she acted at Bartholomew Fa Rosalind, in As You Like It, at once established her theatric rank at Drury Lane. Not confined to any one walk of acti she there ranged through all; and discovered a fund of merit every distinct class; her tragic power was eminent, but partic larly where force of expression and dignity of action were quired Churchill has seized her peculiar excellencies, a given a finished portrait of her in her prime characters of La Macbeth, Zara and Mrs. Oakly Her unblemished conduct private life justly increased her favour with all ranks of peop and few actresses were ever so powerfully patronized as M Pritchard. After having trod the stage six and thirty years, a in 1768 withdrew to Bath, where she died, about four mont after, of a mortification in her foot.

Who can with patience, bear the grey coquet,
Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?
Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just,
But then her age and figure give disgust.'
Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confin'd?
Do spirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd
In any set circumference of waist?
As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of every kind,
Some standard measure for each part should find,
Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
All Actors, too, upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where;
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find, too late,
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into sense, and every action's thought;
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.
Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous skill,
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still,

That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife; on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.
From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And, like a flood, rush o'er the land of Love,
Mossop* and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spur'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys around some basin's brim
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim,
But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour, they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.
Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man;
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left hand shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;

* Mossop, though ungraceful in deportment and undignified in action, was yet in degree of stage excellence the third actor; Garrick and Barry only were his superiors; in parts of vehemence and rage he was almost unequalled; and in sentimental gravity, from the power of his voice and the justness of his elocution, he was a very commanding speaker. After having been unsuccessful as a manager at Dublin, he returned to London, and died there in great poverty, Nov. 1773.

To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principles, ungrac'd, like lackies wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul.
In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry* draws admiring eyes!
When labouring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm;
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like echo from her cell,

* Spranger Barry was born in Dublin in 1719, and bred a silversmith, which trade he abandoned for the theatre, and made his first attempt in the character of Othello in 1744. In 1747 he came to England, and was engaged in Drury Lane, which he soon quitted for Covent-Garden, and proved a formidable rival to Garrick, who was the leader of the other house In 1758 he went to Ireland, and jointly with Woodward was concerned in two playhouses, one at Dublin and the other at Cork; these failing, he returned to England, where he was engaged by Foote, at the Haymarket; and in 1766 he accepted the proposals of Garrick, for himself and his wife, at the liberal salary of 1500*l* per ann. Mrs. Barry was then gradually rising to that excellence in her profession which soon ranked her among the most celebrated actresses. An increase of 200*l*. a year in their salary tempted Mr and Mrs Barry, in the year 1774, to leave Drury-Lane for Covent Garden. An hereditary gout increased upon him at this time, and he died January 10 1777 Of all the tragic actors who are still remembered, excepting only Garrick, Barry was unquestionably the most pleasing He established in many of his performances an equality with Garrick, and in Othello and a few other parts contended for the superiority. He likewise excelled in many parts of genteel comedy; such as Lord Townly, Young Beville, &c.

To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies.
  What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with every line?
  Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare!
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim:—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.
  When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon and hurts the mind:
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own:
No flame from nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught:
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And con'd his passions, as he con'd his part.
  Quin* from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage leviathan, put in his claim,

* James Quin was born in London in 1693; he was intended for the law, but studied Shakspeare more than the statutes, and displayed his theatric powers at Mr. Rich's theatre, in the character of Falstaff, which was played nineteen times in the same season. He continued to be for many years the unrivalled representative of the humorous knight, no one having approached his excellence in that part except Mr. Henderson. His last performance of that arduous character took place on March 19, 1753; after which he retired to Bath, where he died in 1766. The bon-mots and repartees attributed to him would swell a volume.

Pupil of Betterton and Booth.* Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own:
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded veterans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his favourite cause.
Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns,
Ancients, in vain, endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But, though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of every growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight: nervous and strong,
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along:
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense;
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?

* Betterton and Booth were tragedians of the highest reputation, and flourished towards the conclusion of the 17th and commencement of the 18th centuries.

Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind:
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul:
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow* shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when on some surly plan
He was at once the actor and the man.

In Brute† he shone, unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the stoic and the Brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.

* Andromache, in Ambrose Philips's tragedy of The Distrest Mother.

† In Vanburgh's Provok'd Wife.

In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax,* Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan;†—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame:
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: that, allows him none;
Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob Judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great,
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek;
But stepdame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Denied the social powers of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are tried
To form distinctions, Nature hath denied.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits;

* In Dryden's Don Sebastian.

† Thomas Sheridan, the son of Dean Swift's friend Dan, was born at Quilca in Ireland, in 1721. After a classical education, he in 1743 appeared on the stage in Dublin, and acquired considerable eminence as a tragedian, particularly in the character of Cato. He was engaged during one season at Covent-Garden. In 1756 he revisited Ireland, quitted the stage, commenced lecturer on elocution, and was honoured by the university of Dublin with the degree of M. A. At the accession of his present Majesty a pension was granted to him, and in 1763 he read a course of oratorical lectures in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In 1778 he compiled a Dictionary of the English language with respect chiefly to its orthoepy. He also published a life of Swift in 1784, and died in 1788.

The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
His action's always strong, but sometimes such,
That candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three, return to the attack?
Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame
To fright a king so harmless and so tame!
But, spite of all defects, his glories rise,
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies.
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst, in his own, contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
Last Garrick* came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

* David Garrick was the son of Peter Garrick of Lichfield, a captain in the army. He was born in 1716. In 1737 he with his townsman and instructor Dr. Sam. Johnson came to London to seek his fortune. In 1741, he determined to make trial of his theatrical qualifications at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields, under the direction of Mr. Giffard. The part he chose for his first appearance was that of Richard the Third; and this soon established his reputation as the first actor of his own or any former age. At Goodman's Fields Mr. Garrick remained but one season, after which he removed to Drury-Lane, where he continued till Fleetwood's mismanagement and want of prudence brought that theatre to the brink of ruin. In the summer of 1742, he went to perform in Ireland, and was regarded as a pro-

One finds out.—'He's of stature somewhat low—
Your hero always should be tall, you know;—
True natural greatness all consists in height.'
Produce your voucher, critic:—'Serjeant Kyte.'*
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.—
'Avaunt! unnatural start, affected pause.'
For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong;
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.

digy. Rich of Covent Garden next engaged Garrick in his service; but Rich refusing him an adequate share in the profits, he closed with Lacy, who was now the sole proprietor of the theatre in Drury Lane, for a moiety of the patent at 8000*l.* which sum by a strict attention to economy he had accumulated. This transaction took place in 1747, and his joint management with Lacy continued with uninterrupted unanimity, and consequent success, until the death of the latter in 1773. The whole management then devolved on the survivor, till the year 1776; when Mr. Garrick, at a period when his powers had suffered little injury from time, and in the height of his fame, determined to retire to the enjoyment of a large fortune, acquired in the service of the public. His last appearance was in the character of Don Felix, in the Wonder, acted 10th June, 1776, for a charitable benefit. He was received with rapture by a crowded audience, and dismissed with plaudits mingled with tears. The obligations which the public are under to him for the decency and propriety of our present dramatic performances will ever entitle him to the grateful respect of this country, independent of his transcendent merit as an actor, or of his abilities as an author. He died on the 20th of January, 1779, and his remains were interred with every public testimony of respect and regard.

* In Farquhar's Recruiting Officer.

If bunglers, form'd on Imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face,
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn;
But when, from Nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with generous force,
When in the features all the soul's portray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught,
Each start is nature, and each pause is thought.
When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms,
What but a critic, could condemn the play'r
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst in each sound I hear the very man,
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.
Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The Gods—a kindness I with thanks must pay—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleas'd:
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with Nature, must be pleas'd with thee.
Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout;
How every claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire;
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed:
'If manly sense, if nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If powers of acting vast and unconfin'd;
If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
If strong expression, and strange powers which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
And which no face so well as his can show,
Deserve the preference;—Garrick! take the chair;
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there.'

THE APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO

*THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.**

Tristitiam et Metus.
HOR.

LAUGHS not the heart, when giants, big with pride,
Assume the pompous port, the martial stride;
O'er arm Herculean heave the' enormous shield,
Vast as a weaver's beam the javelin wield;
With the loud voice of thundering Jove defy
And dare to single combat—What?—A fly.
And laugh we less, when giant names, which shine
Establish'd, as it were, by right divine,
Critics, whom every captive art adores,
To whom glad Science pours forth all her stores;
Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
And hold, Astræa like, the scales of wit,
With partial rage rush forth,—Oh! shame to tell!
To crush a bard just bursting from the shell?
Great are his perils in this stormy time
Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme:

* In the Critical Review for May, 1761, the month when this poem was published, its author was opprobriously designated to be one 'Churchill, who it seems is a clergyman.'

Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below:
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me most who lavishly commends.
  Look through the world—in every other trade
The same employment's cause of kindness made,
At least appearance of good-will creates;
And every fool puffs off the fool he hates:
Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night,
And in the common cause e'en players unite:
Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnatural war with brother-authors wage.
The pride of Nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit:
Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
And, less than greatest, would not be at all.
  Smit with the love of honour—or the pence—
O'errun with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the rhyming trade
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade,
Forth from the court, where sceptred sages sit,
Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit,
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they won by dulness still maintain,
Legions of factious authors throng at once,
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's the ready lies repair,—
Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there—
Thence on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The polish'd falsehood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford;
And reputation bleeds in every word.
  A critic was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame:

Beauties as well as faults he brought to view;
His judgment great, and great his candour too;
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
But now, oh! strange reverse! our critics bawl
In praise of candour with a heart of gall;
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night;
Safe from detection, seize the' unwary prey,
And stab, like bravoes, all who come that way.
When first my Muse, perhaps more bold than [wise,
Bade the rude trifle into light arise,
Little she thought such tempests would ensue;
Less, that those tempests would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the towering oak,
Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke.
Vain thought! a critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcansir like, he deals destruction round;
Nor can we hope he* will a stranger spare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.
Unhappy genius!† plac'd by partial Fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state;
Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,
Or drops in silence, or in fetters sings.
In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's scorn.
Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,
Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here?
Thus, when, the Julian tyrant's pride to swell,
Rome with her Pompey at Pharsalia fell,

* Dr. Smollett.

† Churchill little suspected that the subject of this animated panegyric was a compound of all the vices that caprice can engender upon vanity.

The vanquish'd chief escap'd from Cæsar's hand,
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.
  How could these self-elected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius sleep, when Dulness seiz'd the throne?
Whence, absolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the subject world dispenses law.
Without her license not a letter stirs,
And all the captive criss-cross-row is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.
Our great Dictators take a shorter way—
Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say?
Their word's sufficient: and to ask a reason,
In such a state as their's, is downright treason.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull superstitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their easy faith on critics' sleeve,
And, knowing nothing, every thing believe!
But why repine we, that these puny elves
Shoot into giants?—we may thank ourselves:
Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
The calf ourselves have fashion'd, we adore.
But let true reason once resume her reign,
This god shall dwindle to a calf again.
  Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
By the same arts they still maintain their sway.
Wrap'd in mysterious secrecy they rise,
And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.
At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe,
The' envenom'd slander flies, no names appear:

Prudence forbid that step;—then all might know,
And on more equal terms engage the foe;
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air!
By interest join'd, the' expert confederates stand,
And play the game into each other's hand:
The vile abuse, in turn by all denied,
Is bandied up and down from side to side:
It flies—hey!—presto!—like a juggler's ball,
Till it belongs to nobody at all.

All men and things they know, themselves unknown,
And publish every name——except their own.
Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes,
The nameless author passes in disguise;
But veteran critics are not so deceiv'd,
If veteran critics are to be believ'd.
Once seen, they know an author evermore,
Nay, swear to hands they never saw before.
Thus in the Rosciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They by the writing found the writers out:—
'That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly trace,
And all the "Actor" stares you in the face.
By Colman that was written—on my life;
The strongest symptoms of the "Jealous Wife!"
That little disingenuous piece of spite,
Churchill, a wretch unknown! perhaps might write.'
How doth it make judicious readers smile,
When authors are detected by their style,
Though every one, who knows this author, knows
He shifts his style much oftener than his clothes?

Whence could arise this mighty critic-spleen,
The Muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry Heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wish'd a friend?

Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound!
From Livy's temples tear the' historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb.
Who ever read the Regicide, but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.*
Who can so often in his cause engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow,
At tragic Ha! and no less tragic Oh!
To praise his nervous weakness all agree,
And then for sweetness who so sweet as he!
Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell;
But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
Why—then the voice must speak again, you know.
Rude and unskilful in the poet's trade,
I kept no Naïads by me ready made;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No flimsy linsey-woolsey scenes I wrote,
With patches here and there, like Joseph's coat:
Me humbler themes befit: secure, for me,
Let playwrights smuggle nonsense duty free;

* Early in life Dr. Smollett wrote a tragedy, entitled. The Regicide, (founded on the story of the assassination of James the First of Scotland) which with all his interest he could never get represented on the stage; but he published it by subscription.

Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins! bound,
And frisk and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn!
Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flowery lawn;
Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove
Through the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove
Secure, for me, let foppish Nature smile,
And play the coxcomb in the Desert Isle.*
The stage I choose—a subject fair and free—
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie
For praise or censure to the common eye.
Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed;
Hence Monthly Critics earn their daily bread.
This is a general tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who pla
Actors, a venal crew, receive support
From public bounty for the public sport.
To clap or hiss all have an equal claim,
The cobbler's and his lordship's right the same.
All join for their subsistence; all expect
Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correc
When active Pickle Smithfield stage ascends,
The three days' wonder of his laughing friends,
Each, or as judgment or as fancy guides,
The lively witling praises or derides.
And where's the mighty difference, tell me wher
Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a play'r?

* The Desert Island, a dramatic tale in three acts, by A. Mur phy, 1760, borrowed from a drama of Metastasio, entitled, L'Isol Disabitata. This pastoral medley suited not the public taste, an has never since been represented on the stage. Murphy, in re venge for the treatment he had received in the Roscind, wrote contemptible satire, called 'An Ode to the Naiads of Fleet ditch.

The strolling tribe, a despicable race!
Like wandering Arabs, shift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
And fawning cringe for wretched means of life
To Madam Mayoress, or his Worship's wife.
The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;
His royal consort heads the female band,
And leads the heir apparent in her hand:
The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either side.
No choice musicians in his troop are found,
To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound;
No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl;
No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll;
No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown;
The monarch here must be a host alone:
No solemn pomp, no slow processions here;
No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.
By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;
And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is shifted with his side.
Question and answer he by turns must be,
Like that small wit* in Modern Tragedy,
Who, to patch up his fame—or fill his purse—
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe,
The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe:

*Arthur Murphy.

No high conceits their moderate wishes raise,
Content with humble profit, humble praise.
Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare,
The strolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And snores the next out on a truss of straw.
  But if kind Fortune, who sometimes we know
Can take a hero from a puppet show,
In mood propitious should her favourite call,
On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himself he rears the head,
And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred.
Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and queens,
With gods and goddesses behind the scenes,
He sweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by mock honours real pride to assume.
On this great stage, the world, no monarch e'er
Was half so haughty as a monarch-play'r.
  Doth it more move our anger or our mirth
To see these things, the lowest sons of earth,
Presume, with selfsufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in letters, and preside in taste?
The town's decisions they no more admit,
Themselves alone the arbiters of wit;
And scorn the jurisdiction of that court
To which they owe their being and support.
Actors, like monks of old, now sacred grown,
Must be attack'd by no fools but their own.
  Let the vain tyrant sit amidst his guards,
His puny green room wits and venal bards,
Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
And for a play-house freedom lose their own;
In spite of new-made laws, and new-made kings,
The free-born Muse with liberal spirit sings.

Bow down, ye slaves! before these idols fall;
Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all:
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe or bend the knee
To those who, slaves to all, are slaves to me.
  Actors, as actors, are a lawful game,
The poet's right, and who shall bar his claim?
And if, o'erweening of their little skill,
When they have left the stage they're actors still;
If to the subject world they still give laws,
With paper crowns, and sceptres made of straws;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And kings one night, are kings for evermore;
Shall not bold Truth, ev'n there, pursue her theme,
And wake the coxcomb from his golden dream?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They rise superior to their present state;
If, with each social virtue grac'd, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend;
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure speak,
Though Mimics bark, and envy split her cheek?
No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise;
No greatness can above her censure raise;
Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
She stoops to actors, and she soars to kings.
Is there a man,* in vice and folly bred,
To sense of honour as to virtue dead,
Whom ties nor human nor divine can bind,
Alien to God, and foe to all mankind;

* Dr. Smollet was personally acrimonious in the conduct of the Critical Review, and at the same time evinced a morbid sensibility when retaliated upon by any of the authors he had censured.

Who spares no character? whose every word,
Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword, [swell;
Cuts to the quick; whose thoughts with rancour
Whose tongue, on earth, performs the work of hell?
If there be such a monster, the Reviews
Shall find him holding forth against abuse:
'Attack profession!—'tis a deadly breach!—
The christian laws another lesson teach;—
Unto the end shall charity endure,
And candour hide those faults it cannot cure.'
Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture quote.
The Muse's office was by Heav'n design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
Above the towering pitch of splendid Vice:
To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
Now armed with wrath, she bids eternal shame,
With strictest justice, brand the villain's name;
Now in the milder garb of Ridicule
She sports, and pleases while she wounds the fool.
Her shape is often varied; but her aim,
To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same,
In praise of mercy let the guilty bawl;
When Vice and Folly for correction call,
Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it spares.
But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth;*

* Churchill, very creditably to his moral feeling, is said by Mr. Tooke to have blotted out several lines, which, in the first edition of the Rosciad, were of a nature personally injurious to the character of Mr. Palmer.

If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
And quits the actor to expose the man;
Asham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot.
  But what is candour, what is humour's vein,
Though judgment join to consecrate the strain,
If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choicest music play in every word?
Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harsh rugged interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as zephyr's balmy breeze,
Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas:
Perfect then only deem'd, when they dispense
A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.
Italian fathers thus, with barbarous rage,
Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage:
Deaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.
Henceforth farewell then, feverish thirst of fame:
Farewell the longings for a poet's name;
Perish my Muse—a wish 'bove all severe
To him who ever held the Muses dear—
If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The generous roughness of a nervous line.
  Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase:
Their Muse must walk in stilts, and strut in stays:
The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
Lest poetry approach too near to prose.
See tortur'd Reason how they pare and trim,
And, like Procrustes, stretch or lop the limb.
  Waller, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
Parent of harmony in English verse,
Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.

In polish'd numbers and majestic sound,
Where shall thy rival, Pope! be ever found?
But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,
Ev'n excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.
Nature, through all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from variety.
Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the nightingale would tease:
Still in one key, not Brent would always please.
Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine.
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep?
Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
With equal strength the poet rises too:
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
The powers of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole Art of Poetry is thine.
But what are numbers, what are bards, to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of poesy?
'A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen;
Priests must not hear nor see like other men;
Far higher themes should her ambition claim:
Behold where Sternhold points the way to fame.'
Whilst with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let Reason for a moment take her turn.
When coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,
And blindly walk in paper leading-strings,
What if a man delight to pass his time
In spinning reason into harmless rhyme,

Or sometimes boldly venture to the play?
Say, where's the crime?—great man of prudence,
No two on earth in all things can agree; [say?
All have some darling singularity:
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys.
Your sceptres and your crowns, and such like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indifferent Reason bids us choose,
Whether the whim's a monkey or a Muse.
  What the gay triflers on this busy scene,
When they make use of this word Reason, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis Lord-Chief-Justice in the court of man,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The friend of Virtue, and the guide to truth.
To her I bow, whose sacred power I feel:
To her decision make my last appeal.
Condemn'd by her, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
By her absolv'd, my course I'll still pursue:
If Reason's for me, God is for me too.

THE

CONFERENCE.*

GRACE said in form, (which sceptics must agree,
When they are told that grace was said by me;)
The servants gone, to break the scurvy jest
On the proud landlord, and his threadbare guest;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
My Lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,
And, lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—
'Churchill, you have a poem coming out:
You've my best wishes; but I really fear
Your Muse, in general, is too severe;
Her spirit seems her interest to oppose,
And where she makes one friend makes twenty foes.'
C. 'Your Lordship's fears are just; I feel their force,
But only feel it as a thing of course.
The man whose hardy spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,

* This poem was published in November 1763, soon after the author's elopement with the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster, had become a general topic of indignant conversation. He labours throughout to separate the effects of his private from those of his public conduct, and in bitterness of soul contrasts the one with the other.

At his first setting forward ought to know
That every rogue he meets must be his foe;
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.
But shall the partial rage of selfish men
From stubborn justice wrench the righteous pen?
Or shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes are foes to virtue too?'

L. 'What is this boasted Virtue, taught in schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her use? point out one wholesome end:
Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun
Barely by saying, thou art Virtue's son?
Or, by base blundering statesmen sent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this Virtue for thy bail?—
Believe it not, the name is in disgrace;
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.

'Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True virtue means (let Reason use her eyes)
Nothing with fools, and interest with the wise.
Would'st thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go!

To be successful try thy utmost force,
And Virtue follows as a thing of course.
'Hirco, who knows not Hirco? stains the bed
Of that kind master who first gave him bread;
Scatters the seeds of discord through the land,
Breaks every public, every private band;
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone;
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son:
What mortal in his senses can endure
The name of Hirco? for the wretch is poor!
"Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot,
By all detested live, and die forgot;
Let him, a poor return, in every breath
Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death,"
Is now the general cry we all pursue;
Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too;
Supple and pliant, a new system feels,
Throws up her cap, and spaniels at his heels,
'Long live great Hirco, (cries, by Interest taught)
And let his foes, though I prove one, be nought.'

C. 'Peace to such men, if such men can have peace,
Let their possessions, let their state, increase;
Let their base services in courts strike root,
And in the season bring forth golden fruit;
I envy not: let those who have the will,
And, with so little spirit, so much skill,
With such vile instruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve.

L. 'These stale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit romance.
Starve? pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honest man, would do it too.

Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the sky,
And dart from pole to pole thy strengthen'd eye;
Through all that space you shall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on such a plan.
Cowards in calms will say, what in a storm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, spite of all you've said,
You'd give your honour for a crust of bread.'

C. 'What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
What famish'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear; what fear, at strife
With fainting virtue for the means of life;
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shuddering at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear;
Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care.

'Once, (at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
Those wounds, which fate severely hath decreed,
Mention'd, or thought of, must for ever bleed;
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man
Which brings such mighty aid to virtue's plan:)
Once, aw'd by Fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith; till one, a friend indeed,
(May all distress find such in time of need!)
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By virtue guided, and by wisdom taught,

Image of Him whom christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore.*

'Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for some little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools;
Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health,
That, as a boon, I should base shackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myself a slave?
That I should in the train of those appear,
Whom honour cannot love, nor manhood fear?

'That I no longer skulk from street to street,
Afraid lest duns assail, and bailiffs meet:
That I from place to place this carcass bear;
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the awkward friend
Whose very obligations must offend;
Nor, all too froward, with impatience burn
At suffering favours which I can't return.
That from dependence and from pride secure,
I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
Nor yet so low, that I (my Lord) should fear,
Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer;
That, whilst sage Prudence my pursuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
That, kind to others, to myself most true,
Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,

* Churchill, having imprudently involved himself in debt, previous to the publication of the Rosciad, was relieved by the benevolence of Dr. Peirson Lloyd, second master of Westminster school, who also effected a compromise with the creditors.

And with the will have power to aid distress;*
These, and what other blessings I possess,
From the indulgence of the public rise:
All private patronage my soul defies.
By candour more inclin'd to save than damn,
A generous public made me what I am.
All that I have, they gave; just memory bears
The grateful stamp; and what I am, is theirs.'

L. 'To feign a red-hot zeal for freedom's cause,
To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purposes of private fraud.
Prudence, by public good intends her own;
If you mean otherwise, you stand alone.
What do we mean by country and by court?
What is it to oppose? what to support?
Mere words of course; and what is more absurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word?
Majors and minors differ but in name;
Patriots and ministers are much the same;
The only difference, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is in, the other out.

'Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all.
Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wise,
Of goodness to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim most dear attention at our hands,

* The extensive sale of our author's poems, and his rapidity of composition, produced him no inconsiderable revenue; and to his credit it must be remembered, that his first earnings were appropriated to the full discharge of every demand upon him.

For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our first great mover, and our last great end
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, self is all in all.
This, which unwilling faction shall admit,
Guided in different ways a Bute and Pitt,
Made tyrants break, made kings observe the law,
And gave the world a Stuart and Nassau.

'Hath Nature (strange and wild conceit of pride!)
Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside?
Doth virtue in thy bosom brighter glow,
Or from a spring more pure doth action flow?
Is not thy soul bound with those very chains
Which shackle us? or is that self, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we see
Most strong and sovereign, only weak in thee?
Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.
Think, (and for once lay by thy lawless pen)
Think and confess thyself like other men;
Think but one hour, and, to thy conscience led
By Reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head:
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyself now, and own, with strictest truth,
That self hath drawn thee from fair virtue's way
Farther than folly would have dar'd to stray;
And that the talents liberal Nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a slave.

'Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have so long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy powers; with boundless will
Let self maintain her state and empire still,
But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculty and force of thought

To things of higher daring; let her range
Through better pastures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wisely revolt, and join our stronger side.'

C. 'Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? why to view
Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Must speak me something more or less than man,
Which friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul:
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No—'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call:
Arm'd at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass,
The mind which, starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.*

'Enough of this,—let private sorrows rest,—
As to the public I dare stand the test;
Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
The good of England, and my country's love.

* These lines pathetically allude to the poignant sense their author entertained of his deplorable misconduct.

Stranger to party-rage, by reason's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant powers of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honest soul disdains,
Men who, with servile zeal, are forging chains
For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand
To spread destruction o'er my native land.
What! shall I not, ev'n to my latest breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little strength which nature gave,
And boldly stem, or perish in the wave?"

L. 'When I look backward for some fifty years,
And see protesting patriots turn'd to peers;
Hear men, most loose, for decency declaim,
And talk of character without a name;
See infidels assert the cause of God,
And meek divines wield persecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See Whitehead* take a place, Ralph† change his pen,
I mock the zeal, and deem the men in sport,
Who rail at ministers and curse a court.
Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rhyme,
Shall some preferment, offer'd at a time
When virtue sleeps, some sacrifice to pride,
Or some fair victim, move to change thy side.
Thee shall these eyes behold, to health restor'd,
Using, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's sword,

* This was the mock patriot, Paul Whitehead.

† Mr. James Ralph at first appeared as an unsuccessful dramatic writer. In the year 1742, the Duchess of Marlborough having published the memoirs of her own life, Ralph wrote an answer to it, called 'The other Side of the Question.' This performance gave him reputation in the literary world, and he became so formidable a political writer, as to obtain a pension of 600*l.* per annum, which he lived not long to enjoy.

Galling thy present friends, and praising those
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greatest foes.'
C. 'May I, (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
Be born a Whitehead, and baptis'd a Paul;
May I, (though to his service deeply tied
By sacred oaths, and now by will allied)
With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And use his name for some base private end;
May I, (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my sick spirits, and unmans my soul)
Ruin the virtue which I held most dear,
And still must hold; may I, through abject fear,
Betray my friend; may to succeeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilst, mark'dwith envious blot,
Each little act of virtue is forgot;
Of all those evils which, to stamp men curst,
Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst
Light on my head; and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
May I be scorn'd by every man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
If I am one among the many known [own.
Whom Shelburne* fled, and Calcraft† blush'd to
L. 'Do you reflect what men you make your foes?'
C. 'I do, and that's the reason I oppose.

* William Petty, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards created Marquis of Lansdowne.

† John Calcraft, Esq. an army agent and contractor, was the confidential friend of Lord Holland, Rigby, &c. He died in 1772, leaving a fortune of more than 250,000*l.*

Friends I have made, whom Envy must commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wish a friend.
What if ten thousand Butes and Hollands bawl?
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.
'Tis not the title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious streams on recent men, who came
From stems unknown, and sires without a name:
'Tis not the star, which our great Edward gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilst a base heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and sin;
'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait,
At custom's call, to mark a fool of state
From fools of lesser note, that soul can awe,
Whose pride is reason, whose defence is law.[2]

L. 'Suppose, (a thing scarce possible in art,
Were it thy cue to play a common part)
Suppose thy writings so well fenc'd in law,
That Norton cannot find nor make a flaw—
Hast thou not heard, that 'mongst our ancient tribes,
By party warpt, or lull'd asleep by bribes,
Or trembling at the ruffian hand of Force,
Law hath suspended stood, or chang'd its course?
Art thou assur'd, that, for destruction ripe,
Thou may'st not smart beneath the self-same gripe?
What sanction hast thou, frantic in thy rhymes,
Thy life, thy freedom to secure?

C. 'The times.
'Tis not on law, a system great and good,
By wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest blood,
My faith relies: by wicked men and vain
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—

No; on our great lawgiver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper end;
Whose royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere sin to entertain a doubt—
Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws dispense,
(Bless'd be the hour and hand which sent them hence!)
For something, or for nothing, for a word
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death, unheard.
Life we might all resign to lawless pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour;
But envy ne'er shall fix so foul a stain
On the fair annals of a Brunswick's reign.
'If, slave to party, to revenge, or pride;
If, by frail human error drawn aside,
I break the law, strict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to punish, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor, by the voice of Justice doom'd to death,
Would I ask mercy with my latest breath:
But, anxious only for my country's good,
In which my king's, of course, is understood;
Form'd on a plan with some few patriot friends,
Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends,
My spirits cannot sink: though from the tomb
Stern Jefferies should be plac'd in Mansfield's room;
Though he should bring, his base designs to aid,
Some black attorney, for his purpose made,
And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat,
The modest Norton from his maiden seat;
Though both in ill, confederates, should agree,
In damned league, to torture law and me,
Whilst George is king, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty is to be secure.

'But when, in after times, (be far remov'd
That day!) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers; should imperious fate,
In vengeance, with fresh Stuarts curse our state;
Should they, o'erleaping every fence of law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppressive force,
Divert sweet Justice from her even course;
Should they, of every other means bereft,
Make my right hand a witness 'gainst my left;
Should they, abroad by inquisitions taught,
Search out my soul, and damn me for a thought;
Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write;
Till death had plung'd me in the shades of night.

'Thou God of Truth, thou great, all-searching eye,
To whom our thoughts, our spirits, open lie,
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour
(Should it e'er come) when Law submits to Pow'r,
With firm resolve my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, though I deeply feel.

'Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,'
In love with life, but not in fear of death;
And if Oppression brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave.
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier;
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to reason, and who dies a man.'

AN

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Amongst the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.
  Be wicked as thou wilt; do all that's base;
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race:
Let Vice and Folly thy black soul divide;
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, fall
From side to side, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which Nature, in her bounty, good as wise,
To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man:
Lift against Virtue Power's oppressive rod;
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one general comprehensive line
To group, which volumes scarcely could define,

Whate'er of sin and dulness can be said,
Join to a F—'s* heart a D———'s† head;
Yet may'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng,
And, free from envy, safely sneak along:
The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown
To saints whose lives are better than his own,
Shall spare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce.
But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
Vile interest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r;
Should love of fame, in every noble mind
A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reason's court, is amply justified:
Or, fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,
Should'st thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Should'st thou, by pale and sickly study led,
Pursue coy Science to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
Should every thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind;
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breast,
Redoubled Horror grinning on her crest,
Fiercer each snake, and sharper every dart,
Quick from her cell shall maddening Envy start;
Then shalt thou find, but find, alas! too late,
How vain is worth! how short is glory's date!
Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes conspire
To give more proof than virtue would desire,

* This initial has been supposed to allude to Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland.

† The public voice attributed this initial to Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer.

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.
  Whilst Satire thus, disdaining mean control,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
Candour, who, with the charity of Paul,
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness bless'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.
  Canst thou, with more than usual warmth, she cried,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride;
Canst thou, severe by nature as thou art,
With all that wondrous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,
To make Vice sit, for purposes of strife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life,
To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,
And represent our nature as our curse?
  Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate, and not to heal?
Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And danger, grinning, stare thee in the face,
Loud as the drum which, spreading terror round,
From emptiness acquires the power of sound?
Doth not the voice of Norton* strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear?
Dost thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor?
Dost thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.

* Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-General, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and lastly created a peer by the title of Lord Grantley.

Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Pow'r,
When Wilkes, prejudg'd, is sentenc'd to the Tow'r?
Dost thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative, (that glorious ground
On which state-scoundrels oft have safety found)
Dost thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
Unpunish'd, thus to libel human kind?
When poverty, the poet's constant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Hadst thou not valu'd honour more than bread;
Had Interest, pliant Interest, been thy guide,
And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,
In Flattery's stream thou wouldst have dipp'd thy pen,
Applied to great and not to honest men,
Nor should conviction have seduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker, though the better part.
What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path mislead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing Panegyric's flowery way?
There might the Muse have saunter'd at her ease,
And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please;
Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
And ladies, simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, such truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
Than laymen, bring their offerings to success)
Had hail'd thee good, if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou

In lawn hadst whisper'd to a sleeping crowd,
As dull as R———,* and half as proud.
Peace, Candour—wisely hadst thou said, and well
Could int'rest in this breast one moment dwell;
Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose.
I cannot truckle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate:
Free leave have others by such means to shine;
I scorn their practice; they may laugh at mine.
But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that elf
Whom God, in wrath, for man's dishonour fram'd,
Cunning in heaven, amongst us Prudence nam'd,
That servile prudence, which I leave to those
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.
Had I, with cruel and oppressive rhymes,
Pursued, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,
And drawn the tear down beauty's sacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that sex which honour bids me praise;
Had I, from vengeance, by base views betray'd,
In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's† shade;

* See note § on the Prophecy of Famine, p. 148.

† John Ayliff had been steward in the Ilchester family, but was promoted by Lord Holland to the situation of Commissary of the Musters. The emoluments of this office proving unequal to support his expenses, he had recourse to several nefarious practices; and for forging his patron's name to a valuable lease to himself, was executed at Tyburn in 1759.

Churchill was prevented by death from publishing a poem he had more than once advertised, entitled 'Ayliff's Ghost.'

Had I (which satirists of mighty name,*
Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for moral fame,
Have done before, whom justice shall pursue
In future verse) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Because his worth was greater than my own;
Had I spar'd those (so Prudence had decreed)
Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their king,
Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they [sting;
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
Of those, who flatter least, but love him most;
Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myself should be the first
To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accurst.
But shall my arm—forbid it, manly pride,
Forbid it, reason, warring on my side—
For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
And hang suspended in the desert air,
Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
Palsied, forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown?
When justice bids me on, shall I delay,
Because insipid Candour bars my way?
When she, of all alike the puling friend,
Would disappoint my satire's noblest end;
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live;
When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush;
All leagues with Candour proudly I resign;
She cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine.

* A probable allusion to Pope's insidious attack on Addison, under the character of Atticus.

Yet come, cold monitor! half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend;
Come, Candour, by thy dull indifference known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou luke-warm drone,
Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect
We call that virtue which we know defect;
Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times,
Observe it well, and then review my plan,
Praise if you will, or censure if you can.
Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And Piety is only known at court;
Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burden of Excise;
Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name;
Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worship'd by those, who justice never knew;
Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder through the day;
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep:
Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led,
Doom worthy injur'd sons* to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-sav'd, wealth to grace,
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
Whilst Martin† flatters only to betray,
And Webb‡ gives up his dirty soul for pay,

* Mr. Tooke has applied this allusion to Thomas Potter, Esq. one of Churchill's companions, and a man of splendid but misdirected talents, who was disinherited by his father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, on account of the dissoluteness of his life.

† The hero of the Duellist.

‡ Philip Carteret Webb, Esq. Solicitor to the Treasury, when the papers of Wilkes were seized upon: several of which he published.

Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers;
Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilst C——,* false to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,
To shame his master, friend, and father, gives;
Whilst Bute remains in power, whilst Holland lives;
Can satire want a subject, where Disdain,
By Virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain?
Where, cloth'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And Candour justify the rage of song?
  Such things! such men before thee! such an age!
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And sicken ev'n to surfeit; where the pride
Of Satire, pouring down in fullest tide,
May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Justice behold the ruin with a smile;
Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem,
Wilt thou, degenerate and corrupted, choose
To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse?
With fallacy, most infamous, to stain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld thee, incorrect but bold,
A various comment on the stage unfold;
When players on players before thy satire fell,
And poor Reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell;
When states and statesmen next became thy care,
And only kings were safe if thou wast there,
Thy every word I weigh'd in judgment's scale,
And in thy every word found truth prevail;
Why dost thou now to falsehood meanly fly?
Not even candour can forgive a lie.

* This initial remains unappropriated.

Bad as men are, why should thy frantic rhymes
Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes which, existing only in thy mind,
Weak spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
To practise virtue, and improve in art;
To thwart these ends (which, proud of honest fame,
A noble Muse would cherish and inflame)
Thy drudge contrives, and in our full career
Sick lies our hopes with the pale hue of fear:
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we seek we never can obtain;
That, dead to virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
Envy possesses the whole race of man;
That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wise.
'Tis a rank falsehood; search the world around,
There cannot be so vile a monster found,
Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
Of that gross guilt which you impute to all.
Approv'd by those who disobey her laws,
Virtue from vice itself extorts applause;
Her very foes bear witness to her state;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
Hate Virtue for herself! with spite pursue
Merit for merit's sake! might this be true
I would renounce my nature with disdain,
And with the beasts that perish graze the plain.
Might this be true, had we so far filled up
The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt so deeply drunk, as not to find,
Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg, behind,
Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in justice crush us all.

None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
Those who for double guilt are doubly curst,
Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
At once into such deep damnation fall;
By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
Which ev'n in hell must be a work of time.
Cease, then, thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
With the foul gall of discontent o'errun;
List to my voice—be honest, if you can,
Nor slander Nature in her favourite man.
But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
Once having err'd, persists in error still,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
Which I would stamp as false, though on the tongue
Of angels the injurious slander hung.
  Dup'd by thy vanity, (that cunning elf,
Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
Or blinded by thy rage, didst thou believe
That we too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
That we, as sterling, falsehood would admit,
Because 'twas season'd with some little wit?
When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
And bring into contempt the human race;
Hast thou, or canst thou, in Truth's sacred court,
To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground,
On which so great, so gross, a charge to found?
Nay, dost thou know one man (let that appear,
From wilful falsehood I'll proclaim thee clear)

One man so lost, to nature so untrue,
From whom this general charge thy rashness drew?
On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
Prove that in one which you have charg'd on all.
Reason determines, and it must be done;
'Mongst men or past or present name me one.
Hogarth.—I take thee, Candour at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard.
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name:
By thee have I been charg'd in angry strains
With that mean falsehood which my soul disdains—
Hogarth, stand forth.—Nay, hang not thus aloof—
Now Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
Hogarth, stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great court, where Conscience must preside;
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account, you stand—
Speak, but consider well—from first to last
Review thy life, weigh every action past—
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Canst thou remember from thy earliest youth,
And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
A single instance where, self laid aside,
And justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye didst genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a sure offence,
And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.
Is any one so foolish to succeed?
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed:

Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of executioner supplies:
See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest.
Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those pow'rs which nature gave;
Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
Those rays thy jealousy could not endure!
To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
And to secure thy credit blast his own,
In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend:
But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
Shook off that lethargy and soar'd to fame;
When, with the pride of man, resolv'd and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himself determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee could such a rebel know;
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.
Souls of a timorous cast, of petty name
In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to shame,
May some remorse, some qualms of conscience feel,
And suffer honour to abate their zeal;
But the man truly and completely great
Allows no rule of action but his hate:
Through every bar he bravely breaks his way,
Passion his principle, and parts his prey.
Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind
Within the pale of temperance confin'd;
The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.
Man's practice duly weigh'd, through every age
On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage,

'Gainst those whom fortune hath our rivals made,
In way of science, and in way of trade:
Stung with mean jealousy she arms her spite,
First works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our Hogarth here, a grand improver, shines,
And nobly on the general plan refines;
He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
Should painters only his vast wrath suffice?
Genius in every walk is lawful prize:
'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When Wilkes, our countryman, our common friend,
Arose, his king, his country, to defend;
When tools of power he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew;
When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
To soil his honour, and his truth impeach;
What could induce thee, at a time and place
Where manly foes had blush'd to show their face,
To make that effort which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame?
Did virtue move thee? No; 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadst not done it, thou hadst died.
Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and, driven to the stake,
Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tottering on life's utmost verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty escap'd thy scourge.

When that Great Charter, which our fathers bought
With their best blood, was into question brought:

When big with ruin o'er each English head
Vile Slavery hung suspended by a thread:
When Liberty, all trembling and aghast,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past;
When every breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till Reason pointed out that Pratt* was there;
Lurking, most ruffian-like, behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen,
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
The murderous pencil in his palsied hand.
What was the cause of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? let them sink or swim,
So he may gratify, without control,
The mean resentments of his selfish soul;
Let freedom perish, if to freedom true,
In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.
With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd and worn away,
Pale quivering lips, lank cheeks and falt'ring tongue,
The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
Thy body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk,
The body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which fell,
Through thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well,
Canst thou, ev'n thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things else, to malice live?
Hence, Dotard, to thy closet; shut thee in;
By deep repentance wash away thy sin;
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

* Charles Pratt, Earl Camden, and the venerable Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Vain exhortation! wash the Ethiop white,
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Control the course of Nature, bid the deep
Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in such a heart.
That envy, which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop, may die: but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who, with giant stride,
Stalks through the vale of life by Virtue's side,
Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
And calmly hears her praises after death.
To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
A mansion suited well to such a guest,
Immortal, unimpair'd, she rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.
Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
Through the dull measure of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long, long hours away,
Whilst friends with friends all gaping sit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise;
But if athwart thee Interruption came,
And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,
Some ancient's name, who, in the days of yore,
The crown of art with greatest honour wore,
How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale!

How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own!
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And arts and artists all became thy prey;
Then didst thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
Condemn'd those works, with praise through ag
grac'd,
Which you had never seen, or could not taste;
'But would mankind have true perfection shown
It must be found in labours of my own:
I dare to challenge, in one single piece,
The' united force of Italy and Greece.'
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boasted masterpiece to view.
Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—
The picture seen, why is the painter heard?
Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks:
Without a comment Sigismunda speaks.
Poor Sigismunda!* what a fate is thine!
Dryden, the great high-priest of all the Nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
And in his numbers bade thy memory live;
Gave thee those soft sensations which might mo
And warm the coldest anchorite to love;

* Hogarth's picture of Sigismunda was taken from Dryde
fable of Sigismunda and Guiscardo! She is represented in t
attitude of receiving, in a golden goblet, the heart of her mu
dered lover, presented to her by order of her inhuman father.

Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes;
Then thus, 'Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart.'

Gave thee that virtue, which could curb desire,
Refine and consecrate love's headstrong fire;
Gave thee those griefs, which made the Stoic feel,
And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;
Gave thee that firmness which our sex may shame,
And make man bow to woman's juster claim;
So that our tears, which from compassion flow,
Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.
But, O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
How much from Nature and herself estrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To show her feelings and awaken ours,
Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a dauber's hand!
  But why, my Hogarth, such a progress made,
So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade?
In the full force, and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was heroic painting laid aside?
Why is it not resum'd? thy friends at court,
Men all in place and power, crave thy support;
Be grateful then for once, and through the field
Of politics, thy epic pencil wield:
Maintain the cause which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.
  Through every pannel let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell!
How England's sons (whom they conspir'd to bless,
Against our will, with insolent success)
Approve their fall, and with addresses run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scottish sun?
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
From the strong arm of justice, shook the world;
Thine, and thy country's honour to increase,
Point out the honours of succeeding peace;

Our moderation, Christian-like, display,
Show what we got, and what we gave away;
In colours dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a state-chaos through the whole prevail.
But, of events regardless, whilst the Muse,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues
Whilst her quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
And every drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
Whilst a dear country, and an injur'd friend,
Urge my strong anger to the bitterest end;
Whilst honest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue pass unprais'd:
Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greatest foe.
O! that I here could that rare virtue mean,
Which scorns the rule of envy, pride, and spleen
Which springs not from the labour'd works of a
But hath its rise from Nature in the heart;
Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
And spreads with joy the blessing all around!
But truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
Contented with a different kind of praise,
Must Hogarth stand; that praise which genius give
In which to latest time the artist lives,
But not the man; which, rightly understood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good:
That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted ther
Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
Myself would labour to replace the crown.
In walks of humour, in that cast of style
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smil
In comedy, his natural road to fame,
(Nor let me call it by a meaner name)

Where a beginning, middle, and an end,
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole;
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.
How couldst thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun?
Why did ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools?
By different methods different men excel;
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the frenzy of sublime;
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which every blockhead saw?
Blush, thou vain man! and if desire of fame,
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her memory die, that thine may live.
  But should fond Candour, for her mercy sake,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind,
Of arts despis'd, of artists, by thy frown
Aw'd from just hopes, of rising worth kept down,
Of all thy meanness through this mortal race,
Canst thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you gave?

With so much merit, and so much success,
With so much power to curse, so much to bless,
Would he have been man's friend instead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little god below.
Why then, like savage giants fam'd of old,
Of whom in scripture story we are told,
Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,
Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy?
Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made?
Most rank Ill-nature must applaud thy art,
But even Candour must condemn thy heart.
  For me, who, warm and zealous for my friend,
In spite of railing thousands will commend;
And no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,
Spite of commending thousands, will oppose;
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age! in which, as in a glass,
We see how men to dissolution pass.
Thou wretched being, whom, on reason's plan,
So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man;
What could persuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afresh into the sea of strife?
Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth,
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
Why would thy grey, grey hairs, resentment brave,
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now, by my soul, it makes me blush to know
My spirits could descend to such a foe:
Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.

Sure 'tis a curse which angry fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs must humbled Genius feel,
In their last hours, to view a Swift and Steele?*
How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast,
When she beholds men mark'd above the rest
For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night!
Are men, indeed, such things? and are the best
More subject to this evil than the rest?
To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death?
O, galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing thought, but not to be denied.
With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought:
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out our powers, and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to insolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage
Mock the infirmities of reverend age:
The greatest genius to this fate may bow;
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now.†

* Swift, it is well known, died in a state of idiotism. Sir Richard Steele also for some years before his death laboured under a paralytic affection, by which his intellectual powers were materially impaired.

† The poetical presage of Churchill was never verified in the social or professional life of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He died in 1791, with a reputation still undiminished, though scarcely susceptible of increase.

THE

CANDIDATE.*

Enough of Actors—let them play the play'r,
And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut, and stare;
Garrick abroad,† what motives can engage
To waste one couplet on a barren stage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when these testy days,
In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise;
When, at thy bidding, Sense, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or dissolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The town had given some little share of wealth,
Could'st thou repine at being still a slave?
Dar'st thou presume to' enjoy that wealth she gave?
Could'st thou repine at laws ordain'd by those
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes?
Whom, too refin'd for honesty and trade,
By need made tradesmen, pride had bankrupts made,

* This poem was written in 1764, on occasion of the contest between the Earls of Hardwicke and Sandwich, for the High-stewardship of the University of Cambridge. The spirit of party ran uncommonly high, and no means were left untried, by either candidate, to obtain a majority. The election was fixed for the 30th of March, when the votes appearing equal, a scrutiny was demanded; whereupon the Vice Chancellor adjourned the senate *sine die*. On appeal to the Lord High-Chancellor, he gave a determination in favour of the Earl of Hardwicke, and a *mandamus* issued accordingly.

† Garrick, in Sept. 1763, in order, it was said, to renovate his popularity, determined upon visiting the continent; he returned in April, 1765. His first appearance was honoured by the king; and the joy of the audience was expressed in boundless plaudits.

Whom fear made drunkards, and, by modern rules,
Whom drink made wits, though Nature made them fools;
With such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In such a manner, and at such a time,
To quit the stage; but men of real sense,
Who neither lightly give, nor take offence,
Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since thou hast left a Powell* in thy place.
Enough of authors—why, when scribblers fail,
Must other scribblers spread the hateful tale?
Why must they pity, why contempt express,
And why insult a brother in distress?
Let those, who boast the' uncommon gift of brains,
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains:
Fresh on their brows for ages let it bloom,—
And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.
Let those, who without genius write and write,
Versemen or prosemen, all in Nature's spite,
The pen laid down, their course of folly run
In peace; unread, unmention'd, be undone.
Why should I tell, to cross the will of Fate,
That Francis† once endeavour'd to translate?
Why, sweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recal poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne,‡ simple in his lay,
Effusion on effusion pour away,

* Powell was a pupil of Garrick's, and, next to him and Barry, the most popular performer on the stage. He died in 1769.

† The Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace and Demosthenes: in spite of Churchill's sneer, the former continues to be generally esteemed.

‡ John Langhorne. D. D. the translator of Plutarch, and author of several poems which are held in deserved estimation.

With Friendship, and with Fancy trifle here,
Or sleep in Pastoral at Belvidere?
Sleep let them all, with Dulness on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.
Enough of Critics—let them, if they please,
Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees:
Wide and extensive be their infant state,
Their subjects many, and those subjects great;
Whilst all their mandates as sound law succeed
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
What though they lay the realms of Genius waste,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taste;
Though they, like doctors, to approve their skill,
Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read;
Though, other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out so much praise for so much gold:
Though Scot with Scot, in damned close intrigues,
Against the commonwealth of letters leagues;
Uncensur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters as they rul'd the realm:
Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse,
(Nor could ingenious Malice make a worse,
To do our sense, and honour deep despite)
To credit what they say, read what they write.
Enough of Scotland—let her rest in peace;
The cause remov'd,* effects of course should cease;

What Churchill consigned to ridicule, were the 'Effusions of Friendship and Fancy,' a sentimental trifle in prose and verse.

* Lord Bute, in Sept. 1763, retired from the official administration of public affairs.

Why should I tell, how Tweed, too mighty grown,
And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
Burst o'er his banks, and by destruction led,
O'er our faint England desolation spread;
Whilst, riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd,
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assum'd,
Now that the river-god, convinc'd, though late,
And yielding, though reluctantly, to Fate,
Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides?

Enough of States, and such like trifling things;
Enough of kinglings, and enough of kings;
Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen lie,
Spread the court web, and catch the patriot fly;
Henceforth 'unwhipt of Justice,' uncontrol'd
By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,
Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
Meets with compassion only from the throne.

Enough of Patriots—all I ask of man
Is only to be honest as he can:
Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive;
'Tis the fool's curse at random to believe.
Would those, who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this essential doctrine——Persevere.
Should they (which Heaven forbid!) to win the grace
Of some proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their king and country sell, with endless shame
The' avenging Muse shall mark each traitorous [name;
But if, to honour true, they scorn to bend,
And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
Their grateful country shall their fame record,
And I myself descend to praise a lord.

Enough of Wilkes*—with good and honest men
His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
And future ages shall his name adore,
When he can act and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful and unjust,
But fostering France shall ne'er betray her trust:
'Tis a brave debt which gods on man impose,
To pay with praise the merit ev'n of foes.
When the great warrior† of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her base,
To prove her virtue, though it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had denied.

Enough of Self—that darling luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd strong with pride!
What man can from himself himself divide?
For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
(Conscience first satisfied) is love of fame:
Some little fame deriv'd from some brave few,
Who, prizing Honour, prize her votaries too.
Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely speak;
So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of those who, bless'd with parts above
My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,

* Wilkes had withdrawn to France, in consequence of a double prosecution hanging over him, for No. 45 of the North-Briton, and an Essay on Woman.

† Hannibal.

And call it mine; for mine, though never known,
Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.
Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.*
Let none of those, whom I despise, though great,
Pretending friendship to give malice weight,
Publish my life; let no false sneaking peer,†
(Some such there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
Nor soul-gall'd bishop‡ damn me with a note.
Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heaven, indulgent, grant that pray'r!)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams through the church-yard, whilst his dinner's dress'd,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
'Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;'
Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)
Reading my works, he cries—'Here Churchill lives.'
Enough of Satire—in less harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.
I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave;
Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms!

* Churchill, before his death, destroyed all his manuscripts, excepting the Dedication to his Sermons, and the Journey.

† John Boyle, Earl of Corke and Orrery, the author of 'Observations on the life of Swift,' is cited in this place by Mr. Tooke.

‡ Warburton seems to be the bishop here alluded to.

When in her faithful and immortal page
They saw transmitted down from age to age
Recorded villains, and each spotted name
Branded with marks of everlasting shame,
Succeeding villains sought her as a friend,
And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend:
But in an age, when actions are allow'd
Which strike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd
Too terrible to suffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a court,
Propp'd by the arm of Power; when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn;
When she is lost to every thought of fame,
And to all virtue dead, is dead to shame:
When Prudence a much easier task must hold
To make a new world, than reform the old;
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if she cannot cure, she will not wound.
  Come, Panegyric—though the Muse disdains,
Founded on truth, to prostitute her strains
At the base instance of those men, who hold
No argument but power, no god but gold;
Yet, mindful that from Heaven she drew her birth,
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth;
Virtuous herself, brings Virtue forth to view,
And loves to praise, where praise is justly due.
  Come, Panegyric—in a former hour,
My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,
Thy shrine I sought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r;
Ev'n at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
The pen of truth and honour in my hand,
Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,

Whilst, Hayter* brought too quickly to his end,
I lost a subject and mankind a friend.
Come, Panegyric—bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy power my soul is proud to own;
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
And lead me safe through passes yet untried.
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the house of Satire leads mankind;
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praise.
What though no theme I choose of vulgar note,
Nor wish to write as brother bards have wrote,
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream?
What though a theme I choose, which might demand
The nicest touches of a master's hand?
Yet, if the inward workings of my soul
Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
And Envy shall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The poet praising, and the patron prais'd.
What patron shall I choose? shall public voice,
Or private knowledge, influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,†
Or, seeking patriots, to friend Wildman's‡ go?
'To Wildman's!' cried Discretion, (who had heard,
Close standing at my elbow, every word)

* Dr. Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, was translated to the See of London in Sept. 1761, and died in the month of January following.

† Then the seat of Lord Temple, now of the Marquis of Buckingham. Pope gave celebrity to its beauties in his Moral Essays.

‡ The minority, with the late Duke of Devonshire at their head, established a society at a tavern in Albemarle Street, kept by one Wildman, a brother in-law of Horne Tooke; but the association was of short continuance.

'To Wildman's! art thou mad? canst thou be sure
One moment there to have thy head secure?
Are they not all (let observation tell)
All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
In Dooms-day book, by ministers set down,
Who style their pride the honour of the crown?
Make no reply—let reason stand aloof—
Presumption here must pass as solemn proof.'
That settled faith, that love which ever springs
In the best subjects, for the best of kings,
Must not be measur'd now, by what men think,
Or say, or do—by what they eat and drink;
Where and with whom, that question's to be tried,
And statesman are the judges to decide;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe;
They, facts confess'd, in themselves vest the law.
Each dish at Wildman's of sedition smacks;
Blasphemy may be gospel at Almack's* [vain;
Peace, good Discretion; peace—thy fears are
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train;
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, against the mighty stir.
If, from long proof, my temper you distrust,
Weigh my professsion, to my gown be just;
Dost thou one parson know so void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place?
If still you doubt, (though scarce a doubt remains)
Search through my alter'd heart, and try my reins;
There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the court.†

* Almack kept the Thatched-house Tavern, and was of fashionable note for the splendour of the subscription assemblies held at his rooms in King Street, St. James's.

† John Montague, Earl of Sandwich, was in 1763 appointed one of the Secretaries of State. He was afterwards more talked of as First Lord of the Admiralty.

Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of mistakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor blush to own that change which reason wrought:
For such a change as this, must Justice speak;
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.
  Bigot to no one man, or set of men,
Without one selfish view, I drew my pen.
My country ask'd, or seem'd to ask, my aid,
Obedient to that call I left off trade;
A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
Till time hath fairly prov'd mė in the wrong:
Convinc'd I change, (can any man do more?)
And have not greater patriots chang'd before?
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do less?)
Without a single blush, that change confess;
Confess it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the losing for the winning side,
Granting, whilst virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,
What Bute for ages might have sought in vain.
  Hail, Sandwich—nor shall Wilkes resentment show,
Hearing the praises of so brave a foe.*—
Hail, Sandwich—nor, through pride, shalt thou re-
The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse— [fuse
Sandwich, all hail—when Bute with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, scourg'd the land;
When Scots, or slaves to Scotsmen, steer'd the helm,
When peace, inglorious peace, disgrac'd the realm,
Distrust, and general discontent prevail'd;
But when, (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd;

* The Earl of Sandwich and the Earl of March, since Duke of Queensbury, supported the charges brought against Mr. Wilkes, as the author of several libels published *contra bonus mores.*

When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of power, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a Mars, (fear order'd to retreat)
We saw thee nimbly vault into his seat,
Into the seat of power, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoisseur in statesmanship;
When, like another Machiavel, we saw
Thy fingers twisting, and untwisting law,
Straining, where godlike Reason bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy, pleas'd to spare; [might)
Saw thee resolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come
To do thy God, thy king, thy country, right;
All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before:
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,
What virtues such as thine must needs produce.
  Thy foes (for honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,
In sullen silence sit; thy friends (some few,
Who, friends to thee, are friends to honour too)
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the commonweal
Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.
A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,
And bring this free-will offering to thy fame;
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.
  From his youth upwards to the present day,
When vices, more than years, have mark'd him grey;
When riotous excess, with wasteful hand,
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice;

Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.
Where (reason left without the least defence)
Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense:
Where Impudence made Decency submit;
Where noise was humour, and where whim was wit;
Where rude untemper'd license had the merit
Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit;
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
Lothario was, with justice, always first.
To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle;
Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out—encore;
Whilst grey Authority, who slumbers there
In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay the' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches through the streets at noon;
To force plain Nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
To make one leg run races with his brother;
'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
Bute to ride first, and he to ride behind;
To coin newfangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives,
Without a rival stands, though March* yet lives.

* Lord March, the present Piccadilly Duke.

When folly, (at that name in duty bound,
Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
Whilst they who in the presence upright stand
Are held as rebels through the loyal land)
Queen every where, but most a queen in courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her sports;
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age,
Lothario, great above the common size,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And every day deserves it more and more.
Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
Vice, bold, substantial vice, puts in her claim,
And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
Observe his follies well, and you would swear
Folly had been his first, his only care;
Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,
And swear that he was born for vice alone.
Is the soft nature of some hapless maid,
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd?
Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt declare her shame
Is some brave friend, who, (men but little known
Deems every heart as honest as his own,
And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnar'd, and ruin'd with a smile?
Is law to be perverted from her course?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is freedom to be crush'd, and every son
Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone?
Is base corruption, creeping through the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,

With regular approaches, sure, though slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are kings, who trust to servants, and depend
In servants (fond, vain thought!) to find a friend,
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkness thicker than the shades of death?
Is God's most holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphem'd!
Are debauchees in morals to preside?
Is faith to take an Atheist for her guide?
Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
Are states to totter on a drunkard's head?
To answer all these purposes, and more,
More black than ever villain plan'd before,
Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.
  Is this nobility, which, sprung from kings,
Was meant to swell the power from whence it springs?
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which nature hop'd for from so rich a root?
Were there but two, (search all the world around)
Were there but two such nobles to be found,
The very name would sink into a term
Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a lord: but Nature full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,
Made only one, and, having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more:
Nor stop'd she there, but, like a generous friend,
The ills which error caus'd, she strove to mend,

And having brought Lothario forth to view,
To save her credit, brought forth Sandwich too.
  Gods! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of every art,
Of every art which great ones in the state
Practise on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that virtues can descend,
Do I behold (a sight alas! more rare
Than honesty could wish) the noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known
They're his by virtue, not by birth alone;
When he recals his father from the grave,
And pays with interest back that fame he gave:
Cur'd of her splenetic and sullen fits,
To such a peer my willing soul submits,
And to such virtue is more proud to yield
Than 'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field.
Such, (for that truth ev'n envy shall allow)
Such Wyndham* was, and such is Sandwich now.
  O gentle Montague, in blessed hour
Didst thou start up, and climb the stairs of pow'r;
England of all her fears at once was eas'd,
Nor, 'mongst her many foes, was one displeas'd:
France heard the news, and told it cousin Spain;
Spain heard, and told it cousin France again:
The Hollander relinquish'd his design
Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine;
Of Indian villanies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native shore:

* Charles Wyndham, Earl of Egremont, joint Secretary of State with Lord Halifax, and son of the celebrated Sir William Wyndham. He died in Aug. 1763; and was succeeded in his office by the earl of Sandwich.

Aw'd by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth
Shall blow from east to west, from north to south)
The western world shall yield us her increase,
And her wild sons be soften'd into peace;
Rich eastern monarchs shall exhaust their stores,
And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores;
Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,
And all acquir'd by honourable means,
Some honourble chief shall hither steer,
To pay our debts, and set the nation clear.
  Nabobs themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the English crown;
Shall freely as their king our king receive—
Provided, the Directors give them leave.
  Union at home shall mark each rising year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of, though severe;
Envy her own destroyer shall become,
And faction with her thousand mouths be dumb:
With the meek man thy meekness shall prevail,
Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail:
Some to thy force of reason shall submit,
And some be converts to thy princely wit:
Reverence for thee shall still a nation's cries,
A grand concurrence crown a grand excise:
And unbelievers of the first degree,
Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.
  When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
Possess'd the region of each heated brain;
When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
And all were mad, but mad in different ways;
When commonwealthsmen, starting at the shade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
Of tyrants dream'd who wore a thorny crown,
And with state bloodhounds hunted freedom down;

When others, struck with fancies not less vain,
Saw mighty kings by their own subjects slain,
And, in each friend of liberty and law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell saw,
Thy manly zeal stept forth, bade discord cease,
And sung each jarring atom into peace:
Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;
And patroniz'd by thee, Prerogative
Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live;
Whilst Privilege, hung betwixt earth and sky,
Shall not well know whether to live or die.
When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And seem'd to totter, ommerce shivering stood;
When Credit, building on a sandy shore,
Saw the sea swell, and heard the tempest roar,
Heard death in every blast, and in each wave
Or saw, or fancied that she saw, her grave;
When property, transfer'd from hand to hand,
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly through the [land;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend;
Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid;
That to be sav'd we must be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
Like England's better genius, born to bless,
And snatch his sinking country from distress,
Didst thou step forth, and, without sail or oar,
Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore:
Nor shalt thou quit, till, anchor'd firm and fast,
She rides secure, and mocks the threatening blast.

Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Economy her needful aid shall join,
To forward and complete thy grand design,
And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still.
In vain have sly and subtle sophists tried
Private from public justice to divide;
For credit on each other they rely.
They live together, and together die,
'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High treason in the eye of common-sense,
To think a statesman ever can be known
To pay our debts, who will not pay his own:
But now, though late, now may we hope to see
Our debts discharg'd, our credit fair and free,
Since rigid Honesty, (fair fall that hour!)
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
With what delight I view thee, wondrous man,
With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
That plan which all with wonder must behold,
And stamp thy age the only age of gold.
Nor rest thy triumphs here—that Discord fled,
And sought with grief, the hell where she was bred;
That Faction, 'gainst her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck dumb;
That our most bitter foes (so much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;

That our offended friends (such terror flows
From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That Credit, gasping in the jaws of death,
And ready to expire with every breath,
Grows stronger from disease; that thou hast sav'd
Thy drooping country; that thy name, engrav'd
On plates of brass, defies the rage of time;
Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred rhyme
Embalms thy memory, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muse alone can give;
These heights of virtue, these rewards of fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.

But, that poor sickly Science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath neglect's cold shade,
By those who knew her purposely forgot,
And made the jest of those who knew her not:
Whilst Ignorance, in power and pamper'd pride,
'Clad like a priest, pass'd by on t'other side;'
Recover'd from her wretched state, at length
Puts on new health, and clothes herself with strength,
To thee we owe; and to thy friendly hand,
Which rais'd, and gave her to possess the land:
This praise, though in a court, and near a throne,
This praise is thine, and thine, alas! alone.

With what fond rapture did the goddess smile,
What blessings doth she promise to this isle,
What honour to herself, and length of reign,
Soon as she heard, that thou didst not disdain
To be her steward; but what grief, what shame,
What rage, what disappointment, shook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will dispute,
When youth was insolent, and age was mute!

That young men should be fools, and some wild
To wisdom deaf, be deaf to interest too, [few,

Mov'd not her wonder; but that men, grown grey
In search of wisdom; men who own'd the sway
Of reason; men who stubbornly kept down
Each rising passion; men who wore the gown;
That they should cross her will, that they should
Against the cause of Interest to declare; [dare
That they should be so abject and unwise,
Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain; scorning the ready means
Of being vicars, rectors, canons, deans,
With all those honours which on mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of state;
That they should dare a Hardwicke to support,
And talk, within the hearing of a court,
Of that vile beggar Conscience, who, undone,
And starv'd herself, starves every wretched son;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore.
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Though Dulness there unrivall'd state doth keep,
Would she at Winchester with Burton* sleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull, and still more mean,
Rather than bear such insults, she would fly
Far, far beyond the search of English eye,
And reign amongst the Scots; to be a queen
Is worth ambition, though in Aberdeen.
O, stay thy flight, fair Science; what though some,
Some base-born children, rebels are become?

* Dr. Burton was head-master of Winchester school.

All are not rebels; some are duteous still,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy interest is oppos'd by those alone
Who either know not, or oppose their own.
Of stubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the livery of their trade,
Marshall'd by Form, and by Discretion led,
A grave grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black Smith* of Trinity; on Christian ground
For faith in mysteries none more renown'd.
Next, (for the best of causes now and then
Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
Next (if old Story lies not) sprung from Greece,
Come Pandarus, but comes without his niece:
Her, wretched maid! committed to his trust,
To a rank letcher's coarse and bloated lust
The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had sold,
And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a college bred,
No woman knew, but those which made their bed;
Who planted virgins on Cam's virtuous shore,
Continued still male-virgins at threescore,
Comes Sumner,† wise, and chaste as chaste can be,
With Long,‡ as wise, and not less chaste than he.
Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cause,
Who, for thy sake, defying penal laws,

* Dr. Smith, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He died in 1768, in the 79th year of age.

† The Rev. Dr. Sumner, Vice-chancellor of the university of Cambridge.

‡ Roger Long, D. D. Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and Professor of Astronomy in that university. He died in 1770, at the advanced age of 91.

Were, to support thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jersey and the Isle of Man?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree,
Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee?
Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo still,
Who may, perhaps, in some ten years or more,
Be ascertain'd, that two and two make four,
Or may a still more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind?
With such a mighty power on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcasses, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And ere they dare the battle, sound retreat.
But if persuasions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor prayers can move,
Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe
Why talk of Burton? why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford? she, with open arms,
Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms:
Shall for thy love her former love resign,
And jilt the banish'd Stuarts to be thine.
Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
Tutor'd to get, by heart, the despot's creed,
She, of subjection proud, shall knee thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;
She shall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial sway,
If subjects none but just commands obey?
Then, and then only, is obedience seen,
When by command they dare do all that's mean:

Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.
Gods, with what joy, (for fancy now supplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)
Gods, with what joy I see the worthiest meet,
And brother Litchfield* brother Sandwich greet!
Bless'd be your greetings, bless'd each dear embrace,
Bless'd to yourselves, and to the human race.
Sickening at virtues which she cannot reach,
Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
Let Envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
Outrageous, search the corners of the world,
Ransack the present times, look back to past,
Rip up the future, and confess at last,
No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
Produce, and bless the world with such a pair.
Phillips,† the good old Phillips, out of breath,
Escap'd from Monmouth, and escap'd from death,
Shall hail his Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the commonweal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart and bless'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cause of rebels hung.
Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a nun,
At Medenham‡ lies, by backward monks undone;
A nation's reckoning, like an alehouse score,
Whilst Paul, the aged, chalks behind a door,

* The last earl of Litchfield succeeded the earl of Westmorland, as Chancellor of the university of Oxford, in 1762.

† Sir John Philips, a barrister and active member of the House of Commons.

‡ Medenham, or, as it was commonly called, Mednam Abbey, was a large house on the banks of the Thames, near Marlow in Bucks. It was formerly a convent of Cistertian monks. Sir Francis Dashwood, Sir Thomas Stapleton, Paul Whitehead, Mr. Wilkes, and other choice spirits, to the number of twelve, rented the abbey, and often retired there to hold their licentious revel-

Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up,
Dashwood shall pour from a communion-cup,
Libations to the goddess without eyes,
And hob or nob in cider and excise.
From those deep shades, where Vanity, unknown,
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone;
Curs'd in herself, by her own thoughts undone,
Where she sees all, but can be seen by none;
Where she, no longer mistress of the schools,
Hears praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
Or hears it at a distance, in despair
To join the crowd, and put in for a share,
Twisting each thought a thousand different ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praise;
Where frugal sense so very fine is spun,
It serves twelve hours, though not enough for one,
King* shall rise, and, bursting from the dead,
Shall hurl his piebald Latin at thy head.
Burton† (whilst awkward affectation hung
In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
Who 'gainst their will makes junior blockheads speak,
Ignorant of both, new Latin and new Greek,
Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own;

lings. Among other amusements they had sometimes a mock celebration of the midnight orgies of Pagan worship, and occasionally of the rites of the religious orders among the Roman Catholics; of the Franciscans in particular, for the gentlemen had taken that title from their founder, Sir Francis. Paul, the aged, was secretary and steward to the order.

* Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, who died at an advanced age in 1764. The composition of his Radcliffe harangue opened an ample field of controversy to the critics.

† See p. 135, note.

Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a
string,
They're praise and censure; nothing, every thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and style so full of trick,
They even make a Merry Andrew sick;
Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,
They're verse, they're prose, they're neither, and
they're both)
Shall (though by nature ever loth to praise)
Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase;
Obscurely stiff, shall press poor Sense to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath;
Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name,
Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it Style.
Hush'd be all nature as the land of death;
Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his
breath;
Be the bells muffled, nor one sound of care,
Pressing for audience, wake the slumbering air;
Browne* comes—behold how cautiously he creeps,
How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
He cannot wake, but he shall dream of thee.
Physic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound;
Physic, obtaining succour from the pen
Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden,†
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe,

* Dr. Browne was Lord Litchfield's Vice-chancellor of the university of Oxford.

† William Heberden, M. D. the most skilful and amiable of physicians; he died in 1801, in the 91st year of his age.

Shall, like a scholar, stop their rebel breath,
And in each recipe send classic death.
  So deep in knowledge, that few lines can sound
And plumb the bottom of the vast profound,
Few grave ones with such gravity can think,
Or follow half so fast as he can sink;
With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
Obscure with meaning, and in words perplex'd,
With subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide and subdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,
The scowling Blackstone* bears the train of law.
  Divinity, enrob'd in college fur,
In her right hand a new Court Kalendar,
Bound like a book of prayer, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.
  Loyalty, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,
A stranger long, but stranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies;
Shall, with much pleasure and more wonder, view
Men great at court, and great at Oxford too.
  O sacred Loyalty! accurs'd be those
Who, seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes;
Who prostitute to kings thy honour'd name,
And sooth their passions to betray their fame;
Nor prais'd be those, to whose proud nature clings
Contempt of government, and hate of kings;
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A strange intemperance of zeal avow,
And start at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger freedom never heard.

* Sir William Blackstone, Vinerian Professor of Civil Law, and Principal of New-Inn Hall.

Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the state not wholesome, like the dreams
(Children of night, of indigestion bred)
Which, reason clouded, seize and turn the head;
Loyalty, without Freedom, is a chain
Which men of liberal notice can't sustain,
And Freedom, without Loyalty, a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.
Thine be the art, my Sandwich, thine the toil,
In Oxford's stubborn and untoward soil
To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foster'd into strength,
Shooting aloft, all dangers it defies,
And proudly lifts its branches to the skies;
Whilst, Wisdom's happy son, but not her slave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that shade which thy own labour wrought,
And fashion'd into strength, shalt thou repose,
Secure of liberal praise, since Isis flows
True to her Thame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, lusts for Tweed;
And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dar'd twine
To grace a Stuart brow, she plants on thine.

THE

PROPHECY OF FAMINE.*

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

Nos patriam fugimus.
VIRGIL.

When Cupid first instructs his darts to fly
From the sly corner of some cook-maid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire;
Trembling and blushing he the fair one views,
And fain would speak, but can't—without a Muse.
So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,

* Mr. Wilkes pronounced of this poem, before its appearance in Jan. 1763, 'that he was sure it would take, as it was at once personal, poetical, and political;' his prediction was accomplished. The Prophecy of Famine almost exceeded the Rosciad in popularity, and in extent of circulation.

His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks, and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and eke the loves of swains.
  Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds— a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies—
Green moss her couch; her canopy the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the roguish gale [vale.
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them through the
The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his amorous descant plays.
Herds low, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass
Present the fair Lardella with a glass,
And Zephyr, to complete the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.
  But when maturer Judgment takes the the lead,
These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed; [awe,
Form'd after some great man, whose name breeds
Whose every sentence Fashion makes a law;
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our servile fears;
Then we discard the workings of the heart,
And nature's banish'd by mechanic art;
Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown;
Then Ostentation marches to our aid,
And letter'd Pride stalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each sentence, polish'd every line:
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of ancients with a modern air;

Nonsense with classic ornaments is grac'd,
And passes current with the stamp of taste.
  Then the rude Theocrite is ransack'd o'er,
And courtly Maro call'd from Mincio's shore;
Sicilian Muses on our mountains roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home;
Nymphs, Naïads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flowers which once flourish'd fair in Greece and Rome,
More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn,
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn;
Landscapes unknown to dowdy Nature rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.
For bards like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and attun'd to woe;
Who, if plain Common-sense her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason* bring;
Lin'd with the softest down of Folly's wing;

* William Mason, author of Elfrida, Caractacus, an Elegy on the Death of the Countess of Coventry, and some other pieces of inferior merit, was the intimate friend and executor of Gray, whose life he wrote and prefixed to an edition of his works. Mr. Mason, through the patronage of the Holdernesse family, obtained considerable church preferment, and died Precentor of York, April 5, 1797, aged 71. There is a want of nerve in all his productions, which will ever prevent his attaining a station in English poetry much above mediocrity.

In Love's pagoda shall they ever doze,
And Gisbal* kindly rock them to repose;
My Lord——to letters as to faith most true—
At once their patron and example too—
Shall quaintly fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams;†
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of some Druid's seat
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.
Me, whom no Muse of heavenly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time:
Who cannot follow where trim fancy leads
By prattling streams o'er flower-empurpled meads
Who often, but without success, have pray'd
For apt Alliteration's artful aid;‡

* Gisbal, an Hyperborean tale, said to be translated from the fragments of Ossian, the son of Fingal. The stupidity of this piece can only be equalled by its scurrility.

† A harsh censure on Lord Lyttelton's Monody on his Wife which, though like all his productions, highly laboured, contains many beauties.

‡ Mason's poetry abounds with instances of a ridiculous fondness for alliteration.

Those who admire Virgil's

——*Validas in viscera vertite vires*

must be pleased with the following specimens:—

'And vainly vent'rous soar on waxen wing,—
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last,—
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well—
This let me learn, and learning let me live;'

With many other instances: such as, boisterous breath, wayward world, lovely lawn, soft serenity, liquid lustre, &c.

Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets, which mean no ill:
Me, thus uncouth, thus every way unfit
For pacing poesy, and ambling wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.
Thou, Nature, art my goddess—to thy law
Myself I dedicate—hence, slavish awe,
Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools;
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare
Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
Of toil, which critics now mistake for taste,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
Which art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdued,
However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,
To northern climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the year;
Where, undisturb'd by Art's rebellious plan,
She rules the loyal laird, and faithful clan.
To that rare soil, where virtues clustering grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe!
What waggon-loads of courage, wealth, and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence!
To us she gives, disinterested friend!
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her generous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,

Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the holy martyr* found?
Nor less our debt in science, though denied
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramsays,† names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote:
Thence, Home,‡ disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, though no dull dean§ was there;
Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's‖ call,
That old, new, epic pastoral, Fingal;

* Charles I.

† Allan Ramsay is much and deservedly esteemed for his pastoral drama of 'The Gentle Shepherd.' His son was a portrait-painter of some repute, and author of several tracts on various branches of polite literature.

‡ John Home, the author of Douglas, and of several other tragedies. He was bred to the ministry of the Kirk of Scotland: but for writing plays and frequenting theatres, was anathematized by the Synod, and secluded from the ministry.

§ Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, when the name of Churchill appeared to the second edition of the Roseiad, reprimanded him for writing on a subject so totally inconsistent with his profession.

‖ James Macpherson, Esq. author of Fingal, Temora, and other epic poems, alleged to be translated from the Erse. These fragments, which were declared to be genuine remains of ancient Scottish poetry, at their first appearance delighted many readers; and some good judges, amongst the rest Mr. Gray and Dr. Blair, were extremely warm in their praises. As other specimens were said to be recoverable, a subscription was set on foot to enable Mr. Macpherson to quit the family he was then in, and undertake a mission into the Highlands, to secure them. He engaged in the undertaking, and soon after produced the works whose authenticity has since occasioned so much controversy, but which now seem generally admitted to be the productions of Mr. Macpherson himself. Dr. Johnson had the merit of being among the first to expose the forgery.

Thence Malloch,* friend alike to church and state,
Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewards, which in a pious reign,
All daring infidels should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this wise town by simple patrons brought,
In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.
Waft me, some Muse, to Tweed's inspiring stream,
Where all the little Loves and Graces dream;
Where, slowly winding, the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the power of sleep;
Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swims;
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian† bath'd in Jordan's flood,
Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of English pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a patriot tide.
From solemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how;
From nice trim points, where Honour, slave to rule,
In compliment to folly, plays the fool;
From those gay scenes, where mirth exalts his pow'r,
And easy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From those soft better moments, when desire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire;
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,

* David Mallet first wrote himself Malloch. His real name is said to have been Macgregor. Dr. Johnson remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotsmen did not commend.

† Naaman. See the 2d book of Kings, ch. v.

At Friendship's summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, once seen before, that ancient seat,
That ancient seat, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, long before the world was made!
  Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind:
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of kings;
Let rude licentious Englishmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee good-humour tempers lively wit,
Enthron'd with judgment, candour loves to sit,
And Nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.
  Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted Scot,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When scribblers, to the charge by interest led,
The fierce North Briton foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And, injur'd by one alien, rail at all:
On northern Pisgah when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that Holy Land,*

* In the 13th number of the North Britain, appeared 'Howell's perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland', written in 1649; a tissue of disgusting exaggerations.

With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,
Thy generous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful, but ill-natur'd page.
'The Scots are poor,' cries surly English pride;
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If, by low supple arts successful grown,
They sap'd our vigour to increase their own;
If, mean in want and insolent in power,
They only fawn'd more surely to devour,
Rous'd by such wrongs should Reason take alarm,
And ev'n the Muse for public safety arm?
But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway,
And follow where true honour points the way;
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread;
Or, by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found;
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become discreetly 'all things to all men,'
That all men may become all things to them;
Envy may hate, but justice can't condemn.
'Into our places, states, and beds, they creep:'
They've sense to get, what we want sense to keep.
Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race—
Into those traps, which men call'd Patriots, laid,
By spacious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagued against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth:
But shall I meanly error's path pursue,
When heavenly Truth presents her friendly clue.

Once plung'd in ill, shall I go farther in?
To make the oath, was rash: to keep it, sin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,
Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttelton and West*)
Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
To raise new trophies to the Scottish name;
To make (what can the proudest Muse do more?)
Ev'n faction's sons her brighter worth adore;
To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhymes,
In fullest tide roll down to latest times. [thine,
'Presumptuous wretch! and shall a Muse like
An English Muse, the meanest of the nine,
Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak strain
Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?
Should he from toils of government retire,
And for a moment fan the poet's fire:
Should he, of sciences the moral friend,
Each curious, each important search suspend,
Leave unassisted Hill† of herbs to tell,
And all the wonders of a cockleshell,
Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
Would not the Home step forth and gain the prize?
Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
The humble brows of one in England born,
Presumptuous still thy daring must appear;
Vain all thy towering hopes whilst I am here.'

* George Lord Lyttelton, author of a Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul; and Gilbert West, author of Observations on the Resurrection.

† Dr. Hill. See the Rosciad.

Thus spake a form, by silken smile and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the Laureat* known,
Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldest son,
In every party found, and yet of none;
This airy substance, this substantial shade,
Abash'd I heard, and with respect obey'd.
From themes too lofty for a bard so mean,
Discretion beckons to an humbler scene;
The restless fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and seek the sylvan shade.
Now be the Muse disrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verse by truth supplied,
And if plain nature pours a simple strain,
Which Bute may praise, and Ossian not disdain,
(Ossian, sublimest, simplest bard of all,
Whom English infidels Macpherson call,)
Then round my head shall Honour's ensigns wave,
And pensions mark me for a willing slave.

Two boys, whose birth beyond all question springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head;
By niggard Nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks;
Fresh as the morning, which enrob'd in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where Nature needs no clothes;
Where from their youth enur'd to winter-skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

* William Whitehead, the Laureat, died in 1785; and was succeeded in his chair by Mr. Warton.

Jockey, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to crow
With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down,
With meikle art could on the bag-pipes play,
Ev'n from the rising to the setting day:
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal:
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleas'd, though hungry, on her Sawney's breas

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen;
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green:
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the cameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's spring, which through the country rai
Furnsh'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan:
No flowers embalm'd the air, but one white rose,*
Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows;
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, Nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.

* The white rose, the emblem of the Jacobites, was worn by them on the 10th of June, in honour of the Pretender's birthday.

There snares without entangling briars spread,
And thistles arm'd against the' invader's head,
Stood in close ranks, all entrance to oppose;
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on Nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man;
Which owed their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight;
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark
Their Saviour shun'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place within: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies:
In quest of food efts strove in vain to crawl:
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall:
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.
  Here, for the sullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wintry blast;
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
The boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds every day *take keep*,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On Nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

'*Sith* to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid *emong* yon thistles, dry and warm,

What, Sawney, if by shepherds' art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry roundelay?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.'

SAWNEY.

'Ah! Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wis*,
To think of songs at such a time as this:
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.'

JOCKEY.

'Still have I known thee for a silly swain;
Of things past help what boots it to complain;
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve: what can't be cur'd
(So Donald right areeds) must be endur'd.'

SAWNEY.

'Full silly swain, *I wot*, is Jocky now.
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?'

JOCKEY.

'O she was *bonny!* all the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found?

More precious (though that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we Brimstone call,
Or that choice plant,* so grateful to the nose,
Which, in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me: dear do I rue
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.'

SAWNEY.

'Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Through all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year† by every honest Scot,
And in the shepherds' calendar forgot,
That fatal year when Jamie, hapless swain!
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain:
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd, and hang'd, till he was dead, dead dead.'

JOCKEY.

'Full sorely may we all lament that day,
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died:
Ah! silly swains! to follow war's alarms;
Ah! what has shepherds' life to do with arms?

SAWNEY.

'Mention it not—there saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd plaid;

* Tobacco.
† The year 1745; memorable for the rebellion in Scotland.

Saw the Ferrara, too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still survive,
To mourn Fifteen renew'd in Forty-five.'

Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale Famine rear'd the head; her eager eyes,
Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell:
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind:
All shrivell'd was her skin; and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw.

'Cease,' cried the goddess, 'cease, despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains.

'Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial Fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;

Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought;
Whom still with unslak'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their king they sold.
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still;
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the sons of Israel, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert: we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns:
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few,
Who worship Interest, and our track pursue;
There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners' leave.
'For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase,
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown:
For our advantage shall their harvest grow,
And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;

When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies:
His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain:
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit ours:
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless, travel through the deep:
The sail of commerce, for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world:
For us, sublimer heights shall science reach;
For us, their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach:
Their noblest limbs of council we'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint:
Devouring War, imprison'd in the North,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot-wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, generous Peace, give way.

'Think not, my sons, that this so bless'd estate
Stands at a distance on the roll of fate;
Already big with hopes of future sway,
Ev'n from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race
Whose former deeds shall time's last annals grace,
In the rough face of peril must be sought,
And with the lives of thousands dearly bought:
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to scorn the blundering hero's heart,

Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.
'When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore
Their choicest levies to a foreign shore,
What if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,
And, scorning mercy, spar'd nor sex nor age?
When, for our interest too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent possess'd the throne,
What if we strove divisions to foment,
And spread the flames of civil discontent,
Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled?
When restless Glory bade her sons advance,
And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France,
What if, disdaining oaths, an empty sound,
By which our nation never shall be bound,
Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam, [home?
Through the weak land, and brought cheap laurels
When the bold traitors leagued for the defence
Of law, religion, liberty, and sense,
When they against their lawful monarch rose,
And dar'd the Lord's anointed to oppose;
What if we still rever'd the banish'd race,
And strove the royal vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions shook the' unsettled state,
And greatly dar'd, though cross'd by partial fate?
These facts, which might, where wisdom held the [sway,
Awake the very stones to bar our way,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an English brain:
Bless'd with that faith, which mountains can remove,
First they shall dupes, next saints, last martyrs prove.

'Already is this game of fate begun
Under the sanction of my darling son;
That son, of nature royal as his name,
Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame:
His boundless power, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked straight;
Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
And sink the mountain level to the plain.
Discord, whom in a cavern under ground
With massy fetters their late patriot* bound;
Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curses to the vacant air;
Where, that she never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door,
For better purpose shall our chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace.
'Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit!
Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat;
To gain our love; with honours shall they grace
The old adherents of the Stuart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites, are still the same:
To sooth our rage, the temporizing brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Against their Saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William's name:
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit!)
To our untainted faith shall they commit
(Our faith which, in extremest perils tried,
Disdain'd, and still disdains, to change her side)
That sacred Majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves, their love.'

* Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham.

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE OF FALCONER.

WILLIAM FALCONER was born about the year 1730, and was the son of a poor but industrious barber at Edinburgh, all of whose children, with the exception of William, were either deaf or dumb. William received a common education, such as might qualify him for some inferior employment, and appears to have contracted a taste for reading, and a desire for higher attainments than his situation permitted. In the character of Arion, unquestionably intended for his own, he hints at a further progress in study than his biographers have been able to trace.

> On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
> Awak'ning into bloom young Fancy's flow'r:
> But soon adversity, with freezing blast,
> The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast;
> Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
> Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea.

It must indeed have been with reluctance, that a boy, who had begun to taste the sweets of literature, consented to serve an apprenticeship on board a merchant vessel at Leith, which we are told he did when very young. He acted afterwards in the capacity of a servant to Campbell, the author of Lexiphanes, when purser of a ship. Campbell is said to have discovered in Falconer talents worthy of cultivation, and when the latter distinguished

himself as a poet, used to repeat, with some pride, that he had once been his scholar. Falconer, probably by means of this friend, was made second mate of a vessel employed in the Levant trade, which was shipwrecked during her passage from Alexandria to Venice, and only three of the crew were saved. The date of this event cannot now be ascertained; but what he saw and felt on the melancholy occasion, made the deepest impression on his memory, and certainly suggested the plan and characters of his celebrated poem. Whether before this time he had made any poetical attempts we are not informed.

The favours of a genuine muse are usually early, and it is at least probable that the classical allusions, so frequent in the Shipwreck, were furnished by much previous reading.

In 1751 he appeared among the poets who lamented the death of Frederick prince of Wales, in a poem published at Edinburgh, which probably gratified the humble expectations of a friendly circle, without procuring him much encouragement. He is said, however, to have followed up his first effort, by some small pieces sent to that common repository of early talent, the Gentleman's Magazine. He is supposed to have continued in the merchant service until he gained the patronage of Edward duke of York, by dedicating to him the Shipwreck, in the spring of 1762; and it is much to the honour of the duke's taste that he joined in the praise bestowed on this poem, and became desirous to place the author in a situation where he could befriend him. With this view, the duke advised him to quit the merchant service for the royal navy, and before the summer had elapsed, Falconer was rated a midshipman on board Sir Edward Hawke's ship, the Royal George. As Falconer wanted much of that complementary time of service, which might enable him to arrive at the commission of Lieuten-

ant, his friends advised him to exchange the military for the civil department of the royal navy; and accordingly, in the course of the year 1763, he was appointed purser of the Glory frigate of 32 guns. Soon after he married a young lady of the name of Hicks, the daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness Yard. With this lady, who had considerable taste, he appears to have lived happily, although his circumstances were reduced from want of employment. When the Glory was laid up in ordinary at Chatham, commissioner Hanway, brother to the benevolent Jonas Hanway, became delighted with the genius of its purser. The captain's cabin was ordered to be fitted up with a stove, and with every addition of comfort that could be procured, in order that Falconer might thus be enabled to enjoy his favourite propensity, without either molestation or expense. Here he employed himself, for some time, in various literary occupations. Among others, he compiled an Universal Marine Dictionary, a work of great utility, and highly approved by professional men in the navy. In 1764, he published a new edition of the Shipwreck, in 8vo, corrected and enlarged, with a preface which indicates no great facility in that species of composition. In the following year appeared *The Demagogue*, a political satire on lord Chatham, Wilkes and Churchill, and intended as an antidote to the writings of the latter. It contains a sufficient proportion of the virulent spirit of Churchill, but lord Chatham and Wilkes were not at this time vulnerable, and The Demagogue was soon forgotten. The Marine Dictionary was published in 1769, before which period he appears to have left his naval retreat at Chatham for an abode in the metropolis of a less comfortable kind. Here, depressed by poverty, but occasionally soothed by friendship, and by the affectionate attentions of his wife, he subsisted for some time on casual resources.

In 1768, Falconer received proposals from the late Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to write in the business which that gentleman afterwards established. No reason can be assigned, with more probability, for his refusing this liberal offer, than his appointment, immediately after, to the pursership of the Aurora frigate, which was ordered to carry out to India Messrs. Vansittart, Scroften and Forde, as supervisors of the affairs of the company. He was also promised the office of private secretary to those gentlemen, a situation from which his friends conceived the hope, that he might eventually obtain lasting advantages. *Dis aliter visum.* The Aurora sailed from England on the 30th September, 1769, and after touching at the Cape, was lost during the remainder of the passage in a manner which left no trace by which the cause of the calamity could be discovered. The most probable conjecture is that she foundered in the Mosambique channel. Thus perished the poet, by the same catastrophe which had inspired the poem that has immortalized his name.

In person Falconer was about five feet seven inches in height, of a thin, light make, with a dark weatherbeaten complexion, and rather what is termed hard featured, being considerably marked with the small pox; his hair was of a brownish hue. In point of address, his manner was blunt, awkward, and forbidding; but he spoke with great fluency; and his simple yet impressive diction reminded his hearers of the terseness of Swift. Though he possessed a warm and friendly disposition, he was fond of controversy, and inclined to satire. His observation was keen and rapid; his criticisms on any inaccuracy of language, or expression, were frequently severe, yet this severity was always intended eventually to create mirth, and not by any means to show his own superiority, or to give the smallest offence. In his natural temper

he was cheerful, and frequently used to amuse his messmates by composing acrostics on their favourites, in which he particularly excelled. As a professional man he was a thorough seaman, and, like most of that profession, was kind, generous and benevolent. As a poet, Falconer's fame must rest entirely on the Shipwreck. His other pieces could never have survived the occasion which produced them. In the powers of description, he has scarcely a superior, and has bid defiance to comparison by choosing a subject with which accident only can make a poet acquainted; a subject which may be described, for he has described it in all its awful dignity, but which surpasses the common reach of imagination. The distant ocean, and its grand phenomena, have often employed the pens of the most eminent poets, but they have generally produced an effect by indefinite outlines, and imaginary incidents. In Falconer, we have the painting of a great artist taken on the spot, with such minute fidelity, as well as picturesque effect, that we are chained to the scene with all the feelings of actual terror. In the use of images, Falconer displays original powers. His Sunset, Midnight, Morning, &c. are not such as have descended from poet to poet. He beheld these objects under circumstances in which it is the lot of few to be placed. Many experienced officers declare, that the rules and maxims delivered in this poem, for the conduct of a ship in the most perilous emergency, form the best, indeed the only opinions which a skilful mariner should adopt.* Thomas Campbell, the poet, expresses the following opinion of Falconer's poetical merits.

"The subject of the Shipwreck, and the fate of its author, bespeak an uncommon partiality in its favour. If we pay respect to the ingenious scholar who can produce agreeable verses amidst the shades of retirement, or the shelves of his library, how

much more interest must we take in the 'ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' cherishing refined visions of fancy at the hour which he may casually snatch from fatigue and danger. Nor did Falconer neglect the proper acquirements of seamanship in cultivating poetry, but evinced considerable knowledge of his profession, both in his Marine Dictionary, and in the nautical precepts of the Shipwreck. In that poem he may be said to have added a congenial and peculiarly British subject to the language; at least, we had no previous poem of any length, of which the characters and catastrophe were purely naval. The scene of the catastrophe (though he followed only the fact of his own history) was poetically laid amidst seas and shores, where the mind easily gathers romantic associations, and where it supposes the most picturesque vicissitudes of scenery and climate. The spectacle of a majestic British ship on the shores of Greece, brings as strong a reminiscence to the mind, as can well be imagined, of the changes which time has wrought in transplanting the empire of arts and civilization. Falconer's characters are few; but the calm sagacious commander, and the rough obstinate Rodmond, are well contrasted. Some part of the love-story of Palemon is rather swainish and protracted, yet the effect of his being involved in the calamity, leaves a deeper sympathy in the mind for the daughter of Albert, when we conceive her at once deprived both of a father and a lover. The incidents of the Shipwreck, like those of a well wrought tragedy, gradually deepen, while they yet leave a suspense of hope and fear to the imagination. In the final scene there is something that deeply touches our compassion in the picture of the unfortunate man who is struck blind by a flash of lightning at the helm."

SELECT POEMS.

THE SHIPWRECK.

IN THREE CANTOS.

——— quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. VIRG. Æn. Lib. II.

THE TIME EMPLOYED IN THIS POEM, IS ABOUT SIX DAYS.

INTRODUCTION.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms,
While Albion bids the' avenging thunders roll
Along her vassal deep from pole to pole:
Sick of the scene, where war with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death:
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string;
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore:
When hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless surges swell against the skies,

Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.
  Immortal train! who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong,
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,
Or in lamenting elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress:
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain,
Or listen'd to the' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!
The fate, in lively sorrow to deplore,
Of wanderers shipwreck'd on a leeward shore.
  Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine:
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore
To plough the tide where wintry tempests roar?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train?
Far from the Muses' academic grove
'Twas his, the vast and trackless deep to rove;
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar skies congeal the' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow,

Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
'A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast;'*
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador;
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus,† lav'd by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measur'd o'er the painful race
In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway,
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe:
In regions where the' Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe;
Or where, all-dreadful in the' embattled line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join;
Where the torn vessel wind and waves assail,
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail—
Such joyless toil in early youth endur'd,
The' expanding dawn of mental day obscur'd,
Each genial passion of the soul oppprest,
And quench'd the ardour kindling in his breast.
Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth and jarring phrases wound
the softer sense with inharmonious sound,

* Shakspeare's Henry IV. † Darien.

Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!
  And lo! the power that wakes the' eventful song
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along,
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light.
In her right hand an ample roll appears
Fraught with long annals of preceding years,
With every wise and noble art of man
Since first the circling hours their course began;
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores, [shores;
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives;
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.
  O first-born daughter of primæval Time!
By whom transmitted down in every clime
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,
And o'er the' obscur'd idea pours the light;
Say on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befel,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores?—
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasur'd stores!
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,
And gave its latent horrors to the day.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

1. Retrospect of the Voyage.—Arrival at Candia.—State of that Island.—Season of the Year described.—2. Character of the Master, and his Officers, Albert, Rodmond, and Arion.—Palemon, Son to the owner of the Ship.—Attachment of Palemon to Anna, the Daughter of Albert.—Noon.—3. Palemon's History.—4. Sunset.—Midnight.—Arion's Dream.—Unmoor by Moonlight.—Morning.—Sun's Azimuth taken.—Beautiful appearance of the Ship, as seen by the Natives from the Shore.

Scene, near the City of Candia.

TIME, ABOUT FOUR DAYS AND A HALF.

1. A Ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held;
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew;
The wayward steps of Fortune they pursu'd,
And sought in certain ills imagin'd good:
Though caution'd oft her slippery path to shun,
Hope still with promis'd joys allur'd them on;
And while they listen'd to her willing lore,
The softer scenes of peace could please no more.

Long absent they from friends and native home
The cheerless ocean were inur'd to roam:
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success;
Still to compensate toils and hazards past,
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across the' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale;
She o'er the spacious flood from shore to shore
Unwearying wafted her commercial store;
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursued;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile:
And now, that Winter deepens round the Pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal:
They, blind to fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw,
But from gay Venice, soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near;
Inflam'd by hope, their throbbing hearts elate,
Ideal pleasures vainly antedate,
Before whose vivid intellectual ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already British coasts appear to rise,
The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes;
Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,
Embracing strains the mistress of his soul:
Nor less o'erjoy'd, with sympathetic truth,
Each faithful maid expects the' approaching youth;
In distant souls congenial passions glow,
And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow:

Such shadowy happiness their thoughts employ;
Illusion all, and visionary joy!
Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which, bless'd with favouring winds, they soon explore;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.
Eternal powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war:
Here arts and commerce with auspicious reign
Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain;
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along,
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the valley with eternal green;
For wealth, for valour, courted and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd,—
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke,
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke.
No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
For stern oppression quench'd its genial fire.
Though still her fields with golden harvests crown'd,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around,
Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles:
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year mock the weary labourer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore
Now views with triumph captive gods adore;

No lovely Helens now with fatal charms
Excite the' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms;
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings were proud to die;
Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay:
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!

Now in the southern hemisphere, the sun
Through the bright virgin and the scales had run,
And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
Till the fierce scorpion felt his flaming ray.
Four days becalm'd the vessel here remains,
And yet no hope of aiding wind obtains;
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep:
This, when the' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms—
No dread of storms the master's soul restrain,
A captive fetter'd to the oar of gain:
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay,
Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire;
Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom chief among the gallant crew
The' unbless'd pursuit of fortune hither drew:
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?

They can! for gold too oft with magic art
Can rule the passions, and corrupt the heart:
This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom in vain sad merit pleads her cause;
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to pleasure's soft abode;
This spreads with slaughter'd heaps the bloody plain,
And pours advent'rous thousands o'er the main.

2. The stately ship with all her daring band
To skilful Albert own'd the chief command:
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd;
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
Aboard, confest the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, just! the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay serene:
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted, and by seas repell'd;
Or point her devious track through climes unknown
That leads to every shore and every zone. [glide,
He saw the moon through heav'n's blue concave
And into motion charm'd the' expanding tide,
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles;
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force;
While on the margin of declining day
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll:
O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades preside,
His equal skill the lonely bark could guide;

His genius, ever for the' event prepar'd,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shar'd.
Rodmond the next degree to Albert bore,
A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main:
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort
A sooty tribe to fair Augusta's port:
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar,* and shelf, the watery path they sound
With dextrous arm, sagacious of the ground:
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclin'd.
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode;
But drooping, and relax'd, in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boist'rous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul:
Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the shore
With foul intent the stranded bark explore;

* A *bar* is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth, or sand, that has been collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven, so as to render navigation difficult and often dangerous. A *shelf*, or shelve, so called from the Saxon Schylf, is a name given to any dangerous shallows, sand banks, or rocks, lying immediately under the surface of the water.

Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword.
The' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.
Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew.
Unskill'd to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud;
In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily despis'd.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.
  To Rodmond next in order of command
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band:
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame;
Whose vital spring had just begun to bloom
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower:
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart and by severe decree
Condem'n reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove
Where science, and the tuneful sisters rove,
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;

To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the' untravell'd zone.
In vain :—for rude Adversity's command
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope against him clos'd.
Permit my verse, ye bless'd Pierian train!
To call Arion this ill-fated swain;
For like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore,
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.
  These, chief among the ship's conducting train,
Her path explor'd along the deep domain;
Train'd to command, and range the swelling sail
Whose varying force conforms to every gale.
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled,
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed:
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.
  Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease;

To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale:
His soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew:
Though tremblingly alive to Nature's laws,
Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause;
O'erjoyed, he saw her lovely eyes relent;
The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove
Unheard they breath'd alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew;
While their chaste souls possess'd the pleasing pains
That Truth improves, and Virtue ne'er restrains.
In evil hour the officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confess'd;
Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to nature's warm impressions true:
Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil
With avarice to pollute that generous soil;
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of fortune's sun;
(For many freighted ships from shore to shore,
Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore;)
With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
He by the lust of riches only mov'd,
Such mean connexions haughtily reprov'd;

Indignant he rebuk'd the' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy;
He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting Music fail'd,
And Pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
Long with unequal art, in vain he strove
To quench the' ethereal flame of ardent love:
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice, assum'd an harsher strain.
In absence now his only hope remain'd;
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd:
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom;
High beat his heart, fast flow'd the' unbidden tear,
His bosom heav'd with agony severe;
In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind—
To thee! brave Albert! was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, the' unhappy youth
Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth;
Still Anna's image swims before his sight
In fleeting vision through the restless night;
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.
The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him since young Arion first was known;
Who wandering here through many a scene renown'd,
In Alexandria's port the vessel found;

Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light
With him Palemon kept the watch of night,
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd
Some painful secret of the soul confess'd:
Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind;
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow.
He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by the' adjacent shore:
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quickening ore;
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er the' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew,
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppress'd,
And held the' unwilling ship in strong arrest:
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray,
Relax'd from toil, the sailors range the shore
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more;
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck beneath the shading canvass spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,

Of dragons roaring on the' enchanted coast;
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost:
But with Arion, from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat—
And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd,*
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand,
Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand:
What scenes of woe this hapless Isle o'erspread!
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve summers were yon towers as-
Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd; [sail'd,
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.

3. But now before them happier scenes arise,
Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes;
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine:
And lo! the stream renown'd in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove;
Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclin'd,
In pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—

* These remarks allude to the ever memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

'Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance taught,
My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betray'd.
The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.

'Albert, thou know'st, with skill and science grac'd
In humble station though by fortune plac'd,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave:
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flowery lawns and waving woods between,
An humble habitation rose, beside
Where Thames meandering rolls his ample tide:
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, and a faithful wife.
For his return with fond officious care
Still every grateful object these prepare;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

'This blooming maid, in Virtue's path to guide,
The' admiring parents all their care applied;
Her spotless soul, to soft affection train'd,
No vice untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd:
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms;

Her face in beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,
The smile of maiden innocence express'd;
While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May:
Still in her look complacence smil'd serene;
She moved the charmer of the rural scene!

'Twas at that season when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom,
Yon ship, rich freighted from the' Italian shore,
The Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
While thus my father saw his ample hoard
From this return, with recent treasures stor'd,
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he sent
To Albert's humble mansion—soon I went!
Too soon, alas! unconscious of the' event.
There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw;
There, wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throb'd with strange alarms:
My ever-charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
Oh! while all-conscious memory holds her pow'r,
Can I forget that sweetly painful hour
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttering spirits first the' infection caught?
When, as I gaz'd, my faltering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid;
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And every limb unstrung with terror shook.
With all her powers, dissenting Reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of love:
She strove in vain;—subdued by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.

Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
In happier scenes to see my lovely maid;
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
We rov'd at evening hour through flowery meads;
There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd:
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd;
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence, and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart—
My suit prevail'd! for Love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.
Thrice happy hours! where with no dark allay
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day:
For here the sigh that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes! too happy long to last;
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast;
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice;
Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind
In chains of adamant the lawless wind;
For Love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure,
Hope fed the wound, and Absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.

His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd,
At last on cruel exile he resolv'd:
The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain,
To him of tender anguish to complain.
His soul that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt;
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

'The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale:
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The poignant torments of despairing love;
The' impatient wish that never feels repose,
Desire that with perpetual current flows,
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near.
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide,*
Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied:
The night was silent, and advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast;
Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear,
She came confess'd! the lovely maid drew near!
But, ah! what force of language can impart
The' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart?
O ye! whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstacies of genuine love;
When with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;

* The ebb-tide, or reflux, when the water subsides.

Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul.
'In transport lost, by trembling hope impress'd,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast,
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where Virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt;
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet affection's purest fire.'
"Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love,(she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,)
For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart, through scenes of fair illusion, stray'd
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine, abandon'd to severe distress,
Still to complain, and never hope redress—
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone,
And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone.
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas.
Find out some happier maid, whose equal charms,
With fortune's fairer joys, may bless thy arms:
Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day:
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
Go then, I charge thee by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove;

On me alone let dark affliction fall,
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate."
'She ceas'd: while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace:
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.'
"O soul of all my wishes! (I replied)
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Canst thou, bright pattern of exalted truth,
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, ingrateful! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may the' eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb;
Attest, thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight:
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
Which sweet possession only knows to heal;
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep,
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands,
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile, or frown, shall never change my love;
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine.
"Oh, cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away:
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain:

For this, prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er,
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more."

'Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
Now found an interval of short relief:
So melts the surface of the frozen stream
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With cruel haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
As on my neck the' afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung:
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave;
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear,
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes
She pour'd her soul to Heaven in suppliant sighs:—
"Look down with pity, O ye powers above!
Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love;
Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain,
Bid every guardian-minister attend,
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!"
'With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
While tender passion beat in either heart,
Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.

Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft:
She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
Whilst I embark'd, in sadness, on the deep.'—
His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief
Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief:
To mutual friendship thus sincerely true,
No secret wish, or fear, their bosoms knew;
In mutual hazards oft severely tried,
Nor hope, nor danger, could their love divide.
Ye tender maids! in whose pathetic souls
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal;
Ah! may no wanderer of the stormy main
Pour through your breasts the soft delicious bane;
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love:
Oh! warn'd, avoid the path that leads to woe,
Where thorns, and baneful weeds, alternate grow:
Let them severer stoic nymphs possess,
Whose stubborn passions feel no soft distress.
Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention rous'd, Arion ey'd
Th [illegible]eful lover, form'd in nature's pride:
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd,
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd;
In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine:
With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,
Like young Adonis, or the son of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain.

4. The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay:
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime, and orange, there were seen
On fragrant branches of perpetual green;
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface lovely to behold,
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains;
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main,
Emerging clouds the azure east invade,
And wrap the lucid spheres in gradual shade:
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers tune the soul to love:
With joyful eyes the' attentive master sees
The' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form [illegible];
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing,
As love, or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
When eastern breezes, yet enervate, rise:

The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud;
A mighty halo round her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone:
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night:
Now blooming Anna with her happy swain
Approach'd the sacred hymeneal fane;
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen:
Now with Palemon, up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd, while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of Love;
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound;
Upstarting from his couch on deck he sprung,
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung:
'All hands unmoor!' proclaims a boisterous cry,
'All hands unmoor!' the cavern'd rocks reply.
Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass* arm:
The order given, up springing with a bound,
They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round,
At every turn the clanging pauls resound:
Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave
The pondrous anchor rises o'er the wave.

* The *windlass* is a large roller, used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about by a number of long bars or leavers, and is furnished with strong iron pauls to prevent its recoiling.

High on the slippery masts the yards ascend,
And far abroad the canvass wings extend.
Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides;
The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,
With silver deluging the fluid stream.
Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,
Then in the' Egyptian quarter die away.
A calm ensues: adjacent shores they dread,
The boats, with rowers man'd, are sent ahead;
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow;*
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend:
Success attends their skill! the danger's o'er!
The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn with gradual pace advanc'd on high,
Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky:
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent mists, tall Ida's† height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight;
North-east, a league, the isle of Standia bears,
And westward, Freschin's woody cape‡ appears.

In distant angles while the transient gales
Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails;
The drowsy air attentive to retain,
As from unnumber'd points it sweeps the main.

* *Towing* is chiefly used as here, when a ship for want of wind is forced toward the shore, by the swell of the sea.

† A mountain in the midst of Candia, or ancient Crete.

‡ Cape Freschin, or Frescia, is the easternmost part of two projecting points of land on the northern coast of Candia.

Now swelling stud-sails* on each side extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend;
While all to court the veering winds are plac'd,
With yards alternate square, and sharply brac'd.
The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud;
Through the wide atmosphere condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze,
The pilots now their azimuth† attend,
On which all courses, duly form'd, depend:
The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey;
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic-circle glides;
Now seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Thus height and polar distance are obtain'd,
Then latitude, and declination, gain'd;
In chiliads next the' analogy is sought,
And on the sinical triangle wrought:
By this magnetic variance is explor'd,
Just angles known, and polar truth restor'd.
The natives, while the ship departs their land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow before the breeze
She mov'd triumphant o'er the yielding seas:

* *Stud*, or *studding-sails*, are light sails which are extended in fine weather and fair winds beyond the skirts of the principal sails. *Stay-sails* are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on a strong rope called a Stay, when the wind crosses the ship's course, either directly or obliquely.

† The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.

Her bottom through translucent waters shone,
White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon;
The bending wales* their contrast next display'd,
All fore and aft in polish'd jet array'd.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd o'er the vassal waves that roll'd below:
Where'er she mov'd the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
The' imperial trident grac'd her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand:
The' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep:
Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field;
There her bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war:
And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age;
Tam'd into Union, yok'd in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main:
From the proud margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view.
The' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav'd—
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest,
A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming Rose and hardy Thistle sprung.

* Before the art of coppering ships' bottoms was discovered, they were painted white. The *wales* are the strong flanks which extend along a ship's side, at different heights, throughout her whole length, and form the curves by which a vessel appears light and graceful on the water: they are usually distinguished into the main-wale, and the channel-wale.

Around her head an oaken wreath was seen
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd prow: from van to rear
The' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd;
There a young hero, here a royal maid:
Fair England's Genius in the youth express'd
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confess'd,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd;
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd:
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as Summer's evening skies she saw;
Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe:
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
Brandish'd the' unconquer'd Caledonian spear:
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky;
Her crest high-plum'd, was rough with many a scar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame:
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow
Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe!
The sword that oft the barbarous north defied,
The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side:
Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corselet shone;

Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire:
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
Or waft wrapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell:
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
The songs of Heaven, the music of the spheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,
Where other suns to other systems rise.

These front the scene conspicuous; overhead
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread:
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet the father of the flood:
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
There on the watch sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire an English mastiff lay:
Yonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail,
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale.
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
The' imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter dress'd:
Then tower'd the masts, the canvass swell'd on high,
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day;
Thus, like a swan, she cleav'd the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the' Ægean main.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

1. Reflections on leaving Shore.—2. Favourable breeze.—Water Spout.—The dying Dolphin.—Breeze freshens.—Ship's rapid progress along the Coast.—Top-Sails reefed.—Gale of wind.—Last appearance, bearing, and distance, of Cape Spado.—A Squall.—Top-Sails double reefed.—Main Sail split.—The Ship bears away before the Wind; again hauls upon the Wind.—Another Main-Sail bent, and set.—Porpoises.—3. The Ship driven out of her course from Candia.—Heavy Gale.—Top-Sails furled.—Top-gallant-yards lowered.—Great Sea.—Threatening Sun-set.—Difference of opinion respecting the mode of taking in the Main-Sail.—Courses reefed.—Four Seamen lost off the lee Main-yard-arm.—Anxiety of the Master and his Mates, on being near a Lee Shore.—Mizen reefed.—4. A tremendous Sea bursts over the Deck: its consequences.—The Ship labours in great distress.—Guns thrown overboard.—Dismal appearance of the Weather.—Very high and dangerous Sea.—Storm of lightning.—Severe fatigue of the crew at the Pumps.—Critical situation of the Ship near the Island Falconera.—Consultation and resolution of the Officers.—Speech and advice of Albert; his devout address to Heaven.—Order given to bear away.—The Fore Stay-Sail hoisted and Split.—The Head-Yards braced aback.—The Mizen-Mast cut away.

The Scene lies at Sea, between Cape Freschin in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado.

TIME, FROM NINE IN THE MORNING UNTIL ONE O'CLOCK OF THE NEXT DAY AT NOON.

1. Adieu! ye pleasures of the sylvan scene,
Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell serene:
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil
With summer crown'd, the' Elysian valleys smile;

To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
Ye tempests! o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul.—
In black progression, lo! they hover near,
Hail social horrors! like my fate severe:
Old Ocean hail! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea!
And fearless view this awful scene with me.
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye brave assertors of her sacred cause!
The Muse invites you—judge if she depart
Unequal from the thorny rules of art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her pow'r,
She boldly moves to meet the trying hour:
Her voice attempting themes, before unknown
To music, sings distresses all her own.

2. O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by flattering gales, the vessel glides:
Rodmond exulting felt the' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.
The thoughts of home that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul;
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising to the view;
When on the larboard quarter they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high;
The foaming base the angry whirlwinds sweep,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deep:
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Diffusing briny vapours o'er the skies.

This vast phenomenon, whose lofty head
In Heaven immers'd, embracing clouds o'erspread,
In spiral motion first as seaman deem, [stream.
Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the
The swift volution, and the' enormous train,
Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain—
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling billows fly.
The guns were prim'd; the vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears:
The nitre fir'd; and, while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
The watery volume trembling to the sky,
Burst down, a dreadful deluge from on high!
The' expanding ocean trembled as it fell,
And felt with swift recoil her surges swell;
But soon this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now the' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear:
A-head they see the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels,
And to the freshening gale still deeper heels.
  But now, beneath the lofty vessel's stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern,
Beaming from burnish'd scales refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze;
In curling wreaths they wanton on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide;
Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,
And burn in silver streams along the liquid plain.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.

One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides unhappy near the triple prong:
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through;
The' upturning points his pondrous bulk sustain,
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain:
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike the' astonish'd sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west
With parting beams all o'er profusely dress'd,
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn
When orient dews impearl the' enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye:
But here description clouds each shining ray;
What terms of Art can Nature's powers display!
  The lighter sails, for summer winds and seas,
Are now dismiss'd the straining masts to ease;
Swift on the deck the stud-sails all descend,
Which ready seamen from the yards unbend;
The boats then hoisted in, are fix'd on board,
And on the deck with fastening gripes secur'd.
The watchful ruler of the helm, no more
With fix'd attention eyes the' adjacent shore,
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward prow.

The powerful sails with steady breezes swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd:
Across her stem the parting waters run,
As clouds, by tempests wafted, pass the sun.
Impatient thus, she darts along the shore,
Till Ida's mount, and Jove's, are seen no more;
And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove
That once inclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove;
Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb in marble ruins on the ground:
This gloomy tyrant, whose despotic sway
Compell'd the trembling nations to obey,
Through Greece for murder, rape, and incest known,
The Muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne;
For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
The prince, whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn;
Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.
But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast:
The blackening ocean curls, the winds arise,
And the dark scud* in swift succession flies.
While the swoln canvass bends the masts on high,
Low in the wave the leeward cannon† lie.

* The *scud*, is a name given by seamen to the lowest and lightest clouds, which are swiftly driven along the atmosphere by the winds.

† When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship, upon which it acts, is termed the *weather-side;* and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is termed the *lee-side;* all on one side of her is accordingly called to windward, and all on the opposite side to leeward:

The master calls to give the ship relief,
'The topsails* lower, and form a single reef!'
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels;
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels:
Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain,
Are man'd and reef'd, then hoisted up again.
More distant grew receding Candia's shore,
And southward of the west cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
A louring squall obscures the southern sky,
Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly;
Its weight the top-sails can no more sustain—
'Reef top-sails, reef!' the master calls again.
The halyards† and top-bow-lines‡ soon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles§ next they run:

hence also are derived the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, weather-braces, &c. The same term is used by Milton,

> 'The pilot of some small night-founded skiff,
> With fixed anchor,
> Moors by his side under the *lee*.'

* The *top-sails* are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. *Reefs* are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases: and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

† *Halyards* are those ropes by which sails are hoisted, or lowered.

‡ *Bow-lines*, are ropes fastened to the outer edge of square sails in three different places, that the windward edge of the sail may be bound tight forward on a side wind, in order to keep the sail from shivering.

§ *Clue-lines*, are fastened to the lower corners of the square sails, for the more easy furling of them. *Reef tackles*, are ropes fastened to the edge of the sail, just beneath the lowest reef; and being brought down to the deck by means of two blocks, are used to facilitate the operation of reefing.

The shivering sails descend; the yards are square;
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair:
The weather-earings,* and the lee, they pass'd,
The reefs enrol'd, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant the' approaching squall attend:
It comes resistless! and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep;
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.
The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,
And storm and cataracts tumultuous blend.
Deep, on her side, the reeling vessel lies:
'Brail up the mizen† quick!' the master cries,
'Man the clue-garnets!‡ let the main sheet§ fly!'
It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high!
The main-sail all in streaming ruins tore,
Loud fluttering imitates the thunder's roar:
The ship still labours in the' oppressive strain,
Low bending as if ne'er to rise again.
'Bear up the helm a-weather!'‖ Rodmond cries:
Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies!

* *Earings* are small ropes employed to fasten the upper corners of the principal sails, and the extremities of the reefs, to the respective yard-arms, particularly when any sail is to be close furled.

† The *mizen* is a large sail, of an oblong figure, extended upon the mizen mast.

‡ *Clue garnets* are the same to the main-sail and fore-sail, which the clue-lines are to all other square sails, and are hauled up when the sail is to be furled, or brailed.

§ *Sheets*: it is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets which are universally mistaken by our English poets for the sails, are in reality the ropes that are used to extend the clues, or lower corners of the sails, to which they are attached.

‖ The reason for putting the *helm a-weather*, or to the side next the wind, is to make the ship veer before it, when it blows so hard that she cannot bear her side to it any longer. *Veering*,

She feels its guiding power, and veers apace,
And now the fore-sail right athwart they brace;
With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
The helm the' attentive timoneer* applies:
As in pursuit, along the aërial way,
With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling through the fluid space;
So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now, the transient squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast:
The helm† to starboard moves; each shivering sail
Is sharply trim'd to clasp the' augmenting gale—
The mizen draws; she springs aloof once more,
While the fore stay-sail‡ balances before.
The fore-sail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow the' extended tack§ confin'd:

or wearing, is the operation by which a ship, in changing her course from one board to the other, turns her stern to windward: the French term is, *virer vent arriere.*

* The helmsman, or steersman, from the French *timonier.*

† The helm, being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and *vice versa.* Hence the helm being put *a-starboard*, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

‡ Called with more propriety the *fore-top-mast stay-sail:* it is of a triangular shape, and runs upon the fore-top-mast stay, over the bowsprit: it consequently has an influence on the fore-part of the ship, as the mizen has on the hinder part; and, when thus used together, they may be said to balance each other. (See also the last note of this Canto.)

§ The main-sail and fore-sail of a ship, are furnished with a a tack on each side, which is formed of a thick rope tapering to the end, having a knot wrought upon the largest extremity, by

Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit-end.
To top-sails next they haste : the bunt-lines* gone!
Through rattling blocks the clue-lines swiftly run;
The' extending sheets on either side are man'd,
Abroad they come ! the fluttering sails expand;
The yards again ascend each comrade mast,
The leeches taught, the halyards are made fast,
The bow-lines haul'd, and yards to starboard brac'd,†
And straggling ropes in pendent order plac'd.
The mainsail, by the squall so lately rent,
In streaming pendants flying, is unbent:
With brails‡ refix'd, another soon prepar'd,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope§ they extend,
And soon their earings and their robans‖ bend.

which it is firmly retained in the clue of the sail: by this means the tack is always fastened to windward, at the same time that the sheet extends the sail to leeward

* *Bunt-lines*, are ropes fastened to the bottoms of the square sails, to draw them up to the yards, when the sails are brailed, or furled.

† A *yard* is said to be *braced*, when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called *braces*.

‡ *Brails:* a general name given to all the ropes which are employed to haul up, or brail, the bottoms and lower corners of the great sails.

§ A rope is always attached to the edges of the sails, to strengthen, and prevent them from rending: those parts of it which are on the perpendicular or sloping edges, are called *leech-ropes*, that at the bottom, the *foot-rope*, and that on the top, or upper edge, the *head-rope*.

‖ *Robans*, or rope-bands, are small pieces of rope, of a sufficient length to pass two or three times about the yards, in order to fix to them the upper edges of the respective great sails: the robans for this purpose are passed through the eyelet-holes under the head-rope.

That task perform'd, they first the braces* slack,
Then to the chesstree drag the' unwilling tack:
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay†.

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore;
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide:
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trains along the main
These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
When threatening clouds the' etherial vault deface,
Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of the' approaching storm.

3. Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
Protects the vessel from the' insulting sea;
Round her broad arms, impatient of control,
Rous'd from the secret deep, the billows roll:
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene a hostile aspect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
From Candia's bay the' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies:
Tost on the tide, she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe—
As the proud horse with costly trappings gay,
Exulting, prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight:

* Because the lee-brace confines the yard, so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

† *Taught* implies stiff, tense, or extended straight; and *tally* is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To *belay*, is to fasten.

Ev'n so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide. [grew,
Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest
South, and by west, the threatening demon blew:
Auster's resistless force all air invades,
And every rolling wave more ample spreads.
The ship no longer can her top-sails bear;
No hopes of milder weather now appear.
Bow-lines and halyards are cast off again,
Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain:
Embrail'd each top-sail, and by braces squar'd,
The seamen climb aloft, and man each yard:
They furl'd the sails, and pointed to the wind
The yards, by rolling tackles* then confin'd,
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies;
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries,
Prompt to direct the' unskilful still appears,
The' expert he praises, and the timid cheers.
Now, some, to strike top-gallant-yards† attend,
Some, travellers‡ up the weather-back-stays send,
At each mast-head the top-ropes§ others bend.

* The *rolling tackle* is an assemblage of pulleys, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

† *Top-gallant-yards*, which are the hihgest ones in a ship, are sent down at the approach of a heavy gale, to ease the mast-heads.

‡ *Travellers* are iron rings furnished with a piece of rope, one end of which encircles the ring to which it is spliced: they are principally intended to facilitate the hoisting or bowering of the top-gallant-yards; for which purpose, two of them are fixed on each *back-stay*; which are long ropes that reach on each side the ship, from the top-masts (which are the second in point of height) to the chains.

§ *Top-ropes* are employed to sway up, or lower, the top-masts, top-gallant masts, and their respective yards.

The parrels,* lifts,† and clue-lines soon are gone;
Top'd and unrigg'd they down the back-stays run;
The yards secure along the booms‡ were laid,
And all the flying ropes aloft belay'd.
Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe;
Awhile, their spirits with fatigue oppress'd,
In vain expect the' alternate hour of rest—
But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
And watery hills in dread succession flow:
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies;
New troubles grow; fresh difficulties rise;
No season this from duty to descend,
'All hands on deck' must now the storm attend.
His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray:
His languid fires, half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
Till deep immerg'd the sickening orb descends,
And cheerless Night o'er Heaven her reign extends.
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast,
No ray of friendly light is seen around;
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

* *Parrels* are those bands of rope, by which the yards are fastened to the masts, so as to slide up and down when requisite; and of these there are four different sorts.

† *Lifts*, are ropes which reach from each mast head to their respective yard-arms. A yard is said to be *topped* when one end of the yard is raised higher than the other, in order to lower it on deck by means of the top-ropes.

‡ *Booms* are spare masts, or yards, which are placed in store on deck, between the main and fore-mast, immediately to supply the place of any that may be carried away, or injured, by stress of weather.

The ship no longer can whole courses* bear,
To reef them now becomes the master's care;
The sailors summon'd aft already stand,
And man the' enfolding brails at his command:
But here the doubtful officers dispute,†
Till skill and judgment prejudice confute:
For Rodmond, to new methods still a foe,
Would first, at all events, the sheet let go;
To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
This Albert and Arion disapprove,
And first to brail the tack up firmly move:——
'The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foretels the' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject;
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale;
And he, who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm.'

* The *courses* are generally understood to be the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts; the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.

† This is particularly mentioned, not because there was, or could be, any dispute at such a time between a master of a ship and his chief mate, as the former can always command the latter; but to expose the obstinacy of a number of our veteran officers, who would rather risk any thing than forego their ancient rules, although many of them are in the highest degree equally absurd and dangerous. It is to the wonderful sagacity of these philosophers, that we owe the sea-maxims of avoiding to whistle in a storm, because it will increase the wind; of whistling on the wind in a calm; of nailing horse-shoes on the mast to prevent the power of witches; of nailing a fair wind to the starboard cat-head, &c.

So Albert spoke; to windward, at his call,
Some seamen the clue-garnet stand to haul—
The tack's* eas'd off; while the invoking clue
Between the pendent blocks ascending flew;
The sheet and weather-brace† they now stand by,
The lee clue-garnet, and the bunt-lines ply:
Then, all prepar'd, 'Let go the sheet!' he cries
Loud rattling, jarring, through the blocks it flies!
Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvass swell'd;
By spilling-lines‡ embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
The fore-sail then secur'd with equal care,
Again to reef the main-sail they repair;
While some above the yard o'er-haul the tye,
Below, the down-hall tackle§ others ply,
Jears,‖ lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
And down the mast its mighty yard descends:

* It has been already remarked, that the *tack* is always fastened to windward; consequently, as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet is hauled up, the weather clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.

† Whenever the *sheet* is cast off, it is necessary to pull in the *weather-brace*, to prevent the violent shaking of the sail.

‡ The *spilling-lines*, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together, and confine the belly of the sail, when inflated by the wind over the yard.

§ the violence of the gale forcing the yard much out, it could not easily have been lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a *tackle*, consisting of an assemblage of pulleys, to haul it down on the mast: this is afterwards converted into rolling tackle, which has been already described in a note, p. 212.

‖ *Jears*, or geers, answer the same purpose to the main-sail,

When lower'd sufficient they securely brace,
And fix the rolling tackle in its place;
The reef-lines*and their earings now prepar'd,
Mounting on pliant shrouds,† they man the yard;
Far on the' extremes appear two able hands,
For no inferior skill this task demands—
To windward, foremost, young Arion strides,
The lee yard-arm the gallant boatswain rides:
Each earing to its cringle first they bend,
The reef-band‡ then along the yard extend;
The circling earing round the' extremes entwin'd,
By outer and by inner turns§ they bind;
The reef-lines next from hand to hand receiv'd,
Through eyelet-holes and roban-legs were reev'd;
The folding reefs in plaits inroll'd they lay,
Extend the worming lines, and ends belay.

Hadst thou, Arion! held the leeward post
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil;
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer, and relate.

fore-sail and mizen, as halyards do, to all inferior sails. The *tye*, a sort of runner, or thick rope, is the upper part of the jears.

* *Reef-lines* are only used to reef the main sail and fore-sail.

† *Shrouds*, so called from the Saxon Scrud, consist of a range of thick ropes stretching downwards from the mast heads to the right and left sides of a ship, in order to support the masts, and enable them to carry sail: they are also used as rope-ladders, by which seamen ascend, or descend, to execute whatever is wanting to be done about the sails and rigging.

‡ *Reef-band* consists of a piece of canvass sewed across the sail, to strengthen it in the place where the eyelet-holes of the reefs are formed.

§ The *outer turns* of the earing serve to extend the sail along its yard; the *inner turns* are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface.

For, while aloft the order those attend
To furl the main-sail, or on deck descend,
A sea,* up-surging with stupendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole:
'O friends, secure your hold!' Arion cries—
It comes all dreadful! down the vessel lies
Half buried sideways; while beneath it tost,
Four seamen off the lee yard-arm are lost:
Torn with resistless fury from their hold.
In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold;
In vain to grapple flying ropes they try,
The ropes, alas! a solid gripe deny:
Prone on the midnight surge with panting breath,
They cry for aid, and long contend with death;
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee,
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan,
Perhaps, a fatal prelude to their own!
In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command:
Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clasping tide;
Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore!
'Should they, though reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in shivering streamers they may rend:

* A *sea* is the general term given by sailors to an enormous wave; and hence, when such a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.

Or, should they stand beneath the' oppressive strain
The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
Too late to weather* now Morea's land,
And drifting fast on Athen's rocky strand'—
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear:
Long pondering in their minds each fear'd event,
At last to furl the courses they consent;
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try† beneath it sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the yard they lower away,
Then jears and topping-lift‡ secure belay;
The head, with doubling canvass fenc'd around,
In balance near the lofty peak they bound;
The reef enwrap'd, the' inserted knittles tied,
The halyards throt and peak are next applied—
The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd,
The brails relax'd, the' extended sheet belay'd;

* To *weather a shore* is to pass to windward of it, which at this time was prevented by the violence of the gale. *Drift* is that motion and direction, by which a vessel is forced to leeward sideways, when she is unable any longer to carry sail; or, at least, is restrained to such a portion of sail as may be necessary to keep her sufficiently inclined to one side, that she may not be dismasted by her violent labouring, produced by the turbulence of the sea.

† To *try*, is to lay the ship with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with her head somewhat inclined to windward; the helm being fastened close to the lee side, or in the sea language, *hard a lee*, to retain her in that position. (See a further illustration in the last note of this Canto.)

‡ A tackle, or assemblage of pulleys, which *tops* the upper end of the mizen-yard. This line and the six following, describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The *knittle* is a short line used to reef the sails by the bottom. The *throat* is that part of the mizen-yard which is close to the mast.

The helm its post forsook, and lash'd-a-lee,*
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.

4. When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine deplor'd his consort lost;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way;
Not more adventurous was the' attempt to move
The' infernal powers with strains of heavenly love,
Than mine, in ornamental verse to dress
The harshest sounds that terms of art express:
Such arduous toil sage Dædalus endur'd
In mazes, self-invented, long immur'd,
Till Genius her superior aid bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode—
Thus, long imprison'd in a rugged way
Where Phœbus' daughters never aim'd to stray,
The Muse, that tun'd to barbarous sounds her string,
Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
Where desolation in his gloomy car
Triumphant rages round the starless void,
And fate on every billow seems to ride;
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear:
Though their firm hearts no pageant-honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn:
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side;

* *Lash'd a lee*, is fasten'd to the lee side. See note, p. 206.

Though every rising wave more dreadful grows,
And in succession dire the deck o'erflows,
No future ills unknown their souls appal,
They know no danger, or they scorn it all!
But ev'n the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave;
They, with severe fatigue alone oppress'd,
Would fain indulge an interval of rest.
  Far other cares the master's mind employ,
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy:
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;
Across the geometric plane expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands;
Ungrateful task! for, no asylum found,
Death yawns on every leeward shore around—
While Albert thus, with horrid doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
'Secure your lives! grasp every man a shroud—'
Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast;
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie:
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan;
The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone—
Thus the torn vessel felt the' enormous stroke;
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke;
Torn from their planks the cracking ring-bolts drew,
And gripes and lashings all asunder flew;

Companion, binacle,* in floating wreck,
With compasses and glasses strew'd the deck;
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In fluttering fragments from its bolt-rope fled;
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd their pitchy seams.
They sound the well,† and terrible to hear!
Five feet immers'd along the line appear;
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And, turn by turn, the' ungrateful office take:
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon here
At this sad task all diligent appear—
As some strong citadel begirt with foes
Tries long the tide of ruin to oppose,
Destruction near her spreads his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way;
Till, in some destin'd hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
It breaks! it bursts before the cannonade!
And following hosts the shatter'd domes invade:
Her inmates long repel the hostile flood,
And shield their sacred charge in streams of bloood:
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant, by rotation, lend;

* The *companion* is a wooden porch placed over the ladder, that leads down to the cabins of the officers. The *binacle* is a case, which is placed on deck before the helm, containing three divisions; the middle one for a lamp or candle, and the two others for mariners' compasses. There are always two binacles on the deck of a ship of war, one of which is placed before the master, at his appointed station. In all the old sea-books it was called *bittacle*.

† The *well* is an apartment in a ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps: it is sounded by dropping down a measured iron rod, which is connected with a long line.—The *brake* is the pump handle.

But all in vain! for now the sounding cord
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.
Nor this severe distress is found alone,
The ribs, oppress'd by pondrous cannon, groan;
Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight—
So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarse through his entrails roars the' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And Fate, vindictive, all their skill defies:
For this, one remedy is only known,
From the torn ship her metal must be thrown;
Eventful task! which last distress requires,
And dread of instant death alone inspires:
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
Fill'd ever and anon with rushing seas,
Some fatal billow with recoiling sweep
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.
  No season this for counsel or delay;
Too soon the' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart;
These only now their misery can relieve,
These only now a dawn of safety give:
While o'er the quivering deck from van to rear
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue;
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side;
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave—

Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untam'd he stood; the stern aërial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar;
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,*
The cordage of the leeward-guns unbrac'd,
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd—
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw;
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel'd the' artillery round,
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The pondrous arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.
The ship, thus eas'd, some little respite finds
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds—
Such ease Alcides felt when, clog'd with gore,
The' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore,
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel fate;
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd—
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found!
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,

* The *waist*, is that part of a ship which is contained between the quarter-deck and forecastle; or the middle of that deck which is immediately below them. When the waist of a merchant-ship is only one or two steps in descent, from the quarter-deck and forecastle, she is said to be galley-built; but when it is considerably deeper, as with six or seven steps, she is then called frigate-built.

Save when the lightnings in terrific blaze
Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid rays:
Above all ether fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below;
Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound.
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress'd,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess'd;
For while, with sweeping inundation o'er
The sea-beat ship the booming waters roar,
Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume;
By secret ambushes their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove,
Till gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood:
When unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The clattering pumps with clanking strokes re-
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdued, [sound;
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd:
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil;
No ray of light their dying hope redeems;
Pregnant with some new woe, each moment teems.
Again the chief the' instructive chart extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne;
But here, alas! his science nought avails,
Skill droops unequal, and experience fails:
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;

Then, in the graduated arch contain'd,
The angle of lee-way,* seven points, remain'd—
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart,
When, on the' immediate line of drift, he found
The rugged Isle, with rocks and breakers bound,
Of Falconera,† distant only now
Nine lessening leagues beneath the leeward bow:
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost;
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep Saint George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots, of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation long debate—
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
When some proud city verges to her fall,
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night.
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft their head:
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view!

* *The lee way*, or *drift*, in this passage, are synonymous terms. The true course and distance, resulting from these traverses, is discovered by collecting the difference of latitude, and departure of each course; and reducing the whole into one departure, and one difference of latitude, according to the known rules of trigonometry: this reduction will immediately ascertain the base and perpendicular; or, in other words, will give the difference of latitude and departure, to discover the course and distance.

† *Falconera*, a small island in the Archipelago, to the N. W. of Milo: there is an open space of sea to the north and south of it; but in every other direction are islands at no great distance. The small and steep Island of St. George is situated to the S. W. of Cape Colonna, at the entrance of the Gulf of Egina. Gardalor lies off the coast of Attica, between Cape Colonna and Porto Leono.

Dire was the scene with whirlwind, hail and show'r;
Black Melancholy rul'd the fearful hour:
Beneath, tremendous roll'd the flashing tide
Where Fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Inclos'd with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to advise;
Expert in action; and in council wise—
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul, the chief refer'd:—
'Ye faithful mates! who all my troubles share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well:
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
The' unseen approach of this destructive blast;
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, the' occasion, all your skill demands,
A leaky ship, embay'd by dangerous lands!
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds,
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds:
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find,
To shun the fury of the seas and wind;
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more.
One only shift, though desperate, we must try,
And that, before the boisterous storm to fly:
Then less her sides will feel the surge's pow'r,
Which thus may soon the foundering hull devo
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight
To me consigned, my orders only wait;

Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign—
Forbid it, Heaven! that in this dreadful hour
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind pow'r!
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay:
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale;
For then, if broaching sideway to the sea,
Our dropsied ship may founder by the lee;
Vain all endeavours then to bear away,
Nor helm, nor pilot, would she more obey.'

He said: the listening mates with fix'd regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard;
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their councils hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried;
Yet now, the hour, the scene, the' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right prefer'd his own:
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate, and each blast,
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious, balancing the' oppos'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents—

'Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpow'r!
Our bark 'tis true no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind:
Yet where with safety can we dare to scud*
Before this tempest, and pursuing flood?

* The movement of *scudding*, from the Swedish word skutta, is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless, as in the present

At random driven, to present death we haste,
And one short hour perhaps may be our last:
Though Corinth's gulf extend along the lee,
To whose safe ports appears a passage free,
Yet think! this furious unremitting gale
Deprives the ship of every ruling sail;
And if before it she directly flies,
New ills enclose us and new dangers rise:
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares,
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares:
Our hull, if once it strikes that iron coast,
Asunder bursts, in instant ruin lost;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, are doom'd to perish too:
Such mischiefs follow if we bear away,
O safer that sad refuge—to delay!

'Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope:
Though sorely buffetted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee;
The crew, though harass'd much with toils severe,
Still at their pumps, perceive no hazards near:
Shall we incautious then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?—

instance, the condition of a ship renders her incapable of sustaining any longer on her side the mutual efforts of the winds and waves. The principal hazards, incident to scudding, are generally a pooping sea; the difficulty of steering, which exposes the vessel perpetually to the risk of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room: a sea striking the ship violently on the stern may dash it inwards, by which she must inevitably founder; in broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with being immediately overset; and, for want of sea-room, she is endangered with shipwreck on a lee-shore; a circumstance too dreadful to require explanation.

Prudence forbids! this southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon;
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash the' unruly tide:
These leaks shall then decrease—the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore.'
  Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran:
For while the vessel, through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, the' invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth they eyed the wetted scale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet at their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.
  And now the senior pilots seem'd to wait
Arion's voice, to close the dark debate;
Not o'er his vernal life the ripening sun
Had yet progressive twice ten summers run:
Slow to debate, yet eager to excel,
In thy sad school, stern Neptune! taught too well.
With lasting pain to rend his youthful heart,
Dire Fate in venom dipt her keenest dart;
Till his firm spirit, temper'd long to ill,
Forgot her persecuting scourge to feel:
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul:—
  'Can we, delay'd in this tremendous tide,
A moment pause what purpose to decide?
Alas! from circling horrors thus combin'd,
One method of relief alone we find:
Thus water-logg'd,* thus helpless to remain
Amid this hollow, how ill judg'd! how vain!

* A ship is said to be *water-logged*, when, having received through her leaks a greater quantity of water into her hold, she

Our sea-breach'd vessel can no longer bear
The floods, that o'er her burst in dread career;
The labouring hull already seems half fill'd
With water through an hundred leaks distill'd;
Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck,
Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
At every pitch the' o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load the quivering bowsprit's end;
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely?
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dire dismay, anticipating death;
Still all our powers the' increasing leaks defy,
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh:
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom
To light and save us from a watery tomb,
That bids us shun the death impending here;—
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
"'Tis urg'd, indeed the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And, driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste;
But, haply, Falconera we may shun,
And long to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
The' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear,

has become so heavy and inactive on the sea, as to yield without resistance to the efforts of every wave that rushes over the deck. As in this dangerous situation the centre of gravity is no longer fixed, but fluctuates from place to place, the stability of the ship is utterly lost: she is therefore almost totally deprived of the use of her sails, which operate to overset her, or press the head under water: hence, there is no resource for the crew, except to free her by the pumps, or to abandon her for the boats as soon as possible.

And since as soon that tempest may decay
When steering shoreward,—wherefore thus delay?
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there a while may ride
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide;
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing pow'r,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour;
But here ingulf'd and foundering, while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.'
He said: Palemon saw with grief of heart
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolv'd:
High beat his bosom—with such fear subdued,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explor'd
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd:
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd,
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tremors beat:
Alas! no season this for tender love,
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove—
He tried with soft persuasion's melting lore
Palemon's fainting courage to restore;
His wounded spirit heal'd with friendship's balm,
And bade each conflict of the mind be calm.
Now had the pilots all the' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd—
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds,

To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:
'Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose courage now is known perhaps too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
In conflict all the rolling deep deform,
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near;
The truth, though painful, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal:
Ingulf'd, all help of art we vainly try
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh:
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find—
At once to wear and scud before the wind:
Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may steer,
For rocky shores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and instant death is here:
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride
Till with abating rage the blast subside:
But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These councils follow'd, from a watery grave
Our crew perhaps amid the surf may save—
'And first, let all our axes be secur'd
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard;
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar
To float between the vessel and the shore:
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd:

So they, who haply reach alive the land,
The' extended lines may fasten on the strand,
Whene'er loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar:
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard;
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save;
Then westward turn the stern, that every mast
May shoreward fall as from the vessel cast—
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground;
And when you hear aloft the dreadful shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend
The dangerous business of the deck to tend;
Then burst the hatches off, and every stay
And every fastening lanyard cut away,
Planks, gratings, booms, and rafts to leeward cast;
Then with redoubled strokes attack each mast,
That buoyant lumber may sustain you o'er
The rocky shelves and ledges to the shore;
But as your firmest succour, till the last
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear;
If once that slavish yoke your souls subdue,
Adieu to hope! to life itself adieu!

'I know among you some have oft beheld
A blood-hound train, by rapine's lust impell'd,
On England's cruel coast impatient stand,
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon their strand:
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,

Who, 'scap'd from every horror of the main,
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain!
Yet dread not this, a crime to Greece unknown,
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown;
Who, though by barbarous tyranny oppress'd,
Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.'

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for awhile their native land;
They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws!
That thus forgot her guardian sailor's cause.

Meanwhile, the master's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd:
'No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pumps industrious stand;
And while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair—
And thou, Eternal Power! whose awful sway
The storms revere, and roaring seas obey!
On thy supreme assistance we rely;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this storm is sent with healing breath
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and [death:
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is just."'

He said; and, with consenting reverence fraught,
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought:
His intellectual eye, serenely bright!
Saw distant objects with prophetic light—
Thus, in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
Till all her vigour, pride, and fame decay;

Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm;
He darts around his penetrating eyes
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise;
With deep attention marks the' invading foe,
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow,
Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.
Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between;*

* That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when *trying*, and of the change of her situation to that of *scudding*, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying, as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm; and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled; or be, according to the sea phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her *coming to*; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her *falling off*.

The balanc'd ship now forward, now behind,
Still felt the' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd;

Weering, or wearing, as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of *scudding*, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, 'That every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts.'

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of weering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled, or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for weering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to weer, in order to save the ship from destruction, the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-

But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.
The order now was given to bear away!'
The order given, the timoneers obey:
Both stay-sail sheets to mid-ships were convey'd,
And round the foremost on each side belay'd;
Thus ready, to the halyards they apply,
They hoist! away the flitting ruins fly:
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
Conceals his grief, and doubles all his cares—
'Away there; lower the mizen-yard on deck,'
He calls, 'and brace the foremost yards aback!'
His great example every bosom fires,
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires.
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries—
'Haste! with your weapons cut the shrouds and stay,
And hew at once the mizen-mast away!'

mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her fore-mast, or, if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned: and, for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the danger of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

He said: to cut the girding stay they run;
Soon on each side the several shrouds are gone:
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands,
The' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound,
The tall mast groaning felt the deadly wound;
Deep gash'd beneath, the tottering structure rings,
And crashing, thundering, o'er the quarter swings:
Thus, when some limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,
The' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays:
But, if the' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
To stop the course of death's inflaming tides
The infected membrane from the trunk divides.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

1. Reflections on the beneficial influence of Poetry.—Diffidence of the Author.—2. Wreck of the Mizen-Mast cleared away.—Ship veers before the wind.—Labours hard.—Different stations of the Officers.—Appearance of the Island of Falconera.—3. Excursion to the adjacent Nations of Greece renowned in antiquity.—Athens.—Socrates, Plato, Aristides.—Solon.—Corinth.—Its Architecture—Sparta.—Leonidas.—Invasion by Xerxes.—Lycurgus.—Epaminondas.—Present state of the Spartans—Arcadia.—Former happiness and fertility.—Its present distress the effect of Slavery.—Ithaca.—Ulysses and Penelope.—Argos and Mycæne.—Agamemnon.—Macronisi.—Lemnos.—Vulcan.—Delos.—Apollo and Diana.—Troy.—Sestos.—Leander and Hero.—Delphos.—Temple of Apollo.—Parnassus.—The Muses.—4. Subject resumed.—Address to the Spirits of the Storm.—A Tempest accompanied with Rain, Hail, and Meteors.—Darkness of the Night, Lightning and thunder.—Day break.—St. George's Cliffs open upon them.—The Ship in great danger passes the Island of St. George.—5. Land of Athens appears—Helmsman struck blind by Lightning.—Ship laid broadside to the shore.—Bowsprit, Foremast, and Main Top-mast carried away—Albert, Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, strive to save themselves on the wreck of the Foremast.—The Ship parts asunder.—Death of Albert and Rodmond.—Arion reaches the shore.—Finds Palemon expiring on the Beach.—His dying Address to Arion, who is led away by the humane Natives.

The Scene is extended from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colona in Attica.

THE TIME ABOUT SEVEN HOURS; FROM ONE, UNTIL EIGHT IN THE MORNING.

1. When in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;

When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
Ane rapine and revenge her voice obey'd:
Sent from the shores of light, the Muses came
The dark and solitary race to tame.
The war of lawless passions to control,
To melt in tender sympathy the soul;
The heart's remote recesses to explore,
And touch its springs when prose avail'd no more:
The kindling spirit caught the' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay;
Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair truth and reason sprung to light.
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms;
Hence, war's terrific glory to display,
Became the theme of every epic lay:
But when his strings with mournful magic tell
What dire distress Laertes' son befel,
The strains meandering through the maze of woe
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow;
Far through the boundless realms of thought he springs,
From Earth upborne on Pegasean wings,
While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue;
His magic voice, that rouses and delights,
Allures and guides to climb Olympian heights.
But I, alas! through scenes bewilder'd stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray;
While all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread;
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers fraught with living fire.

Full oft indeed that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore;
'Tis true he lightly sketch'd the bold design,
But toils more joyless, more severe are mine;
Since o'er that scene his genius swiftly ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan:
But I, perplex'd in labyrinths of art,
Anatomize and blazon every part;
Attempt with plaintive numbers to display,
And chain the' events in regular array;
Though hard the task to sing in varied strains,
When still unchang'd the same sad theme remains,
O could it draw compassion's melting tear
For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near!
For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast;
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her guardian sailors know:
Then every breast should sigh at our distress—
This were the summit of my hop'd success!
For this, my theme through mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonides, nor Maro knew.

2. Awhile the mast, in ruins drag'd behind,
Balanc'd the' impression of the helm and wind;
The wounded serpent agoniz'd with pain
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain:
But now, the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer;
While round before the' enlarging wind it falls,
'Square fore and aft the yards,'* the master calls;

* The wind is said to enlarge, when it veers from the side towards the stern. To *square the yards* is, in this place, to haul them directly across the ship's length.

'You timoneers her motion still attend,
For on your steerage all our lives depend:
So steady!* meet her! watch the curving prow,
And from the gale directly let her go.'
'Starboard again!' the watchful pilot cries;
'Starboard!' the' obedient timoneer replies;
Then back to port,† revolving at command,
The wheel rolls swiftly through each glowing hand.
The ship, no longer foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side the' invasions of the sea;
All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourg'd on by surges, storms, and bursting skies:
As when enclosing harponeers assail
In hyperborean seas the slumbering whale,
Soon as their javelins pierce his scaly side,
He groans, he darts impetuous down the tide;
And rack'd all o'er with lacerating pain,
He flies remote beneath the flood in vain—
So with resistless haste the wounded ship
Scuds from the chasing waves along the deep:
While dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow;
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone,
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan:
Upheav'd behind her in tremendous height
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright;

* Steady! is an order to steer the ship according to the line on which she then advances, without deviating to the right or left.

† The left side of a ship is called *port*, in steering, that the helmsman may not mistake larboard for starboard. In all large ships, the tiller, (or long bar of timber, that is fixed horizontally to the upper end of the rudder,) is guided by a wheel, which acts upon it with the powers of a crane or windlass.

Now quivering o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath the' enormous gulf divides;
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
Becalm'd, she hears no more the howling gale;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies:
As that rebellious angel, who from Heaven
To regions of eternal pain was driven,
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore
The distant realms of Eden to explore;
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,
With daring wing the' infernal air he cleav'd;
There in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the void abrupt of night was thrown—
Ev'n so she climbs the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight:
The masts, about whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibration round her axle swing.

To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume:
Albert and Rodmond on the poop* appear,
There to direct each guiding timoneer;
While at the bow the watch Arion keeps,
To shun what cruisers wander o'er the deeps:
Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends;
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighbouring shore,
Cries, ever and anon, 'Look out afore!'

Thus o'er the flood four hours she scudding flew,
When Falconera's rugged cliffs they view,

* *Poop*, from the Latin word *puppis*, is the hindmost and highest deck of a ship. The *bow* is the rounding part of a ship's side forward, beginning at the place where the planks arch inwards, and terminating where they close at the stem or prow.

Faintly along the larboard bow descried,
As o'er its mountain tops the lightnings glide;
High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower cast a mournful light:
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand—
But scarce perceiv'd, when past the beam* it flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies:
That danger past reflects a feeble joy,
But soon returning fears their hope destroy:
As in the' Atlantic ocean, when we find
Some alp of ice driv'n southward by the wind,
The sultry air all sickening pants around,
In deluges of torrid ether drown'd,
Till when the floating isle approaches nigh,
In cooling tides the' aërial billows fly:
Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
In gentler tides our feverish pulses beat:
Such transient pleasure, as they pass'd this strand,
A moment bade their throbbing hearts expand;
The' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire,
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire.

3. Say Memory! thou from whose unerring
Instructive flows the animated song, [tongue
What regions now the scudding ship surround?
Regions of old through all the world renown'd;
That, once the poet's theme, the muses' boast,
Now lie in ruins, in oblivion lost!
Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconscious pass along each famous shore?

* On the *beam*, implies any distance from the ship on a line with the beams, or at right angles with the keel: thus, if the ship steers northward, any object lying east, or west, is said to be on her starboard or larboard beam.

They did :—for in this desert, joyless soil,
No flowers of genial science deign to smile;
Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every springing flow'r;
For native tempests here with blasting breath
Despoil, and doom the vernal buds to death;
Here fancy droops, while sullen clouds, and storm,
The generous temper of the soul deform :
Then, if among the wandering naval train,
One stripling, exil'd from the Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's soothing dream,
Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream;
(Since those salubrious streams with power divine
To purer sense the soften'd soul refine,)
Sure he, amid unsocial mates immur'd,
To learning lost, severer grief endur'd;
In vain might Phœbus' ray his mind inspire,
Since fate with torrents quench'd the kindling fire :
If one this pain of living death possess'd
It dwelt supreme, Arion! in thy breast;
When, with Palemon watching in the night
Beneath pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
You oft recounted those surrounding states,
Whose glory fame with brazen tongue relates.
Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at port Leono's* head;
Great source of science! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame :
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And firm to truth eternal honour won;

* Porto Leono, the ancient Piræum, received its modern title from a large lion of white marble, since carried by the Venetians to their arsenal.

The first in virtue's cause his life resign'd,
By Heaven pronounc'd the wisest of mankind:
The last, proclaim'd the spark of vital fire
The soul's fine essence never could expire;
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage;
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws:
Of all her towering structures, now alone
Some columns stand, with mantling weeds o'er-
grown;
The wandering stranger near the port descries
A milk-white lion of stupendous size,
Of antique marble; hence the heaven's name,
Unknown to modern natives whence it came.
Next in the gulph of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies:
Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subdued,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with admiration view'd:
Her name, for architecture long renown'd,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd;
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.
Then further westward, on Morea's land,
Fair Misitra! thy modern turrets stand:
Ah! who unmov'd with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacędæmon's glory fell;
Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around;
Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore,
Through all Achaia, bade her thunders roar:
He, when imperial Xerxes from afar
Advanc'd with Persia's sumless hosts to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Grece all shudder'd as the chief drew near;

He, at Thermopylæ's decisive plain,
Their force oppos'd with Sparta's glorious train;
Tall Oeta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands
In gasping millions bleed on hostile lands:
Thus vanquish'd, haughty Asia heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame;
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Gain'd, like thine arms, superlative applause:
Ev'n great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb thy spirit with a Theban chain:
But ah! how low that free-born spirit now!
Thy abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Invest thy region, and its name disgrace.
  Not distant far, Arcadia's bless'd domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains:
Thrice happy soil! where, still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres bade each fertile field
Spontaneous gifts in rich profusion yield;
Then, with some rural nymph supremely bless'd,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain;
Soft as the happy swain's enchanting lay
That pipes among the shades of Endermay:
Now, sad reverse! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils her land;
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight ravage scour the' uncultur'd plain.
  Westward of these, beyond the isthmus, lies
The long-sought isle of Ithacus the wise;
Where fair Penelope, of him depriv'd,
To guard her honour endless schemes contriv'd:

She, only shielded by a stripling son,
Her lord Ulysses long to Ilion gone,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd her nuptial contract held;
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
Met arts with art, and triumph'd at the last.
  Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Across the' Ægean main to Dardan coasts:
Unhappy prince! who on a hostile shore,
Fatigue and danger ten long winters bore;
And when to native realms restor'd at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
There found a perjur'd friend, and faithless wife,
Who sacrific'd to impious lust thy life:
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.
  Next Macronisi is adjacent seen,
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom, in arms combin'd, the Grecian host
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coast;
For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
The lofty turrets of imperial Troy;
Here driven by Juno's rage the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came:
The port an image bears of Parian stone
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.
  Due east from this appears the' immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore,
Delos! through all the' Ægean seas renown'd,
Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround;
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd,
Her hallow'd groves ev'n distant Persia fear'd:

But now a desert unfrequented land,
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.
  Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from the' ethereal world:
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by skill divine, immortal arms;
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
And living scandal of the' empyreal race,
In wedlock liv'd the beauteous Queen of love;
Can such sensations heavenly bosoms move!
  Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
That once the' imperial towers of Ilium bore,
Illustrious Troy! renown'd in every clime
Through the long records of succeeding time;
Who saw protecting gods from heaven descend
Full oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend:
Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
With fate the gods and heroes fought in vain!
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
At midnight was involv'd in Grecian flame;
And now, by time's deep ploughshare harrow'd o'er,
The seat of sacred Troy is found no more:
No trace of her proud fabrics now remains,
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains;
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore,
Scamander, oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore.
  Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,
In counter-view appears the Thracian strand,
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Display'd her cresset each revolving night;

Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont from Asia's shore :
Till in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost;
Then felt her bosom agony severe,
Her eyes, sad gazing, pour'd the' incessant tear;
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her swelling breast, and tore her hair;
On dear Leander's name in vain she cried,
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide:
The' exulting tide receiv'd the lovely maid,
And proudly from the strand its freight convey'd.
Far west of Thrace, beyond the' Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain:
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile,
August the fabric! elegant its style!
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors;
The roof, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould was rear'd;
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd:
Apollo's priests before the holy shrine
Suppliant pour'd forth their orisons divine;
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd,
With golden harps and branching laurels grac'd:
Around the fane, engrav'd by Vulcan's hand,
The Sciences and Arts were seen to stand;
Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast;
While from his eye's insufferable light,
Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight:

Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.
Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Renown'd Parnassus lifts its honour'd head;
There roses blossom in eternal spring,
And strains celestial feather'd warblers sing:
Apollo, here, bestows the' unfading wreath;
Here zephyrs aromatic odours breathe,
They o'er Castalian plains diffuse perfume
Where round the scene perennial laurels bloom;
Fair daughters of the sun, the sacred Nine!
Here wake to ecstacy their harps divine,
Or bid the Paphian lute mellifluous play,
And tune to plaintive love the liquid lay;
Their numbers every mental storm control,
And lull to harmony the' afflicted soul;
With heavenly balm the tortur'd breast compose,
And sooth the agony of latent woes:
The verdant shades that Helicon surround,
On rosy gales seraphic tunes resound;
Perpetual summers crown the happy hours,
Sweet as the breath that fans Elysian flow'rs:
Hence pleasure dances in an endless round,
And love and joy, ineffable, abound. [strains
4. Stop, wandering thought! methinks I feel their
Diffuse delicious languor through my veins:
Adieu, ye flowery vales and fragrant scenes,
Delightful bowers and ever-vernal greens!
Adieu, ye streams! that o'er enchanted ground
In lucid maze the' Aonian hill surround;
Ye fairy scenes! where fancy loves to dwell,
And young delight; for ever, oh, farewell!
The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethean dews distil—

Awake, O Memory! from the' inglorious dream,
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme;
Collect thy powers, arouse thy vital fire,
Ye spirits of the storm my verse inspire!
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrent pour along the swelling strain.
Now, through the parting wave impetuous bore,
The scudding vessel stem'd the' Athenian shore;
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel;
For this assault should either quarter* feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel:
The steersman every bidden turn apply,
To right and left the spokes alternate fly—
Thus, when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one continued line:
Thus they direct the flying bark before
The' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore:
High o'er the poop the' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire;
With labouring throes she rolls on either side,
And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide;
Her joints unhing'd in palsied languors play,
As ice-flakes part beneath the moon-tide ray:
The gale howls doleful through the blocks and shrouds,
And big rain pours a deluge from the clouds;

* The *quarter* is the hinder part of a ship's side; or that part which is near the stern.

From wintry magazines that sweep the sky,
Descending globes of hail impetuous fly;
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze:
The' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now buried lies beneath impervious shade,
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the horror of a night—
Such terror Sinai's trembling hill o'erspread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head:
It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd,
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd:
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
The' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings;
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,
Mad Chaos from the chains of Death awakes:
Loud, and more loud, the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck the fiery tides discharge;
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood;
Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the living flame,
And dread concussion rends the' ethereal frame;
Sick Earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And Nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light;
Ev'n now my ear with quick vibration feels
The' explosion burst in strong rebounding peals;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on the' electric wire:
Yet ah! the languid colours vainly strive
To bid the scene in native hues revive.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping Morn:
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings;
All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray
That gave her beauties to returning Day,
All but our ship! which, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried;
For now in front her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee—
So the lost lover views that fatal morn
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The maid ador'd resigns her blooming charms
To bless with love some happier rival's arms;
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her sight away,
That saw him parting never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light!
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight,
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign;
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme.

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van Saint George's cliffs arise;
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green;
Huge breakers on the larboard bow appear,
And full a-head its eastern ledges bear:
To steer more eastward Albert still commands,
And shun, if possible, the fatal strands—
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose:

For while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow;
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to:*
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her trembling side could bear the mountain'd sea,
And if pursuing waves she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the frightful shore;
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around:
Not half so dreadful to Æneas' eyes
The straits of Sicily were seen to rise,
When Palinurus from the helm descried
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side,
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf oppos'd;
The double danger he alternate view'd,
And cautiously his arduous track pursued:
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between the' extremes the daring vessel flies.
With terrible eruption bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, tremendous surges roar; [raves,
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves:
Should once the bottom strike this cruel shore,
The parting ship that instant is no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief are doom'd to perish too:

* The great difficulty of steering the ship at this time before the wind, is occasioned by its striking her on the quarter, when she makes the least angle on either side; which often forces her stern round, and brings her broad side to the wind and sea: this is an effect of the same cause which is explained in the last note of the second Canto.

But haply she escapes the dreadful strand,
Though scarce her length in distance from the land;
Swift as the weapon quits the Scythian bow
She cleaves the burning billows with her prow,
And forward hurrying with impetuous haste,
Borne on the tempest's wings the Isle she past:
With longing eyes and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe with India's richest ore
A safe accession to that barren shore—
When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away
For ever exil'd from the realms of day,
Not half such pangs his bosom agonize
When up to distant light he rolls his eyes!
Where the broad sun, in his diurnal way
Imparts to all beside his vivid ray,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain
For scenes he never shall possess again.

5. But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high,
Where marble columns, long by time defac'd,
Moss-cover'd, on the lofty cape are plac'd,
There rear'd by fair devotion to sustain
In elder times Tritonia's sacred fame;
The circling beach in murderous form appears,
Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears:
The seamen now in wild amazement see
The scene of ruin rise beneath the lee;
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
As dumb with terror they behold the last:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,

A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind;
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the' unhappy victim to the shroud:
'Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend!' he cries;
'Thy only succour on the mast relies.'
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course;
Quick to the' abandon'd wheel Arion came
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim:
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly;
Fate spurs her on!—Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star,
And, as it feels attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

The moment fraught with fate approaches fast!
While thronging sailors climb each quivering mast;
The ship no longer now must stem the land,
And, 'hard a starboard!' is the last command:
While every suppliant voice to heaven applies,
The prow swift wheeling to the westward flies;
Twelve sailors, on the fore-mast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend,
Fatal retreat! for, while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down press'd by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends:
Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie;
The fore-mast totters unsustain'd on high,
And now the ship, forelifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;

While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay*
Drags the main-topmast by the cap† away!
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain;
Weak hope, alas!—they buffet long the wave,
And grasp at life, though sinking in the grave;
Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length;
The burying waters close around their head,
They sink! for ever number'd with the dead.
Those who remain, the weather shrouds embrace,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' case;
Transfix'd with terror at the' approaching doom,
Self-pity in their breasts alone has room:
Albert and Rodmond, and Palemon, near
With young Arion, on the mast appear!
Ev'n they, amid the' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess,
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom mortal terror feels:
Begirt with all the horror of the main
They view'd the' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain;
Such torments, in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad Despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast
That sees remote the mansions of the bless'd!
It comes! the dire catastrophe draws near,
Lash'd furious on by destiny severe:

* The main-top-mast *stay* comes to the fore-mast head, and consequently depends upon the fore-mast as its support.

† The *cap* is a strong, thick block of wood, used to confine the upper and lower masts together, as the one is raised at the head of the other. The principal caps of a ship are those of the lower masts.

The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above!
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain:
Since I, all-trembling, in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.

In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath
To smile serene amid the pangs of death:
Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
Inexorable fate beneath the lee;
And Epictetus at the sight, in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain;
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Spectator of such various horrors been,
Ev'n he had stagger'd at this dreadful scene.

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For every wave now smites the quivering yard;*
High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in terrible cascade;
Across the founder'd deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore.
Swift up the mounting billow now she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies;
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble crags descends:

* The sea at this time ran so high, that it was impossible to descend from the mast head without being washed overboard.

Her pondrous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock:
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah, Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.
Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress;
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, deplore
The' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.
As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the' o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd, and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below:
Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan:
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the' involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:

The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And press'd the stony beach—a lifeless crew!
  Next, O unhappy chief! the' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain:
His faithful wife, for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return,
To black Adversity's approach expos'd,
With want, and hardships unforeseen, enclos'd;
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs infold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear,
For death bids every clinching joint adhere:

All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, 'Oh protect my wife and child!' he cries—
The gushing streams roll back the' unfinish'd sound,
He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.
  Five only left of all the shipwreck'd throng
Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all assaults of hostile waves endures:
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives—
'Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die:
And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.'
Thus thought Arion; anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found—
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly:
When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two, next Arion, furious tears away;
Hurl'd on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
And, groaning, cling upon the' elusive weed;
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and Memory views no more.
  Ha! total night and horror here preside,
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide;
It is their funeral knell! and gliding near
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear:
But lo! emerging from the wat'ry grave
Again they float incumbent on the wave,
Again the dismal prospect opens round
The wreck, the shore, the dying, and the drown'd!

And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two, who scramble on the' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd! and never rise again.
Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore;
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow;
Awhile they wait the' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beech with hands and feet—
O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand
Still on destruction's brink they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That, damp with death, appears not yet to glow;
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays
With trembling ardour of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives,
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.
Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
A troop of Grecians mount Colonna's height;
When, gazing down with horror on the flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood—
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground:
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet Nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;
Straight down the vale with hastening steps they hied,
The' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.
Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath, explore
The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore:

Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon! oh, what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul;
'If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew,
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown?'
Arion thus; but ah, sad doom of fate!
That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate;
While yet afloat on some resisting rock
His ribs were dash'd, and fractur'd with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade;
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head;
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung portray'd;
The' unconscious figure, smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen:
Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony, thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again.
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with equal pangs oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:
'O, rescued from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;

Are we then, exil'd to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes! for ever now destroy'd;
For wounded, far beyond all healing pow'r,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night—
Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone;
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair!
Such dire effects from avarice arise;
That deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul:
But, O THOU SACRED POWER! whose law connects
The' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age:
And you, Arion! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck past—
Ah! cease to mourn, those friendly tears restrain,
Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore
When parted hence, to England's distant shore;
Shouldst thou, the' unwilling messenger of fate,
To him the tragic story first relate;
Oh! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain:

Ah! then remember well my last request
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend—
Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
But, oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befel;
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
Say that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew;
Lo! her bright image pendent on my neck
Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck;
Take it! and say, when panting in the wave,
I struggled life and this alone to save.

'My soul, that fluttering hastens to be free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
But strives in vain; the chilling ice of death
Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of breath;
Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode
To course that long, unknown, eternal road—
O sacred source of ever-living light!
Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight;
Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
Where peril, pain, and death, prevail no more.

'When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
That steals from Pity's eye the melting tear;
Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd;
Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe
That heal the' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
While Memory dictates, this sad SHIPWRECK tell,
And what distress thy wretched friend befel:

Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,
The swains lament, and maidens weep around;
While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
With wonder gaze, and drop the' unconscious tear;
Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain!'*

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes.

As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
Transfix'd he stood: with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd:—

'O ill starred votary of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth;
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, though painful, thy command;
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day:
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred,
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn;
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn,
Through Life's sad journey hopeless to complain:
Can sacred Justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wondrous maze
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays;
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great CAUSE of all Effects, THY WILL BE DONE!'

* '——————— sed scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.'

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd;
While passing, they behold the waves o'erspread;
With shatter'd rafts, and corses of the dead;
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd:
The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

SELECT POEMS

OF

JAMES GRAINGER:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE OF JAMES GRAINGER.

JAMES GRAINGER was born at Dunse, a small town in the southern part of Scotland, about the year 1723. His father, a native of Cumberland, and once a man of considerable property, had removed to Dunse, on the failure of some speculations in mining, and there filled a post in the excise. His son, the subject of this memoir, after receiving such education as his native place afforded, went to Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to Mr. Lawder, a surgeon, and had an opportunity of studying the various branches of medical science, which were then begun to be taught by the justly celebrated founders of the school of medicine in that city. Having qualified himself for such situations as are attainable by young men whose circumstances do not permit them to wait the slow returns of medical practice at home, he first served as surgeon to lieutenant general Pulteney's regiment of foot, during the rebellion (of 1745) in Scotland, and afterwards went in the same capacity to Germany, where that regiment composed part of the army under the earl of Stair. With the reputation and interest which his skill and learning procured abroad, he came over to England, at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, sold his commission, and entered upon practice as a physician, in London.

During his residence in London, his literary talents introduced him to the acquaintance of many men of genius, particularly of Shenstone, Dr. Percy, Glover, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others who composed Dr. Johnson's society; and it is no small praise that every member of it regarded Dr. Grainger with affection. He was first known as a poet by his *Ode on Solitude*, which has been universally praised, and never beyond its merits; but professional success is seldom promoted by the reputation of genius. Grainger's practice was insufficient to employ his days, or to provide for them, and he is said to have accepted the office of tutor to a young gentleman, who settled an annuity upon him: nor did he disdain such literary employment as the booksellers suggested.

In 1758, he published a translation of the Elegies of Tibullus, begun during the hours he snatched from business or pleasure, when in the army; and finished in London, where he had more leisure, and the aid and encouragement of his literary friends. No reader of candour, or of taste, can peruse the translation, without allowing that the author deserved praise, not only for the attempt, but for the elegant manner in which he has, in general, transfused the tender sentiments of Tibullus into our own language. Soon after the publication of Tibullus, Dr. Grainger embraced the offer of an advantageous settlement, as physician, on the island of St. Christopher's. During his passage, a lady on board of one of the merchantmen bound for the place, was seized with the small pox, attended with some alarming symptoms. He was sent for, and prescribed with success. He took the remainder of his passage in the same ship, partly to promote the recovery of his patient, but principally to have an opportunity of paying his addresses to her daughter, whom he married soon after their arrival at St. Christopher's.

By his union with this lady, whose name was Burt, he became connected with some of the principal families on the island, and was enabled to commence the practice of physic with the greatest hopes of success. The transition from London to a West India island, must have been very striking to a reflecting mind. The scenery and society of St. Christopher's, were new in every respect, and Grainger seems to have studied them with those mixed and not very coherent feelings of the poet and the planter, which at length produced his principal work, *The Sugar-Cane*. On his return to England, at the conclusion of the war, he submitted this poem to his literary friends, and having obtained their opinion and approbation, published it in a handsome quarto volume, in the year 1764. Mr. Boswell, in his Life of Johnson, informs us that when The Sugar-Cane was read in Manuscript at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, the assembled wits burst out into a laugh, when after much blank verse pomp, the poet began a new paragraph thus:

Now, Muse let's sing of *rats*.

And what increased the ridicule was, that one of the company, who slily overlooked the reader, perceived that the word had originally been *mice*, and had been altered to rats as more dignified. This passage does not appear in the printed work. Dr. Johnson said "Grainger was an agreeable man, a man that would do any good that was in his power;" and Dr. Percy adds, that "he was not only a man of genius and learning, but had many excellent virtues; being one of the most generous, friendly and benevolent men he ever knew."

In the same year (1764) Dr. Grainger published an Essay on the more common West India Diseases; and the remedies which that country itself produces; to which are added, some hints on the management of negroes. To this pamphlet he did not

affix his name. Many of the remarks it contains, particularly those which concern the choice and treatment of the negroes, may be found in *The Sugar-Cane*. After a short residence in England, he returned to St. Christopher's, to which it appears, by his poem, he became much attached, and continued his practice as a physician until his death, December 24, 1767, which was occasioned by one of those epidemic fevers that frequently rage in the West India islands.

Although it is impossible to deny Grainger the credit of poetical genius, it must ever be regretted that where he wished most to excel, he was most unfortunate in the choice of a subject. The effect of his Sugar-Cane, either as to pleasure or utility, must be local. It will not be easy to persuade the reader of English poetry to study the cultivation of the sugar plant, merely that he may add some new imagery to the more ample stores which he can contemplate without study or trouble. When he quits the plain track of mechanical instructions, we have many of those effusions of fancy, which will yet preserve this poem in our collections. The descriptions of the hurricane and of the earthquake are truly grand. The episode of Montano, in the first book, arrests the attention very forcibly, and many of the occasional reflections are elegant and pathetic; nor ought the tale of Juno and Theana to be omitted in a list of the beauties of this poem.

SELECT POEMS.

SOLITUDE.

AN ODE.

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy course abide,
Or, starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep;
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey;
  You, recluse, again I woo,
  And again your steps pursue.

Plum'd conceit, himself surveying;
Folly, with her shadow playing;
Purse-proud, elbowing insolence;
Bloated empiric, puff'd pretence;
Noise, that trough a trumpet speaks;
Laughter, in loud peals that breaks;
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
(Ignorant of time and place)
Sparks of fire dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred flattery, bowing;

Restraint's stiff neck, grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd censure's artful sneer:
Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude!

Sage reflection, bent with years;
Conscious virtue, void of fears;
Muffled silence, wood-nymph shy;
Meditation's piercing eye;
Halcyon peace, on moss reclin'd;
Retrospect, that scans the mind;
Rapt earth-gazing revery,
Blushing artless modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-ey'd truth, with bosom bare,
Inspiration, nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retir'd,*
The wise Euripides inspir'd,
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens† sav'd from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlock'd‡ the springs of woe:
You pen'd what exil'd Naso thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note,
With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
When death snatch'd his long-lov'd maid;§
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strew'd with flowers her virgin urn,

* In the island Salamis.
† See Plutarch in the life of Lysander.
‡ Simonides.
§ Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.

And late in Hagley* you were seen,
With bloodshed eyes, and sombre mien;
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clap'd her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string,
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-fac'd melancholy smil'd,
Drowsy midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps ev'n seraphs flung,
To hear thy sweet complaint, O Young!

When all nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor love nor guilt their vigils keep;
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat,
And the early huntsman meet,
Where as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view:
Devotion lends her heaven-plum'd wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game;

* Monody on the Death of Mrs. Lyttelton.

And there, beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest :—
Till the tuneful bird of night,
From the neighbouring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.

Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble;
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scoop'd by nature's savage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress, not with age decay'd:
Where the owl still hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;

Bend, great God! before thy shrine :
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

Save me! what's yon shrouded shade,
That wanders in the dark-brown glade?
It beckons me! vain fears adieu,
Mysterious ghost, I follow you.
Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe!
Its breast it bares! what! stain'd with blood?
Quick let me staunch the vital flood.
Oh spirit, whither art thou flown?
Why, left me comfortless alone?—
O solitude, on me bestow
The heartfelt harmony of woe,
Such, such, as on the' Ausonian shore,
Sweet Dorian Moschus* trill'd of yore:
No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more than Bion† was, thou wert.

O goddess of the tearful eye,
The never-ceasing stream supply,
Let us with retirement go
To charnels, and the house of woe;
O'er friendship's hearse low-drooping mourn,
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where death and nun-clad sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the solemn knell.
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,
Light flashes through the vaulted isles,
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail!

* See Idyll.
† Alluding to the death of a friend.

She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave;
Her brow an ivy garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,
A lion's spoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careless thrown;
Her right hand wields a knotted mace,
Her eyes roll wild, a stride her pace;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herself beholds.
O goddess of the desert, hail!
And softer blow thou western gale!
'Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
And disappointment seems entail'd;
Since all on earth I valued most,
My guide, my stay, my friend is lost;
You, only you, can make me bless'd,
And hush the tempest in my breast.
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit-trodden seat,
Where I may live at last my own,
Where I at last may die unknown.'
I spoke, she turn'd her magic ray,
And thus she said, or seem'd to say:
'Youth, you're mistaken, if you think to find
In shades a medicine for a troubled mind;
Wan Grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow,
There pale Inaction pines his life away,
And, satiate, curses the return of day:
There naked Frenzy, laughing wild with pain,
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main:
There Superstition broods o'er all her fears,
And yells of demons in the zephyr hears.

But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,
And bid to social life a last farewell;
'Tis impious!———
God never made an independent man,
'Twould jar the concord of his general plan:
See every part of that stupendous whole,
"Whose body nature is, and God the soul;"
To one great end, the general good, conspire,
From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, sire.
Should man through nature solitary roam,
His will his sovereign, every where his home,
What force would guard him from the lion's jaw?
What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw?
Or should fate lead him to some safer shore,
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar;
Where liberal nature all her charms bestows,
Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water flows,
Fool, dost thou think he'd revel on the store,
Absolve the care of Heaven, nor ask for more?
Though waters flow'd, flow'rs bloom'd, and Phœbus shone,
He'd sigh, he'd murmur that he was alone.
For know the Maker on the human breast
A sense of kindred, country, man, impress'd;
And social life to better, aid, adorn,
With proper faculties each mortal's born.
Though nature's works the ruling mind declare,
And well deserve inquiry's serious care,
The God (whate'er misanthropy may say)
Shines, beams in man, with most unclouded ray.
What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole?
Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll?

What boots through space's furthest bourns to roam,
If thou, O man! a stranger art at home.
Then know thyself, the human mind survey,
The use, the pleasure, will the toil repay.
Hence inspiration plans his manner'd lays,
Hence Homer's crown; and, Shakspeare! hence thy bays.
Hence he, the pride of Athens and the shame,
The best and wisest of mankind became.
Nor study only, practise what you know,
Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine;
Those who in study, should in practice shine.
Say, does the learned Lord* of Hagley's shade
Charm man, so much by mossy fountains laid,
As when arous'd, he stems corruption's course,
And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
When freedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
Then public virtue might to shades retreat;
But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
And freedom, Britain, still belong to thee!
Though man's ungrateful, or though fortune frown,
Is the reward of worth a song, or crown?
Nor yet unrecompens'd are virtue's pains,
Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns.
On each condition disappointments wait,
Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate:
Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed,
From love, the world, and all its cares, he's freed.
But know, adversity's the child of God;
Whom Heaven approves of most, most feel her rod.

* Lord Lyttleton.

When smooth old Ocean, and each storm's asleep,
Then ignorance may plough the watery deep;
But when the demons of the tempest rave,
Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.
Sidney*, what good man envies not thy blow!
Who would not wish Anytus† for a foe?
Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate,
The good can never be unfortunate:
And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
'The height of virtue is, to serve mankind.'
But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
When mem'ry fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
Then may'st thou seek the stillness of retreat,
Then hear aloof the human tempest beat;
Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.

* Sir Philip Sidney, who was killed at the battle of Zutphen.

† One of the accusers of Socrates.

THE

SUGAR-CANE;

A POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Agredior primusque novis Helicona movere
Cantibus, et viridi nutantes vertice sylvas;
Hospita sacra ferens, nulli memorata priorum.
Manil.

THE SUGAR-CANE:

A POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

PREFACE.

Soon after my arrival in the West Indies, I conceived the design of writing a poem on the cultivation of the sugar-cane. My inducements to this arduous undertaking were, not only the importance and novelty of the subject, but more especially this consideration; that, as the face of this country was wholly different from that of Europe, so whatever hand copied its appearances, however rude, could not fail to enrich poetry with many new and picturesque images.

I cannot, indeed, say I have satisfied my own ideas in this particular: yet I must be permitted to recommend the precepts contained in this poem. They are the children of truth, not of genius; the result of experience, not the productions of fancy. Thus, though I may not be able to please, I shall stand some chance of instructing the reader; which, as it is the nobler end of all poetry, so it should be the principal aim of every writer who wishes to be thought a good man.

It must, however, be observed, that, though the general precepts are suited to every climate, where the cane will grow; yet, the more minute rules are chiefly drawn from the practice of St. Christopher. Some selection was necessary; and I could adopt no modes of planting with such propriety, as those I had seen practised in that island, where it has been my good fortune chiefly to reside since I came to the West Indies.

I have often been astonished, that so little has been published on the cultivation of the sugar-cane, while the press has groaned under folios on every other branch of rural economy. It were unjust to suppose planters were not solicitous for the improvement of their art, and injurious to assert they were incapable of obliging mankind with their improvements.

And yet, except some scattered hints in Pere Labat, and other French travellers in America, an essay, by colonel Martyn of Antigua, is the only piece on plantership I have seen deserving a perusal. That gentleman's pamphlet is, indeed, an excellent performance; and to it I own myself indebted.

It must be confessed, that terms of art look awkward in poetry; yet didactic compositions cannot wholly dispense with them. Accordingly we find that Hesiod and Virgil, among the ancients, with Philips and Dyer, (not to mention some other poets now living in our own country) have been obliged to insert them in their poems. Their example is a sufficient apology for me, for in their steps I shall always be proud to tread.

Vos sequor, ô Graiæ gentis decus, inque vestris nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis;
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quod vos imitari aveo. .....

Yet, like them too, I have generally preferred the way of description, wherever that could be done without hurting the subject.

Such words as are not common in Europe, I have briefly explained: because an obscure poem affords both less pleasure and profit to the reader. —For the same reason, some notes have been added, which, it is presumed, will not be disagreeable to those who have never been in the West Indies.

In a West India Georgic, the mention of many indigenous remedies, as well as diseases, was unavoidable. The truth is, I have rather courted opportunities of this nature, than avoided them. Medicines of such amazing efficacy, as I have had occasion to make trials of in these islands, deserve to be universally known. And wherever, in the following poem, I recommend any such, I beg leave to be understood as a physcian, and not as a poet.

Basseterre, Jan. 1763.

THE SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. Invocation and address. What soils the cane grows best in. The grey light earth. Praise of St. Christopher. The red brick mould. Praise of Jamaica, and of Christopher Columbus. The black soil mixed with clay and gravel. Praise of Barbadoes, Nevis, and Montserrat. Composts may improve other soils. Advantages and disadvantages of a level plantation. Of a mountain-estate. Of a midland one. Advantages of proper cultivation. Of fallowing. Of compost. Of leaving the Wours, and penning cattle on the distant cane pieces. Whether yams improve the soil. Whether dung should be buried in each hole, or scattered over the piece. Cane-lands may be holed at any time. The ridges should be open to the trade-wind. The beauty of holing regularly by a line. Alternate holing, and the wheel-plough recommended to trial. When to plant. Wet weather the best. Rain often falls in the West Indies, almost without any previous signs. The signs of rainy weather. Of fogs round the high mountains. Planting described. Begin to plant mountain-land in July: the low ground in November, and the subsequent months, till May. The advantage of changing tops in planting. Whether the Moon has any influence over the cane-plant. What quantity of mountain and of low cane-land may be annually planted. The last cane-piece should be cut off before the end of July. Of hedges. Of stone enclosures. Myrtle hedges recommended. Whether trees breed the blast. The character of a good planter. Of weeding. Of moulding. Of stripping.

WHAT soil the cane affects; what care demands;
Beneath what signs to plant; what ills await;

How the hot nectar best to crystallize;
And Afric's sable progeny to treat:
A Muse, that long hath wander'd in the groves
Of myrtle-indolence, attempts to sing.
  Spirit of Inspiration, that didst lead
The Acrean poet to the sacred mount,
And taught'st him all the precepts of the swain;
Descend from Heaven, and guide my trembling steps
To Fame's eternal dome, where Maro reigns;
Where pastoral Dyer, where Pomona's bard,
And Smart and Somervile, in varying strains,
Their sylvan lore convey: O may I join
This choral band, and from their precepts learn
To deck my theme, which though to song unknown,
Is most momentous to my country's weal!
  So shall my numbers win the public ear;
And not displease Aurelius; him to whom,
Imperial George, the monarch of the main,
Hath given to wield the sceptre of those isles,
Where first the Muse beheld the spiry cane,
Supreme of plants, rich subject of my song.
  Where'er the clouds relent in frequent rains,
And the Sun fiercely darts his tropic beam,
The cane will joint, ungenial through the soil.
But would'st thou see huge casks, in order due,
Roll'd numerous on the bay, all fully fraught
With strong-grain'd muscovado, silvery-grey,
Joy of the planter; and if happy Fate
Permit a choice, avoid the rocky slope,
The clay-cold bottom, and the sandy beach.
But let thy biting axe, with ceaseless stroke,
The wild red cedar, the tough locust fell,
Nor let his nectar, nor his silken pods,

The sweet-smell'd cassia, or vast ceiba save.
Yet spare the guava, yet the guaiac spare;
A wholesome food the ripened guava yields,
Boast of the housewife; while the guaiac grows
A sovereign antidote, in wood, bark, gum,
To cause the lame his useless crutch forego,
And dry the sources of corrupted love.
Nor let thy bright impatient flames destroy
The golden shaddoc, the forbidden fruit,
The white acajou, and rich sabbaca:
For, where these trees their leafy banners raise
Aloft in air, a grey deep earth abounds,
Fat, light; yet, when it feels the wounding hoe,
Rising in clods, which ripening suns and rain
Resolve to crumbles, yet not pulverize:
In this the soul of vegetation wakes,
Pleas'd at the planter's call, to burst on day.
Thrice happy he, to whom such fields are given!
For him the cane with little labour grows;
'Spite of the dog-star, shoots long yellow joints;
Concocts rich juice, though deluges descend.
What if an after-offspring it reject?
This land, for many a crop, will feed his mills;
Disdain supplies, nor ask from compost aid.
Such, green St. Christopher, thy happy soil!—
Not Grecian Tempé, where Arcadian Pan,
Knit with the Graces, tun'd his sylvan pipe,
While mute Attention hush'd each charmed rill;
Not purple Enna, whose irriguous lap,
Strow'd with each fruit of taste, each flower of smell,
Sicilian Proserpine, delighted, sought,
Can vie, blest isle, with thee.—Though no soft sound

Of pastoral stop thine echoes e'er awak'd;
Nor raptur'd poet, lost in holy trance,
Thy streams arrested with enchanting song:
Yet virgins, far more beautiful than she
Whom Pluto ravish'd, and more chaste, are thine;
Yet probity, from principle, not fear,
Actuates thy sons, bold, hospitable, free;
Yet a fertility, unknown of old,
To other climes denied, adorns thy hills;
Thy vales, thy dells adorns.—O might my strain
As far transcend the immortal songs of Greece,
As thou the partial subject of their praise!
Thy fame should float familiar through the world:
Each plant should own thy cane her lawful lord;
Nor should old Time (song stops the flight of Time)
Obscure thy lustre with his shadowy wing.
Scarce less impregnated, with every power
Of vegetation, is the red brick-mould,
That lies on marly beds.—The renter this
Can scarce exhaust; how happy for the heir!
Such the glad soil, from whence Jamaica's sons
Derive their opulence: thrice fertile land,
"The pride, the glory of the sea-girt isles,
Which, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,"
Which first Columbus' daring keel explor'd.
Daughters of Heaven, with reverential awe,
Pause at that godlike name; for not your flights
Of happiest fancy can outsoar his fame.
Columbus, boast of science, boast of man!
Yet, by the great, the learned, and the wise,
Long held a visionary; who, like thee, [court,
Could brook their scorn; wait seven long years at

A selfish, sullen, dilatory court;
Yet never from thy purpos'd plan decline?
No god, no hero, of poetic times,
In Truth's fair annals, may compare with thee!
Each passion, weakness of mankind thou knew'st,
Thine own concealing; firmest base of power:
Rich in expedients; what most adverse seem'd,
And least expected, most advanc'd thine aim.
What storms, what monsters, what new forms of death,
In a vast ocean, never cut by keel,
And where the magnet first its aid declin'd,
Alone, unterrified, didst thou not view?
Wise legislator, had the' Iberian king
Thy plan adopted, murder had not drench'd
In blood vast kingdoms; nor had hell-born Zeal,
And hell-born Avarice, his arms disgrac'd.
Yet, for a world, discover'd and subdu'd,
What meed hadst thou? With toil, disease, worn out,
Thine age was spent soliciting the prince,
To whom thou gav'st the sceptre of that world.
Yet, blessed spirit, where enthron'd thou sit'st,
Chief 'mid the friends of man, repine not thou:
Dear to the Nine, thy glory shall remain
While winged Commerce either ocean ploughs;
While its lov'd pole the magnet coyly shuns;
While weeps the guaiac, and while joints the cane.
Shall the Muse celebrate the dark deep mould,
With clay or gravel mix'd?—This soil the cane
With partial fondness loves; and oft surveys
Its progeny with wonder.—Such rich veins
Are plenteous scatter'd o'er the sugar-isles:
But chief that land, to which the bearded fig,

Prince of the forest, gave Barbadoes name:
Chief Nevis, justly for his hot baths fam'd,
And breezy Mountserrat, whose wondrous springs
Change, like Medusa's head, whate'er they touch,
To stony hardness, boast this fertile glebe.
  Though such the soils the Antillean cane
Supremely loves: yet other soils abound,
Which art may tutor to obtain its smile.
Say, shall the' experienc'd Muse that art recite?
How sand will fertilize stiff barren clay?
How clay unites the light, the porous mould,
Sport of each breeze? And how the torpid nymph
Of the rank pool, so noisome to the smell,
May be solicited, by wily ways,
To draw her humid train, and, prattling, run
Down the reviving slopes? Or shall she say
What glebes, ungrateful to each other art,
Their genial treasures ope to fire alone?
Record the different composts, which the cold
To plastic gladness warm? The torrid, which
By soothing coolness win? The sharp saline,
Which best subdue? which mollify the sour?
  To thee, if Fate low level land assign,
Slightly cohering, and of sable hue,
Far from the hill; be parsimony thine.
For though this year when constant showers descend,
The speedy gale, the sturdy numerous stock,
Scarcely suffice to grind thy mighty canes:
Yet thou, with rueful eye, for many a year,
Shalt view thy plants burnt by the torch of day;
Hear their parch'd wan blades rustle in the air;
While their black sugars, doughy to the feel,
Will not ev'n pay the labour of thy swains.
  Or, if the mountain be thy happier lot,

Let prudent foresight still thy coffers guard.
For though the clouds relent in nightly rain,
Though thy rank canes wave lofty in the gale;
Yet will the arrow, ornament of woe,
(Such monarchs oft-times give) their jointing stint;
Yet will winds lodge them, ravening rats destroy,
Or troops of monkeys thy rich harvest steal.
The Earth must also wheel around the Sun,
And half perform that circuit, ere the bill
Mow down thy sugars: and though all thy mills,
Crackling, o'erflow with a redundant juice;
Poor tastes the liquor; coction long demands,
And highest temper, ere it saccharize;
A meagre produce. Such is Virtue's meed,
Alas, too oft in these degenerate days.
Thy cattle likewise, as they drag the wain,
Charg'd from the beach, in spite of whips and shouts,
Will stop, will pant, will sink beneath the load;
A better fate deserving.....
Besides, thy land itself is insecure:
For oft the glebe, and all its waving load,
Will journey, forc'd off by the mining rain;
And, with its faithless burden, disarrange
Thy neighbour's vale. So Markley-hill of old,
As sung thy bard, Pomona, (in these isles
Yet unador'd) with all its spreading trees,
Full fraught with apples, chang'd its lofty site.
But, as in life, the golden mean is best;
So happiest he whose green plantation lies
Nor from the hill too far, nor from the shore.
Planter, if thou with wonder wouldst survey
Redundant harvests, load thy willing soil;
Let sun and rain mature thy deep-hoed land,

And old fat dung co-operate with these.
Be this great truth still present to thy mind;
The half well cultur'd far exceeds the whole,
Which lust of gain, unconscious of its end,
Ungrateful vexes with unceasing toil.
As, not indulg'd, the richest lands grow poor;
And Liamuiga may, in future times,
If too much urg'd, her barrenness bewail:
So cultivation, on the shallowest soil,
O'erspread with rocky cliffs, will bid the cane,
With spiry pomp, all bountifully rise.
Thus Britain's flag, should discipline relent,
'Spite of the native courage of her sons,
Would to the lily strike: ah, very far,
Far be that woful day: the lily then
Will rule wide ocean with resistless sway;
And to old Gallia's haughty shore transport
The lessening crops of these delicious isles.
Of composts shall the Muse descend to sing,
Nor soil her heavenly plumes? The sacred Muse
Nought sordid deems, but what is base; nought fair
Unless true Virtue stamp it with her seal.
Then, planter, wouldst thou double thine estate;
Never, ah never, be asham'd to tread
Thy dung-heaps, where the refuse of thy mills,
With all the ashes, all thy coppers yield,
With weeds, mould, dung, and stale, a compost form,
Of force to fertilize the poorest soil.
But, planter, if thy lands lie far remote,
And of access are difficult; on these,
Leave the cane's sapless foliage: and with pens
Wattled (like those the Muse hath ofttimes seen
When frolic Fancy led her youthful steps
In green Dorchestria's plains) the whole enclose:

There well thy stock with provender supply;
The well-fed stock will soon that food repay.
  Some of the skilful teach, and some deny,
That yams improve the soil. In meagre lands
'Tis known the yam will ne'er to bigness swell;
And from each mould the vegetable tribes,
However frugal, nutriment derive:
Yet may their sheltering vines, their dropping leaves,
Their roots dividing the tenacious glebe,
More than refund the sustenance they draw.
  Whether the fattening compost, in each hole,
'Tis best to throw, or, on the surface spread,
Is undetermin'd; trials must decide.
Unless kind rains and fostering dews descend,
To melt the compost's fertilizing salts;
A stinted plant, deceitful of thy hopes,
Will from those beds slow spring where hot dung lies:
But, if 'tis scatter'd generously o'er all,
The cane will better bear the solar blaze;
Less rain demand; and, by repeated crops,
Thy land improv'd, its gratitude will show.
  Enough of composts, Muse; of soils enough:
When best to dig, and when inhume the cane;
A task how arduous! next demands thy song.
  It not imports beneath what sign thy hoes
The deep trough sink, and ridge alternate raise:
If this from washes guard thy gemmy tops;
And that arrest the moisture these require.
  Yet, should the site of thine estate permit,
Let the trade-wind thy ridges ventilate:
So shall a greener, loftier can arise,
And richest nectars in thy coppers foam.
  As art transforms the savage face of things,

And order captivates the' harmonious mind;
Let not thy Blacks irregularly hoe:
But, aided by the line, consult the site
Of thy demesnes; and beautify the whole.
So when a monarch rushes to the war,
To drive invasion from his frighted realm;
Some delegated chief the frontier views,
And to each squadron, and brigade, assigns
Their order'd station: soon the tented field,
Brigade and squadron, whiten on the sight;
And fill spectators with an awful joy.

Planter, Improvement is the child of Time;
What your sires knew not, ye their offspring know;
But hath your art receiv'd Perfection's stamp?
Thou can'st not say.—Unprejudic'd, then learn
Of ancient modes to doubt, and new to try:
And if Philosophy, with Wisdom, deign
Thee to enlighten with their useful lore;
Fair fame and riches will reward thy toil.

Then say, ye swains, whom wealth and fame inspire,
Might not the plough, that rolls on rapid wheels,
Save no small labour to the hoe-arm'd gang?
Might not the culture taught the British hinds,
By Ceres' son, unfailing crops secure;
Though neither dung nor fallowing lent their aid?

The cultur'd land recalls the devious Muse:
Propitious to the planter be the call:
For much, my friend, it thee imports to know
The meetest season to commit thy tops,
With best advantage, to the well-dug mould.
The task how difficult, to cull the best
From thwarting sentiments; and best adorn
What wisdom chooses, in poetic garb!

Yet, Inspiration, come: the theme unsung,
Whence never poet cropt one bloomy wreath;
In vast importance to my native land,
Whose sweet idea rushes on the mind,
And makes me 'mid this paradise repine;
Urge me to pluck, from Fancy's soaring wing,
A plume to deck Experience' hoary brow.
Attend.—The son of Time and Truth declares,
Unless the low-hung clouds drop fatness down,
No bunching plants of vivid green will spring,
In goodly ranks, to fill the planter's eye.
Let then Sagacity, with curious ken,
Remark the various signs of future rain.
The signs of rain, the Mantuan bard hath sung
In loftiest numbers; friendly to thy swains,
Once fertile Italy: but other marks
Portend the approaching shower, in these hot climes.
Short sudden rains, from Ocean's ruffled bed,
Driven by some momentary squalls, will oft,
With frequent heavy bubbling drops, down fall;
While yet the Sun, in cloudless lustre, shines:
And draw their humid train o'er half the Isle.
Unhappy he! who journeys then from home,
No shade to screen him. His untimely fate
His wife, his babes, his friends, will soon deplore;
Unless hot wines, dry clothes, and friction's aid,
His fleeting spirits stay. Yet not even these,
Nor all Apollo's arts, will always bribe
The insidious tyrant, Death, thrice tyrant here:
Else good Amyntor, him the graces lov'd,
Wisdom caress'd, and Themis call'd her own,
Had liv'd by all admir'd, had now perus'd
"These lines with all the malice of a friend."

Yet future rains the careful may fortell:
Mosquitoes, sand-flies, seek the shelter'd roof,
And with fell rage the stranger-guest assail,
Nor spare the sportive child; from their retreats
Cockroaches crawl displeasingly abroad:
These, without pity, let thy slaves destroy;
(Like Harpies, they defile whate'er they touch)
While those, the smother of combustion quells.
The speckled lizard to its hole retreats,
And black crabs travel from the mountain down;
Thy ducks their feathers prune; thy doves return,
In faithful flocks, and, on the neighbouring roof,
Perch frequent; where, with pleas'd attention, they
Behold the deepening congregated clouds,
With sadness blot the azure vault of Heaven.
Now, while the shower depends, and rattle loud
Your doors and windows, haste, ye housewives, place
Your spouts and pails; ye Negroes, seek the shade,
Save those who open with the ready hoe
The enriching water-course: for, see, the drops,
Which fell with slight aspersion, now descend
In streams continuous on the laughing land.
The coyest Naïads quit their rocky caves,
And, with delight, run brawling to the main;
While those who love still visible to glad
The thirsty plains from never-ceasing urns,
Assume more awful majesty, and pour,
With force resistless, down the channel'd rocks.
The rocks, or split, or hurried from their base,
With trees, are whirl'd impetuous to the sea:
Fluctuates the forest; the torn mountains roar:
The main itself recoils for many a league,
While its green face is chang'd to sordid brown.
A grateful freshness every sense pervades;

While beats the heart with unaccustom'd joy:
Her stores fugacious Memory now recalls;
And Fancy prunes her wings for loftiest flights.
The mute creation shares the enlivening hour;
Bounds the brisk kid, and wanton plays the lamb.
The drooping plants revive; ten thousand blooms,
Which, with their fragrant scents, perfume the air,
Burst into being; while the canes put on
Glad Nature's liveliest robe, the vivid green.
  But chief, let fix'd Attention cast his eye
On the mountain, whose high rocky verge
The wild fig canopies, (vast woodland king,
Beneath thy branching shade a banner'd host
May lie in ambush!) and whose shaggy sides,
Trees shade, of endless green, enormous size,
Wondrous in shape, to botany unknown,
Old as the deluge.—There, in secret haunts,
The watery spirits ope their liquid court;
There, with the wood-nymphs, link'd in festal band
(Soft airs and Phœbus wing them to their arms)
Hold amorous dalliance. Ah, may none profane,
With fire, or steel, their mystic privacy:
For there their fluent offspring first see day,
Coy infants sporting: silver-footed dew
To bathe by night thy sprouts in genial balm;
The green-stol'd Naïad of the tinkling rill,
Whose brow the fern-tree shades: the power of rain
To glad the thirsty soil on which, arrang'd,
The gemmy summits of the cane await
Thy Negro-train, (in linen lightly wrapt)
Who now that painted Iris girds the sky,
(Aerial arch, which Fancy loves to stride!)
Disperse, all-jocund, o'er the long-hoed land.
  The bundles some untie; the wither'd leaves,

Others strip artful off, and careful lay,
Twice one junk, distant in the amplest bed:
O'er these, with hasty hoe, some lightly spread
The mounded interval, and smooth the trench:
Well-pleas'd, the master-swain reviews their toil;
And rolls, in fancy, many a full-fraught cask.
So, when the shield was forg'd for Peleus' son;
The swarthy Cyclops shar'd th' important task:
With bellows, some reviv'd the seeds of fire;
Some, gold, and brass, and steel, together fus'd
In the vast furnace; while a chosen few,
In equal measures lifting their bare arms,
Inform the mass; and, hissing in the wave,
Temper the glowing orb: their sire beholds,
Amaz'd, the wonders of his fusile art.

While Procyon reigns yet fervid in the sky;
While yet the fiery Sun in Leo rides;
And the Sun s child, the mail'd anana, yields
His regal apple to the ravish'd taste;
And thou green avocato, charm of sense,
Thy ripened marrow liberally bestow'st;
Begin the distant mountain-land to plant:
So shall thy canes defy November's cold,
Ungenial to the upland young; so best,
Unstinted by the arrow's deadening power,
Long yellow joints shall flow with generous juice.

But, till the lemon, orange, and the lime,
Amid their verdant umbrage, countless glow
With fragrant fruit of vegetable gold;
Till yellow plantanes bend the unstain'd bough
With crooked clusters, prodigally full;
Till Capricorn command the cloudy sky,
And moist Aquarius melt in daily showers,
Friend to the cane-isles; trust not thou thy tops,

Thy future riches, to the low-land plain :
And if kind Heaven, in pity to thy prayers,
Shed genial influence ; as the Earth absolves
Her annual circuit, thy rich ripen'd canes
Shall load thy waggons, mules, and Negro-train.
  But chief thee, planter, it imports to mark
(Whether thou breathe the mountain's humid air,
Or pant with heat continual on the plain)
What months relent, and which from rain are free.
In different islands of the ocean-stream,
Even in the different parts of the same isle,
The seasons vary ; yet attention soon
Will give thee each variety to know.
This once observ'd, at such a time inhume
Thy plants, that, when they joint, (important age,
Like youth just stepping into life) the clouds
May constantly bedew them : so shall they
Avoid those ails, which else their manhood kill.
Six times the changeful Moon must blunt her horns,
And fill with borrowed light her silvery urn,
Ere thy tops, trusted to the mountain-land,
Commence their jointing ; but four moons suffice
To bring to puberty the low-land cane.
  In plants, in beasts, in man's imperial race,
An alien mixture meliorates the breed ;
Hence canes, that sickened dwarfish on the plain,
Will shoot with giant-vigour on the hill.
Thus all depends on all ; so God ordains.
Then let not man for little selfish ends,
(Britain, remember this important truth !)
Presume the principle to counteract
Of universal love ; for God is love,
And wide creation shares alike his care.
  'Tis said by some, and not unletter'd they,

That chief the planter, if he wealth desire,
Should note the phases of the fickle Moon.
On thee, sweet empress of the night, depend
The tides; stern Neptune pays his court to thee;
The winds, obedient at thy bidding, shift,
And tempests rise or fall; even lordly man,
Thine energy controls.—Not so the cane;
The cane its independency may boast,
Though some less noble plants thine influence own.
  Of mountain-lands economy permits
A third, in canes of mighty growth to rise:
But, in the low-land plain, the half will yield
Though not so lofty, yet a richer cane,
For many a crop; if seasons glad the soil.
  While rolls the Sun from Aries to the Bull,
And till the Virgin his hot beams inflame;
The cane, with richest, most redundant juice,
Thy spacious coppers fills. Then manage so,
By planting in succession, that thy crops
The wond'ring daughters of the main may waft
To Britain's shore, ere Libra weigh the year:
So shall thy merchant cheerful credit grant,
And well-earn'd opulence thy cares repay.
  Thy fields thus planted; to secure the canes
From the goat's baneful tooth; the churning boar;
From thieves; from fire or casual or design'd;
Unfailing herbage to thy toiling herds
Would'st thou afford; and the spectators charm
With beauteous prospects: let the frequent hedge
Thy green plantation, regular, divide.
  With limes, with lemons, let thy fences glow,
Grateful to sense; now children of this clime:
And here and there let oranges erect
Their shapely beauties, and perfume the sky.

Nor less delightful blooms the logwood-hedge,
Whose wood to coction yields a precious balm,
Specific in the flux: endemial ail,
Much cause have I to weep thy fatal sway.—
But God is just, and man must not repine.
Nor shall the ricinus unnoted pass;
Yet, if the cholic's deathful pangs thou dread'st,
Taste not its luscious nut. The acasse,
With which the sons of Jewry, stiff-neck'd race,
Conjecture says, our God-Messiah crown'd;
Soon shoots a thick impenetrable fence,
Whose scent perfumes the night and morning sky,
Though baneful be its root. The privet too,
Whose white flowers rival the first drifts of snow
On Grampia's piny hills, (O might the Muse
Tread, flush'd with health, the Grampian hills again!)
Emblem of innocence, shall grace my song.
Boast of the shrubby tribe, carnation fair,
Nor thou repine, though late the Muse record
Thy bloomy honours. Tipt with burnish'd gold,
And with imperial purple crested high,
More gorgeous than the train of Juno's bird,
Thy bloomy honours oft the curious Muse
Hath seen transported: seen the humming bird,
Whose burnish'd neck bright glows with verdant gold;
Least of the winged vagrants of the sky,
Yet dauntless as the strong-pounc'd bird of Jove;
With fluttering vehemence attack thy cups,
To rob them of their nectar's luscious store.
But if with stones thy meagre lands are spread;
Be these collected, they will pay thy toil:
And let Vitruvius, aided by the line,
Fence thy plantations with a thick-built wall.

On this lay cuttings of the prickly pear;
They soon a formidable fence will shoot:
Wild liquorice here its red beads loves to hang,
Whilst scandent blossoms, yellow, purple, blue,
Unhurt, wind round its shield-like leaf and spears.
Nor is its fruit inelegant of taste,
Though more its colour charms the ravish'd eye;
Vermeil, as youthful beauty's roseat hue;
As thine, fair Christobelle: ah, when will Fate,
That long hath scowl'd relentless on the bard,
Give him some small plantation to enclose,
Which he may call his own? Not wealth he craves,
But independence: yet if thou, sweet maid,
In health and virtue bloom; though worse betide,
Thy smile will smooth Adversity's rough brow.
  In Italy's green bounds, the myrtle shoots
A fragrant fence, and blossoms in the Sun.
Here, on the rockiest verge of these blest isles,
With little care, the plant of love would grow.
Then to the citron join the plant of love,
And with their scent and shade enrich your isles.
  Yet some pretend, and not unspecious they,
The wood-nymphs foster the contagious blast.
Foes to the Dryads, they remorseless fell
Each shrub of shade, each tree of spreading root,
That woo the first glad fannings of the breeze.
Far from the Muse be such inhuman thoughts;
Far better recks she of the woodland tribes,
Earth's eldest birth, and Earth's best ornament.
Ask him, whom rude necessity compels
To dare the noontide fervour, in this clime,
Ah, most intensely hot; how much he longs
For cooling vast impenetrable shade?
The Muse, alas, th' experienc'd Muse can tell:

Oft hath she travell'd, while solstitial beams
Shot yellow deaths on the devoted land;
Oft, oft hath she their ill-judg'd avarice blam'd,
Who, to the stranger, to their slaves and herds,
Denied this best of joys, the breezy shade.
And are there none, whom generous pity warms,
Friends to the woodland reign; whom shades delight?
Who, round their green domains, plant hedge-row trees;
And with cool cedars screen the public way?
Yes, good Montano; friend of man was he:
Him persecution, virtue's deadliest foe,
Drove, a lorn exile, from his native shore;
From his green hills, where many a fleecy flock,
Where many a heifer cropt their wholesome food;
And many a swain, obedient to his rule,
Him their lov'd master, their protector, own'd.
Yet, from that paradise, to Indian wilds,
To tropic suns, to fell barbaric hinds,
A poor outcast, an alien, did he roam;
His wife, the partner of his better hours,
And one sweet infant, cheer'd his dismal way.
Unus'd to labour; yet the orient Sun,
Yet western Phœbus, saw him wield the hoe.
At first a garden all his wants supplied,
(For Temperance sat cheerful at his board)
With yams, cassada, and the food of strength,
Thrice wholesome tanies: while a neighbouring dell,
(Which nature to the soursop had resign'd)
With ginger, and with Raleigh's pungent plant,
Gave wealth; and gold bought better land and slaves.

Heaven bless'd his labour: now the cotton-shrub,
Grac'd with broad yellow flowers, unhurt by worms,
O'er many an acre shed its whitest down:
The power of rain in genial moisture bath'd
His cacao-walk, which teem'd with marrowy pods;
His coffee bath'd, that glow'd with berries, red
As Danae's lip, or, Theodosia, thine,
Yet countless as the pebbles on the shore;
Oft, while drought kill'd his impious neighbour's grove.
In time, a numerous gang of sturdy slaves,
Well-fed, well-cloth'd, all emulous to gain
Their master's smile, who treated them like men,
Blacken'd his cane-lands: which with vast increase,
Beyond the wish of avarice, paid his toil.
No cramps, with sudden death, surpris'd his mules;
No glander-pest his airy stables thinn'd:
And, if disorder seiz'd his Negro train,
Celsus was call'd, and pining Illness flew.
His gate stood wide to all; but chief the poor,
The' unfriended stranger, and the sickly, shar'd
His prompt munificence: no surly dog,
Nor surlier Ethiop, their approach debarr'd.
The Muse, that pays this tribute to his fame,
Oft hath escap'd the Sun's meridian blaze,
Beneath yon tamarind-vista, which his hands
Planted; and which, impervious to the Sun,
His latter days beheld.—One noon he sat
Beneath its breezy shade, what time the Sun
His sultry vengeance from the Lion pour'd;
And calmly thus his eldest hope addrest.
'Be pious, be industrious, be humane;
From proud oppression guard the labouring hind.
Whate'er their creed, God is the Sire of man,

His image they; then dare not thou, my son,
To bar the gates of mercy on mankind.
Your foes forgive, for merit must make foes;
And in each virtue far surpass your sire.
Your means are ample, Heaven a heart bestow!
So health and peace shall be your portion here;
And yon bright sky, to which my soul aspires,
Shall bless you with eternity of joy.'
He spoke, and ere the swift-wing'd zumbadore
The mountain desert startled with his hum;
Ere fire-flies trimm'd their vital lamps; and ere
Dun Evening trod on rapid Twilight's heel:
His knell was rung;.....
And all the cane-lands wept their father lost.
Muse, yet awhile indulge my rapid course;
And I'll unharness, soon, the foaming steeds.
If Jove descend, propitious to thy vows,
In frequent floods of rain, successive crops
Of weeds will spring. Nor venture to repine,
Though oft their toil thy little gang renew;
Their toil tenfold the melting heavens repay:
For soon thy plants will magnitude acquire,
To crush all undergrowth; before the Sun,
The planets thus withdraw their puny fires.
And though untutor'd, then, thy canes will shoot:
Care meliorates their growth. The trenches fill
With their collateral mould; as in a town
Which foes have long beleaguer'd, unawares
A strong detachment sallies from each gate,
And levels all the labours of the plain.
And now thy cane's first blades their verdure lose,
And hang their idle heads. Be these stript off;
So shall fresh sportive airs their joints embrace,

And by their dalliance give the sap to rise.
But, O beware, let no unskilful hand
The vivid foilage tear: their channel'd spouts,
Well-pleas'd, the wat'ry nutriment convey,
With filial duty, to the thirsty stem;
And, spreading wide their reverential arms,
Defend their parent from solstitial skies.

THE SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following book having been originally addressed to William Shenstone, Esq. and by him approved of, the author should deem it a kind of poetical sacrilege, now, to address it to any other. To his memory, therefore, be it sacred; as a small but sincere testimony of the high opinion the author entertain'd of that gentleman's genius and manners; and as the only return now, alas! in his power to make, for the friendship wherewith Mr. Shenstone had condescended to honour him.

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. Address to William Shenstone, Esq. Of monkeys. Of rats and other vermin. Of weeds. Of the yellow fly. Of the greasy fly. Of the blast. A hurricane described. Of calms and earthquakes. A tale.

Enough of culture.—A less pleasing theme,
What ills await the ripening cane, demands
My serious numbers: these, the thoughtful Muse
Hath oft beheld, deep-pierc'd with generous woe.

For she, poor exile! boasts no waving crops;
For her no circling mules press dulcet streams;
No Negro-band huge foaming coppers skim;
Nor fermentation (wine's dread sire) for her,
With Vulcan's aid, from cane a spirit draws,
Potent to quell the madness of despair.
Yet, oft, the range she walks, at shut of eve;
Oft sees red lightning at the midnight-hour,
When nod the watches, stream along the skies;
Not innocent, as what the learned call
The Boreal morn, which, through the azure air,
Flashes its tremulous rays, in painted streaks,
While o'er Night's veil her lucid tresses flow:
Nor quits the Muse her walk, immers'd in thought,
How she the planter, haply, may advise;
Till tardy Morn unbar the gates of light,
And, opening on the main with sultry beam,
To burnish'd silver turns the blue-green wave.
Say, will my Shenstone lend a patient ear,
And weep at woes unknown to Britain's isle?
Yes, thou wilt weep; for Pity chose thy breast,
With Taste and Science, for their soft abode:
Yes, thou wilt weep: thine own distress thou bear'st
Undaunted; but another's melts thy soul.
'O were my pipe as soft, my dittied song'
As smooth as thine, my too, too distant friend,
Shenstone! my soft pipe and my dittied song
Should hush the hurricane's tremendous roar,
And from each evil guard the ripening cane!
Destructive, on the upland sugar-groves
The monkey nation preys: from rocky heights,
In silent parties, they descend by night,
And posting watchful sentinels, to warn
When hostile steps approach, with gambols they

Pour o'er the cane-grove. Luckless he to whom
That land pertains! in evil hour, perhaps,
And thoughtless of to-morrow, on a die
He hazards millions; or, perhaps, reclines
On Luxury's soft lap, the pest of wealth:
And, inconsiderate, deems his Indian crops
Will amply her insatiate wants supply.
From these insidious droles (peculiar pest
Of Liamuiga's hills) would'st thou defend
Thy waving wealth; in traps put not thy trust,
However baited: treble every watch,
And well with arms provide them; faithful dogs,
Of nose sagacious, on their footsteps wait.
With these attack the predatory bands;
Quickly the' unequal conflict they decline,
And, chattering, fling their ill-got spoils away.
So when, of late, innumerous Gallic hosts,
Fierce, wanton, cruel, did by stealth invade
The peaceable American's domains,
While desolation mark'd their faithless route;
No sooner Albion's martial sons advanc'd,
Than the gay dastards to their forests fled,
And left their spoils and tomahawks behind.
Nor with less waste the whisker'd vermin race,
A countless clan, despoil the low-land cane.
These to destroy, while commerce hoists the sail,
Loose rocks abound, or tangling bushes bloom,
What planter knows?—Yet prudence may reduce
Encourage then the breed of savage cats,
Nor kill the winding snake: thy foes they eat.
Thus, on the mangrove-banks of Guayaquil,
Child of the rocky desert, sea-like stream,
With studious care, the American preserves
The gallinazo, else that sea-like stream

(Whence Traffic pours her bounties on mankind)
Dread alligators would alone possess.
Thy foes, the teeth-fil'd Ibbos also love;
Nor thou their wayward appetite restrain.
  Some place decoys, nor will they not avail,
Replete with roasted crabs, in every grove
These fell marauders gnaw; and pay their slaves
Some small reward for every captive foe.
So practise Gallia's sons! but Britons trust
In other wiles; and surer their success.
  With Misnian arsenic, deleterious bane,
Pound up the ripe cassada's well-rasp'd root,
And form in pellets; these profusely spread
Round the cane groves, where skulk the vermin breed:
They, greedy, and unweeting of the bait,
Crowd to the' inviting cates, and swift devour
Their palatable death; for soon they seek
The neighbouring spring: and drink, and swell, and die.
But dare not thou, if life deserve thy care,
The infected rivulet taste: nor let thy herds
Graze its polluted brinks, till rolling time
Have fin'd the water, and destroy'd the bane.
'Tis safer then to mingle nightshade's juice
With flour, and throw it liberal 'mong thy canes:
They touch not this; its deadly scent they fly,
And sudden colonize some distant vale.
  Shall the Muse deign to sing of humble weeds,
That check the progress of the' imperial cane?
  In every soil, unnumber'd weeds will spring;
Nor fewest in the best: (thus oft we find
Enormous vices taint the noblest souls!)
These let thy little gang, with skilful hand,

Oft as they spread abroad, and oft they spread,
Careful pluck up, to swell thy growing heap
Of rich manure. And yet some weeds arise,
Of aspect mean, with wondrous virtues fraught:
(And doth not oft uncommon merit dwell
In men of vulgar looks, and trivial air?)
Such, planter, be not thou asham'd to save
From foul pollution, and unseemly rot;
Much will they benefit thy house and thee.
But chief the yellow thistle thou select,
Whose seed the stomach frees from nauseous loads;
And, if the music of the mountain dove
Delight shy pensive ear, sweet friend to thought!
This prompts their cooing, and inflames their love.
Nor let rude hands the knotted grass profane,
Whose juice worms fly: ah, dire endemial ill!
How many fathers, fathers now no more;
How many orphans, now lament thy rage?
The cow-itch also save: but let thick gloves
Thine hands defend, or thou wilt sadly rue
Thy rash imprudence, when ten thousand darts,
Sharp as the bee-sting, fasten in thy flesh,
And give thee up to torture. But, unhurt,
Planter, thou may'st the humble chickweed cull,
And that, which coyly flies the' astonish'd grasp.
Not the confection nam'd from Pontus' king;
Not the bless'd apple Median climes produce,
Though lofty Maro (whose immortal Muse
Distant I follow, and, submiss, adore)
Hath sung its properties, to counteract
Dire spells, slow-mutter'd o'er the baneful bowl,
Where cruel stepdames pois'nous drugs have
brew'd;
Can vie with these low tenants of the vale,

In driving poisons from th' infected frame:
For here, alas! (ye sons of Luxury mark!)
The sea, though on its bosom halcyons sleep,
Abounds with poison'd fish; whose crimson fins,
Whose eyes, whose scales, bedropt with azure, gold,
Purple, and green, in all gay Summer's pride,
Amuse the sight; whose taste the palate charms;
Yet Death, in ambush, on the banquet waits,
Unless these antidotes be timely given.
But say, what strains, what numbers can recite,
Thy praises, vervain; or, wild liquorice, thine?
For not the costly root, the gift of God,
Gather'd by those, who drink the Volga's wave,
(Prince of Europa's streams, itself a sea)
Equals your potency! Did planters know
But half your virtues, not the cane itself
Would they with greater, fonder pains preserve!
Still other maladies infest the cane,
And worse to be subdu'd. The insect-tribe
That, fluttering, spread their pinions to the Sun,
Recall the Muse: nor shall their many eyes,
Though edg'd with gold, their many-colour'd down,
From death preserve them. In what distant clime,
In what recesses are the plunderers hatch'd?
Say, are they wafted in the living gale,
From distant islands? Thus, the locust-breed,
In winged caravans, that blot the sky,
Descend from far, and, ere bright morning dawn,
Astonish'd Afric sees her crop devour'd.
Or, doth the cane a proper nest afford,
And food adapted to the yellow fly?——
The skill'd in Nature's mystic lore observe,
Each tree, each plant, that drinks the golden day,
Some reptile life sustains. Thus cochinille

Feeds on the Indian fig; and, should it harm
The foster plant, its worth that harm repays:
But ye, base insects! no bright scarlet yield,
To deck the British Wolfe; who now, perhaps,
(So Heaven and George ordain) in triumph mounts
Some strong-built fortress, won from haughty Gaul!
And though no plant such luscious nectar yields,
As yields the cane-plant; yet, vile parricides!
Ungrateful ye! the parent-cane destroy.
Muse! say, what remedy hath skill devis'd
To quell this noxious foe? Thy Blacks send forth,
A strong detachment! ere the increasing pest
Have made too firm a lodgment! and, with care,
Wipe every tainted blade, and liberal lave
With sacred Neptune's purifying stream.
But this Augæan toil long time demands,
Which thou to more advantage may'st employ:
If vows for rain thou ever didst prefer,
Planter, prefer them now: the rattling shower
Pour'd down in constant streams, for days and nights,
Not only swells, with nectar sweet, thy canes;
But, in the deluge, drowns thy plundering foe.
When may the planter idly fold his arms,
And say, "My soul, take rest?" Superior ills,
Ills which no care nor wisdom can avert,
In black succession rise. Ye men of Kent,
When nipping Eurus, with the brutal force
Of Boreas, join'd in ruffian league, assail
Your ripen'd hop-grounds; tell me what you feel,
And pity the poor planter; when the blast,
Fell plague of Heaven! perdition of the isles!
Attacks his waving gold. Though well-manur'd;
A richness though thy fields from Nature boast;
Though seasons pour; this pestilence invades:

Too oft it seizes the glad infant throng,
Nor pities their green nonage : their broad blades,
Of which the graceful wood-nymphs erst compos'd
The greenest garlands to adorn their brows,
First pallid, sickly, dry, and wither'd show ;
Unseemly stains succeed ; which, nearer view'd
By microscopic arts, small eggs appear,
Dire fraught with reptile life ; alas, too soon
They burst their filmy gaol, and crawl abroad,
Bugs of uncommon shape ; thrice hideous show !
Innumerous as the painted shells, that load
The wave-worn margin of the Virgin-isles !
Innumerous as the leaves the plumb-tree sheds,
When, proud of her fecundity, she shows,
Naked, her gold fruit to the god of noon.
Remorseless to its youth ; what pity, say,
Can the cane's age expect ? In vain, its pith
With juice nectareous flows ; to pungent sour,
Foe to the bowels, soon its nectar turns :
Vain every joint a gemmy embryo bears,
Alternate rang'd ; from these no filial young
Shall grateful spring, to bless the planter's eye.
With bugs confederate, in destructive league,
The ants' republic joins ; a villain crew,
As the waves countless that plough up the deep,
(Where Eurus reigns vicegerent of the sky,
Whom Rhea bore to the bright god of day)
When furious Auster dire commotions stirs :
These wind, by subtle sap, their secret way,
Pernicious pioneers ! while those invest,
More firmly daring, in the face of Heaven,
And win, by regular approach, the cane.
'Gainst such ferocious, such unnumber'd bands,
What arts, what arms shall sage experience use ?

Some bid the planter load the favouring gale
With pitch, and sulphur's suffocating steam.
Useless the vapour o'er the cane-grove flies,
In curling volumes lost; such feeble arms,
To man though fatal, not the blast subdue.
Others again, and better their success,
Command their slaves each tainted blade to pick
With care, and burn them in vindictive flames.
Labour immense! and yet, if small the pest;
If numerous, if industrious be thy gang;
At length, thou may'st the victory obtain.
But, if the living taint be far diffus'd,
Bootless this toil; nor will it then avail
(Though ashes lend their suffocating aid)
To bare the broad roots, and the mining swarms
Expose, remorseless, to the burning noon.
Ah! must then ruin desolate the plain?
Must the lost planter other climes explore?
Howe'er reluctant, let the hoe uproot
The' infected cane-piece; and, with eager flames,
The hostile myriads thou to embers turn:
Far better, thus, a mighty loss sustain,
Which happier years and prudence may retrieve;
Than risk thine all. As when an adverse storm,
Impetuous, thunders on some luckless ship,
From green St. Christopher, or Cathäy bound:
Each nautic art the reeling seamen try:
The storm redoubles: Death rides every wave:
Down by the board the cracking masts they hew;
And heave their precious cargo in the main.
Say, can the Muse, the pencil in her hand,
The all-wasting hurricane observant ride?
Can she, undazzled, view the lightning's glare,
That fires the welkin? Can she, unappall'd,

When all the flood-gates of the sky are ope,
The shoreless deluge stem? The Muse hath seen
The pillar'd flame, whose top hath reach'd the stars;
Seen rocky, molten fragments, slung in air
From Ætna's vext abyss; seen burning streams
Pour down its channel'd side; tremend us scenes!—
Yet not vex'd Ætna's pillar'd flames, that strike
The stars; nor molten mountains hurl'd on high;
Nor pond'rous rapid deluges, that burn
Its deeply-channel'd sides; cause such dismay,
Such desolation, Hurricane! as thou;
When the Almighty gives thy rage to blow,
And all the battles of thy winds engage.

Soon as the Virgin's charms engross the Sun;
And till his weaker flame the Scorpion feels;
But, chief, while Libra weighs the' unsteady year:
Planter, with mighty props thy dome support;
Each flaw repair; and well, with massy bars,
Thy doors and windows guard; securely lodge
Thy stocks and mill-points.—Then, or calms obtain;
Breathless the royal palm-tree's airiest van;
While, o'er the panting isle, the demon Heat
High hurls his flaming brand; vast, distant waves
The main drives furious in, and heaps the shore
With strange productions: or, the blue serene
Assumes a louring aspect, as the clouds
Fly, wild-careering, through the vault of Heaven;
Then transient birds, of various kinds, frequent
Each stagnant pool; some hover o'er thy roof;
Then Eurus reigns no more; but each bold wind,
By turns, usurps the empire of the air
With quick inconstancy;
Thy herds, as sapient of the coming storm,
(For beasts partake some portion of the sky)

In troops associate; and, in cold sweats bath'd,
Wild-bellowing, eye the pole. Ye seamen, now,
Ply to the southward, if the changeful Moon,
Or, in her interlunar palace hid, [glows:
Shuns Night; or, full-orb'd, in Night's forehead
For, see! the mists, that late involv'd the hill,
Disperse; the midday Sun looks red; strange burs
Surround the stars, which vaster fill the eye.
A horrid stench the pools, the main emits;
Fearful the genius of the forest sighs;
The mountains moan; deep groans the cavern'd cliff.
A night of vapour, closing fast around,
Snatches the golden noon.—Each wind appeas'd,
The North flies forth, and hurls the frighted air:
Not all the brazen engin'ries of man,
At once exploded, the wild burst surpass.
Yet thunder, yok'd with lightning and with rain,
Water with fire, increase the' infernal din:
Canes, shrubs, trees, huts, are whirl'd aloft in air.—
The wind is spent; and 'all the isle below
Is hush as death.'
Soon issues forth the West, with sudden burst;
And blasts more rapid, more resistless drives:
Rushes the headlong sky; the city rocks;
The good man throws him on the trembling ground;
And dies the murderer in his inmost soul.
Sullen the West withdraws his eager storms.—
Will not the tempest now his furies chain?
Ah, no! as when in Indian forests, wild,
Barbaric armies suddenly retire
After some furious onset, and, behind
Vast rocks and trees, their horrid forms conceal,
Brooding on slaughter, not repuls'd; for soon
Their growing yell the affrighted welkin rends.

And bloodier carnage mows the' ensanguin'd plain:
So the South, sallying from his iron caves
With mightier force, renews the aërial war;
Sleep, frighted, flies; and, see! yon lofty palm,
Fair Nature's triumph, pride of Indian groves,
Cleft by the sulphurous bolt! See yonder dome,
Where grandeur with propriety combin'd,
And Theodorus with devotion dwelt;
Involv'd in smouldering flames.—From ev'ry rock
Dashes the turbid torrent; through each street
A river foams, which sweeps with untam'd might,
Men, oxen, cane-lands to the billowy main.—
Pauses the wind.—Anon the savage East
Bids his wing'd tempests more relentless rave;
Now brighter, vaster coruscations flash;
Deepens the deluge; nearer thunders roll;
Earth trembles; Ocean reels; and, in her fangs,
Grim Desolation tears the shrieking isle,
Ere rosy Morn possess the' ethereal plain,
To pour on darkness the full flood of day.—
  Nor does the Hurricane's all-wasting wrath
Alone bring ruin on its sounding wing;
Ev'n calms are dreadful, and the fiery South
Oft reigns a tyrant in these fervid isles:
For, from its burning furnace, when it breathes,
Europe and Asia's vegetable sons,
Touch'd by its tainting vapour, shrivell'd, die.
The hardiest children of the rocks repine:
And all the upland tropic plants hang down
Their drooping heads; show arid, coil'd, adust.
The main itself seems parted into streams,
Clear as a mirror; and, with deadly scents,
Annoys the rower; who, heart-fainting, eyes
The sails hang idly, noiseless, from the mast.

Thrice hapless he, whom thus the hand of Fate
Compels to risk the' insufferable beam!
A fiend, the worst the angry skies ordain
To punish sinful man, shall fatal seize
His wretched life, and to the tomb consign.
  When such the ravage of the burning calm
On the stout, sunny children of the hill; [sprouts
What must thy cane-lands feel? Thy late green
Nor bunch, nor joint; but, sapless, arid, pine:
Those, who have manhood reach'd, of yellow hue,
(Symptom of health and strength) soon ruddy show;
While the rich juice that circled in their veins,
Acescent, wat'ry, poor, unwholesome tastes.
  Nor only, planter, are thy cane-groves burnt;
Thy life is threaten'd. Muse, the manner sing.
  Then earthquakes, Nature's agonizing pangs,
Oft shake the' astonish'd isles: the solfaterre
Or sends forth thick, blue, suffocating steams;
Or shoots to temporary flame. A din,
Wild, through the mountain's quivering rocky caves,
Like the dread crash of tumbling planets, roars.
When tremble thus the pillars of the globe,
Like the tall cocoa by the fierce North blown;
Can the poor, brittle, tenements of man
Withstand the dread convulsion? Their dear homes
(Which, shaking, tottering, crashing, bursting, fall)
The boldest fly; and, on the open plain
Appall'd, in agony the moment wait,
When, with disrupture vast, the waving Earth
Shall whelm them in her sea-disgorging womb.
  Nor less affrighted are the bestial kind.
The bold steed quivers in each panting vein,
And staggers, bath'd in deluges of sweat:
Thy lowing herds forsake their grassy food,

And send forth frighted, woeful, hollow sounds:
The dog, thy trusty sentinel of night,
Deserts his post assign'd; and, piteous, howls.
Wide Ocean feels:.....
The mountain-waves, passing their custom'd bounds,
Make direful, loud incursions on the land,
All-overwhelming: sudden they retreat,
With their whole troubled waters; but, anon,
Sudden return, with louder, mightier force;
(The black rocks whiten, the vext shores resound)
And yet, more rapid, distant they retire.
Vast coruscations lighten all the sky,
With volum'd flames; while Thunder's awful voice,
From forth his shrine, by night and horror girt,
Astounds the guilty, and appals the good:
For oft the best, smote by the bolt of Heaven,
Wrapt in ethereal flame, forget to live:
Else, fair Theana,—Muse, her fate deplore.
Soon as young reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,
His father sent him from these genial isles,
To where old Thames with conscious pride surveys
Green Eton, soft abode of every Muse.
Each classic beauty soon he made his own;
And soon fam'd Isis saw him woo the Nine,
On her inspiring banks: Love tun'd his song;
For fair Theana was his only theme,
Acasto's daughter, whom, in early youth,
He oft distinguish'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending cocoa's airy height,
To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he presented, more nectareous deem'd.
The sweetest sappadillas oft he brought;
From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd.—
Nor had long absence yet effac'd her form;

Her charms still triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taste mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expression, and in grace,
She shone all perfect; while each pleasing art,
And each soft virtue that the sex adorns,
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain,
Which Percy's happier pencil would demand,
Can ill describe the transports Junio felt
At this discovery: he declar'd his love;
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.
And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch,
For this delighted pair? Ah, Junio knew
His sire detested his Theana's house!—
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conspir'd
To check their happy union. He resolv'd
(And many a sigh that resolution cost)
To pass the time, till death his sire remov'd,
In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
While she (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native isle.
Though learned, curious, and though nobly bent,
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to serve; no joys he found.
Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the seat of every Muse,
Of freedom, courage; yet Ausonia's clime,
His steps explor'd; where painting, music's strains,
Where arts, where laws, (Philosophy's best child)
With rival beauties, his attention claim'd.
To his just-judging, his instructed eye,
The' all-perfect Medicean Venus seem'd
A perfect semblance of his Indian fair:

But, when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd
The' harmonious warblings of Italian song.
Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,
Which briefly told him of his father's death.
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven resign'd,
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd,
Eager to clasp the object of his love.
Blow prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po:
Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.
In Biscay's stormy seas an armed ship,
Of force superior from loud Charente's wave
Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew
Their colours strike; when dauntless Junio, fir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,
Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,
So plied their cannon, plied their missile fires,
That soon in air the hapless thunderer blew.
Blow prosperous breezes, swiftly sail thou Po,
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!
Soon Porto Santo's rocky height they spy,
Like clouds dim rising in the distant air.
Glad Eurus whistles; laugh the sportive crew;
Each sail is set to catch the favouring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,
Strikes the boneta, or the shark insnares.
The fring'd urtica spreads her purple form
To catch the gale, and dances o'er the waves.
Small winged fishes on the shrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently play'd around.
Though faster than the tropic bird they flew,
Oft Junio cried, 'Ah! when shall we see land?'

Soon land they made: and now in thought he claspt
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.
She, no less amorous, ev'ry evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's vessel to descry.
One eve (faint calms for many a day had rag'd)
The winged demons of the tempest rose;
Thunder, and rain, and lightning's awful power.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave; the' ethereal bolt,
That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd.
Meanwhile, impatient Junio leapt ashore,
Regardless of the demons of the storm.
Ah, youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burst on thee? Urge not so
Thy flying courser. Soon Theana's porch
Receiv'd him: at his sight, the ancient slaves
Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point:—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He enter'd hasty.....
Ah! what a sight for one who lov'd so well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpse of joy
Play'd on her face, while with faint, faltering voice,
She thus addrest the youth, whom yet she knew.
'Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore!
Thy sight repays this summons of my fate:
Live, and live happy; sometimes think of me:
By night, by day, you still engag'd my care;
And, next to God, you now my thoughts employ:
Accept of this——my little all I give;
Would it were larger'——Nature could no more;
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.

But say, what strains, what language can express
The thousand pangs which tore the lover's breast?
Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,
Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak;
Nor words he found: he claspt her in his arms;
He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died away.
One grave contains this hapless, faithful pair;
And still the cane-isles tell their matchless love!

THE SUGAR-CANE;

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Hymn to the month of January, when crop begins. Address. Planters have employment all the year round. Planters should be pious. A ripe cane-piece on fire at midnight. Crop begun. Cane-cutting described. Effects of music. Great care requisite in feeding the mill. Humanity towards the maimed recommended. The tainted canes should not be ground. Their use. How to preserve the laths and mill-points from sudden squalls. Address to the Sun, and praise of Antigua. A cattle-mill described. Care of mules, &c. Diseases to which they are subject. A water-mill the least liable to interruption. Common in Guadaloupe and Martinico. Praise of lord Romney. The necessity of a strong, clear fire, in boiling. Planters should always have a spare set of vessels, because the iron furnaces are apt to crack, and copper vessels to melt. The danger of throwing cold water into a thorough-heated furnace. Cleanliness and skimming well recommended. A boiling house should be lofty, and open at top, to the leeward. Constituent parts of vegetables. Sugar, an essential salt. What retards its granulation. How to forward it. Dumb cane. Effects of it. Bristol lime the best temper. Various uses of Bristol lime. Good muscovado described. Bermudas lime recommended. The Negroes should not be hindered from drinking the hot liquor. The cheerfulness and healthiness of the Negroes in crop-time. Boilers to be encouraged. They should neither boil the sugar too little, nor too much. When the sugar is of too loose a grain, and about to boil over the teache, or last copper, a little grease settles it, and makes it boil closer. The French often mix sand with their sugars. This practice not followed by the English. A character. Of the skimmings. Their various uses. Of rum. Its praise. A West India prospect, when crop is finished. An address to the Creoles, to live more upon their estates than they do. The reasons.

From scenes of deep distress, the heavenly Muse,
Emerging joyous, claps her dewy wings.
As when a pilgrim, in the howling waste,
Hath long time wander'd, fearful at each step,
Of tumbling cliffs, fell serpents, whelming bogs;
At last, from some long eminence, descries
Fair haunts of social life; wide-cultur'd plains,
O'er which glad reapers pour; he cheerly sings:
So she to sprightlier notes her pipe attunes,
Than e'er these mountains heard; to gratulate,
With duteous carols, the beginning year.
Hail, eldest birth of Time! in other climes,
In the old world, with tempests usher'd in;
While rifled Nature thine appearance wails,
And savage Winter wields his iron mace:
But not the rockiest verge of these green isles,
Though mountains heapt on mountains brave the sky,
Dares Winter, by his residence, profane.
At times the ruffian, wrapt in murky state,
Inroads will sly attempt; but soon the Sun,
Benign protector of the cane-land isles,
Repels the' invader, and his rude mace breaks.
Here, every mountain, every winding dell,
(Haunt of the Dryads; where, beneath the shade
Of broad-leaf'd China, idly they repose,
Charm'd with the murmur of the tinkling rill;
Charm'd with the hummings of the neighb'ring hive;)
Welcome thy glad approach: but chief the cane,
Whose juice now longs to murmur down the spout,
Hails thy lov'd coming; January, hail!
O M——! thou, whose polish'd mind contains
Each science useful to thy native isle!

Philosopher, without the hermit's spleen!
Polite, yet learned; and, though solid, gay!
Critic, whose head each beauty, fond, admires;
Whose heart each error flings in friendly shade!
Planter, whose youth sage Cultivation taught
Each secret lesson of her sylvan school:
To thee the Muse a grateful tribute pays;
She owes to thee the precepts of her song:
Nor wilt thou sour refuse: though other cares,
The public welfare, claim thy busy hour;
With her to roam (thrice pleasing devious walk)
The ripen'd cane-piece; and, with her, to taste
(Delicious draught!) the nectar of the mill!
  The planter's labour in a round revolves;
Ends with the year, and with the year begins.
  Ye swains, to Heaven bend low in grateful prayer;
Worship the Almighty, whose kind-fostering hand
Hath blest your labour, and hath given the cane
To rise superior to each menac'd ill.
  Nor less, ye planters, in devotion sue,
That nor the heavenly bolt, nor casual spark,
Nor hand of Malice may the crop destroy.
  Ah me! what numerous, deaf'ning bells resound?
What cries of horror startle the dull sleep?
What gleaming brightness makes, at midnight, day?
By its portentous glare, too well I see
Palemon's fate; the virtuous and the wise!
Where were ye, watches, when the flame burst forth?
A little care had then the hydra quell'd:
But, now, what clouds of white smoke load the sky!
How strong, how rapid the combustion pours!

Aid not, ye winds! with your destroying breath,
The spreading vengeance.—They contemn my prayer.
Rous'd by the deaf'ning bells, the cries, the blaze,
From every quarter, in tumultuous bands,
The Negroes rush; and, 'mid the crackling flames,
Plunge, demon-like! All, all, urge every nerve:
This way, tear up those canes; dash the fire out,
Which sweeps, with serpent-error, o'er the ground.
There, these hew down; their topmost branches burn:
And here bid all thy wat'ry engines play;
For here the wind the burning deluge drives.
In vain.—More wide the blazing torrent rolls;
More loud it roars, more bright it fires the pole!
And t'ward thy mansion, see, it bends its way.
Haste! far, O far, your infant-throng remove:
Quick from your stables drag your steeds and mules:
With well-wet blankets guard your cypress-roofs;
And where thy dried canes in large stacks are pil'd.—
Efforts but serve to irritate the flames:
Nought but thy ruin can their wrath appease.
Ah, my Palemon! what avail'd thy care,
Oft to prevent the earliest dawn of day,
And walk thy ranges at the noon of night?
What though no ills assail'd thy bunching sprouts,
And seasons pour'd obedient to thy will:
All, all must perish; nor shalt thou preserve
Wherewith to feed thy little orphan-throng.
Oh, may the cane-isles know few nights like this!
For now the sail-clad points, impatient, wait

The hour of sweet release, to court the gale.
The late-hung coppers wish to feel the warmth,
Which well-dried fuel from the cane imparts:
The Negro-train, with placid looks, survey
Thy fields, which full perfection have attain'd,
And pant to wield the bill: (no surly watch
Dare now deprive them of the luscious cane)
Nor thou, my friend, their willing ardour check;
Encourage rather; cheerful toil is light.
So from no field, shall slow-paced oxen draw
More frequent loaded wanes; which many a day,
And many a night, shall feed thy crackling mills
With richest offerings: while thy far-seen flames,
Bursting through many a chimney, bright emblaze
The Æthiop-brow of night. And see, they pour
(Ere Phosphor his pale circlet yet withdraws,
What time grey Dawn stands tip-toe on the hill)
O'er the rich cane-grove: Muse, their labour sing.
Some bending, of their sapless burden ease
The yellow-jointed canes, (whose height exceeds
A mounted trooper, and whose clammy round
Measures two inches full) and near the root
Lop the stem off, which quivers in their hand
With fond impatience: soon its branchy spires
(Food to thy cattle) it resigns; and soon
Its tender prickly tops, with eyes thick set,
To load with future crops thy long-hoed land.
These with their green, their pliant branches bound,
(For not a part of this amazing plant
But serves some useful purpose) charge the young:
Not laziness declines this easy toil;
Even lameness from its leafy pallet crawls,
To join the favour'd gang. What of the cane

Remains, and much the largest part remains,
Cut into junks a yard in length, and tied
In small light bundles, load the broad-wheel'd wane,
The mules crook-harnest, and the sturdier crew,
With sweet abundance. As on Lincoln-plains,
(Ye plains of Lincoln sound your Dyer's praise!)
When the lav'd snow-white flocks are numerous penn'd;
The senior swains, with sharpen'd shears, cut off
The fleecy vestment; others stir the tar;
And some impress, upon their captives' sides,
Their master's cipher; while the infant throng
Strive, by the horns, to hold the struggling ram,
Proud of their prowess. Nor meanwhile the jest
Light-bandied round, but innocent of ill;
Nor choral song are wanting: echo rings.
Nor need the driver, Æthiop authoriz'd,
Thence more inhuman, crack his horrid whip;
From such dire sounds the' indignant Muse averts
Her virgin-ear, where music loves to dwell:
'Tis malice now, 'tis wantonness of power
To lash the laughing, labouring, singing throng.
What cannot song? all nature feels its power:
The hind's blithe whistle, as through stubborn soils
He drives the shining share, more than the goad
His tardy steers impels.—The Muse hath seen,
When health danc'd frolic in her youthful veins,
And vacant gambols wing'd the laughing hours;
The Muse hath seen on Annan's pastoral hills,
Of theft and slaughter erst the fell retreat,
But now the shepherd's best-beloved walk:
Hath seen the shepherd, with his sylvan pipe,
Lead on his flock o'er crags, through bogs and streams,

A tedious journey; yet not weary they,
Drawn by the' enchantment of his artless song.
What cannot music?—When brown Ceres asks
The reaper's sickle; what like magic sound,
Puff'd from sonorous bellows by the squeeze
Of tuneful artist, can the rage disarm
Of the swart dog-star, and make harvest light?
And now thy mills dance eager in the gale;
Feed well their eagerness; but O beware!
Nor trust, between the steel-cas'd cylinders,
The hand incautious: off the member snapt
Thou'lt ever rue; sad spectacle of woe!
Are there, the Muse can scarce believe the tale:
Are there, who, lost to every feeling sense,
To reason, interest lost; their slaves desert,
And manumit them, generous boon! to starve,
Maim'd by imprudence, or the hand of Heaven?
The good man feeds his blind, his aged steed,
That in his service spent his vigorous prime:
And dares a mortal to his fellow-man,
(For spite of vanity, thy slaves are men)
Deny protection? Muse suppress the tale.
Ye! who in bundles bind the lopt-off' canes;
But chiefly ye! who feed the tight-brac'd mill;
In separate parcels, far the infected fling:
Of bad cane-juice the least admixture spoils
The richest, soundest; thus in pastoral walks,
One tainted sheep contaminates the fold.
Nor yet to dung-heaps thou resign the canes,
Which or the sun hath burnt, or rats have gnaw'd.
These to small junks reduc'd, and in huge casks
Steept, where no cool winds blow, do thou ferment:—
Then, when from his entanglements enlarg'd

The' evasive spirit mounts; by Vulcan's aid
(Nor Amphitryte will her help deny)
Do thou through all his winding ways pursue
The runaway; till in thy sparkling bowl
Confin'd, he dances; more a friend to life,
And joy, than that Nepenthe fam'd of yore,
Which Polydamna, Thone's imperial queen,
Taught Jove-born Helen on the banks of Nile.

As on old ocean, when the winds blow high,
The cautious mariner contracts his sail;
So here, when squally bursts the speeding gale,
If thou from ruin would'st thy points preserve,
Less-bellying canvass to the storm oppose.

Yet the faint breeze oft flags on listless wings,
Nor tremulates the cocoa's airiest arch,
While the red Sun darts deluges of fire,
And soon (if on the gale thy crop depend)
Will all thy hopes of opulence defeat.

'Informer of the planetary train!'
Source undiminish'd of all-cheering light,
Of roseat beauty, and heart-glad'ning joy!
Fountain of being, on whose water broods
The organic spirit, principle of life!
Lord of the seasons! who in courtly pomp
Lacquay thy presence, and with glad despatch,
Pour at thy bidding, o'er the land and sea!
Parent of vegetation, whose fond grasp
The sugar-cane displays: and whose green car
Soft stealing dews, with liquid pearls adorn'd
Fat-fostering rains, and buxom genial airs
Attend triumphant! why, ah why so oft,
Why hath Antigua, sweetly social isle,
Nurse of each art; where Science yet finds friends
Amid this waste of waters; wept thy rage?

Then trust not, planter, to the' unsteady gale:
But in Tobago's endless forest fell
The tall tough hiccory, or calaba.
Of this, be forc'd two pillars in the ground,
Four paces distant, and two cubits high:
Other two pillars raise; the wood the same,
Of equal size and height. The calaba,
Than steel more durable, contemns the rain,
And Sun's intensest beam; the worm, that pest
Of mariners, which winds its fatal way
Through heart of British oak, reluctant leaves
The closer calaba.—By transverse beams
Secure the whole; and in the pillar'd frame,
Sink, artist, the vast bridge-tree's mortis'd form
Of pond'rous hiccory; hiccory time defies:
To this be nail'd three polish'd iron plates;
Whereon, three steel capouces, turn with ease,
Of three long rollers, twice nine inches round,
With iron cas'd, and jagg'd with many a cog.
The central cylinder exceeds the rest
In portly size, thence aptly captain nam'd.
To this be rivetted the' extended sweeps;
And harness to each sweep two season'd mules:
They pacing round, gave motion to the whole.
The close-brac'd cylinders with ease revolve
On their greas'd axle; and with ease reduce
To trash the canes thy Negroes throw between.
Fast flows the liquor through the lead-lin'd spouts;
And depurated by opposing wires,
In the receiver floats a limpid stream.
So twice five casks, with muscovado fill'd,
Shall from thy staunchcons drip, ere Day's bright god
Hath in the Atlantic six times cool'd his wheels.
Wouldst thou against calamity provide?

Let a well-shingled roof, from Raleigh's land,
Defend thy stock from noon's inclement blaze,
And from night dews; for night no respite knows.
Nor when their destin'd labour is perform'd,
Be thou asham'd to lead the panting Muse
(The Muse, soft parent of each social grace,
With eyes of love God's whole creation views)
T' the warm pen; where copious forage strow'd,
And strenuous rubbing, renovate their strength.
So fewer ails (alas how prone to ails!)
Their days shall shorten; ah, too short at best!
For not ev'n then, my friend, art thou secure
From fortune: spite of all thy steady care,
What ills that laugh to scorn Machaon's art,
Await thy cattle! farcy's tabid form,
Joint-racking spasms, and cholic's pungent pang,
Need the Muse tell? which, in one luckless moon,
Thy sheds dispeople; when perhaps thy groves,
To full perfection shot, by day, by night,
Indesinent demand their vigorous toil.
Then happiest he, for whom the Naïads pour,
From rocky urns, the never-ceasing stream,
To turn his rollers with unbought despatch.
In Karukera's rich well-water'd isle!
In Matanina! boast of Albion's arms,
The brawling Naïads for the planters toil,
Howe'er unworthy; and, through solemn scenes,
Romantic, cool, with rocks and woods between,
Enchant the senses! but among thy swains,
Sweet Liamuiga! who such bliss can boast?
Yes, Romney, thou mayst boast; of British heart,
Of courtly manners, join'd to ancient worth:
Friend to thy Britain's every blood-earn'd right,
From Tyrants wrung, the many or the few.

By wealth, by titles, by ambition's lure,
Not to be tempted from fair honour's path:
While others, falsely flattering their prince,
Bold disapprov'd, or by oblique surmise
Their terror hinted, of the people arm'd;
Indignant in the senate, he uprose,
And, with the well-urg'd energy of zeal,
Their specious, subtle sophistry disprov'd;
The' importance, the necessity display'd,
Of civil armies, freedom's surest guard!
Nor in the senate didst thou only win
The palm of eloquence, securely bold;
But rear'dst thy banners, fluttering in the wind:
Kent, from each hamlet, pour'd her marshal'd swains,
To hurl defiance on the threatening Gaul.
Thy foaming coppers well with fuel feed;
For a clear, strong, continued fire improves
Thy muscovado's colour, and its grain.
Yet vehement heat protracted will consume
Thy vessels, whether from the martial mine,
Or from thine ore, bright Venus, they are drawn;
Or hammer, or hot fusion, give them form.
If prudence guides thee then, thy stores shall hold
Of well siz'd vessels a complete supply;
For every hour, thy boilers cease to skim,
(Now Cancer reddens with the solar ray)
Defeats thy honest purposes of gain.
Nor small the risk (when piety, or chance,
Force thee from boiling to desist) to lave
Thy heated furnace with the gelid stream.
The chymist knows, when all-dissolving fire
Bids the metalline oar abruptly flow;
What dread explosions, and what dire effects,

A few cold drops of water will produce,
Uncautious, on the novel fluid thrown.
For grain and colour, wouldst thou win, my friend,
At every curious mart, the constant palm?
O'er all thy works let cleanliness preside,
Child of frugality; and as the skum
Thick mantles o'er the boiling wave, do thou
The skum that mantles carefully remove.
From bloating dropsy, from pulmonic ails,
Wouldst thou defend thy boilers, (prime of slaves)
For days, for nights, for weeks, for months, involv'd
In the warm vapour's all-relaxing steam;
Thy boiling-house be lofty: all atop
Open, and pervious to the tropic breeze;
Whose cool perflation, woo'd through many a grate,
Dispels the steam, and gives the lungs to play.
The skill'd in chemia, boast of modern arts,
Know from Experiment, the sire of Truth,
In many a plant that oil, and acid juice,
And ropy mucilage, by nature live:
These, envious, stop the much-desir'd embrace
Of the essential salts, though coction bid
The' aqueous particles to mount in air.
'Mong salts essential, sugar wins the palm,
For taste, for colour, and for various use:
And, in the nectar of the yellowest cane,
Much achor, oil, and mucilage abound:
But in the less mature, from mountain-land,
These harsh intruders so redundant float,
Muster so strong, as scarce to be subdued.
Muse, sing the ways to quell them. Some use cane,
That cane, whose juices to the tongue applied

In silence lock it, sudden, and constrain'd,
(Death to Xantippe) with distorting pain.
Nor is it not effectual: but wouldst thou
Have rival brokers for thy cades contend;
Superior arts remain.—Small casks provide,
Replete with lime-stone thoroughly calcin'd,
And from the air secur'd: this Bristol sends,
Bristol, Britannia's second mart and eye!
Nor 'to thy waters only trust for fame,'
Bristol; nor to thy beamy diamonds trust:
Though these oft deck Britannia's lovely fair:
And those oft save the guardians of her realm.
Thy marble quarries claim the voice of praise,
Which rich incrusts thy Avon's banks, sweet banks!
Though not to you, young Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
All-rudely warbled his first woodland notes;
Though not your caves, while Terror stalk'd around,
Saw him essay to clutch the ideal sword,
With drops of blood distain'd: yet, lovely banks,
On you reclin'd, another tun'd his pipe;
Whom all the Muses emulously love,
And in whose strains your praises shall endure,
While to Sabrina speeds your healing stream.
Bristol, without thy marble, by the flame
Calcin'd to whiteness, vain the stately reed
Would swell with juice mellifluent; heat would soon
The strongest, best hung furnaces consume.
Without its aid the cool imprison'd stream,
Seldom allow'd to view the face of day,
Though late it roam'd a denizen of air;
Would steal from its involuntary bounds,
And by sly windings, set itself at large.
But chief thy lime the' experienc'd boiler loves,
Nor loves ill-founded; when no other art

Can bribe to union the coy floating salts,
A proper portion of this precious dust,
Cast in the wave, (so showers alone of gold
Could win fair Danae to the god's embrace)
With nectar'd muscovado soon will charge
Thy shelving coolers, which, severely press'd
Between the fingers, not resolves; and which
Rings in the cask; and or a light-brown hue,
Or thine, more precious silvery-grey assumes.
  The fam'd Bermuda's ever-healthy isles,
More fam'd by gentle Waller's deathless strains,
Than for their cedars, which, insulting, fly
O'er the wide ocean; mid their rocks contain
A stone which when calcin'd (experience says)
Is only second to Sabrina's lime.
  While flows the juice mellifluent from the cane,
Grudge not, my friend, to let thy slaves, each morn,
But chief the sick and young, at setting day,
Themselves regale with oft-repeated draughts
Of tepid nectar: so shall health and strength
Confirm thy Negroes, and make labour light.
  While flame thy chimneys, while thy coppers foam,
How blithe, how jocund, the plantation smiles!
By day, by night, resounds the choral song
Of glad barbarity; serene, the Sun
Shines not intensely hot; the trade wind blows:
How sweet, how silken, is its noontide breath!
While to far climes the fell destroyer, Death,
Wings his dark flight. Then seldom pray for rain:
Rather for cloudless days thy prayers prefer;
For, if the skies too frequently relent,
Crude flows the cane-juice, and will long elude
The boiler's wariest skill: thy canes will spring

To an unthrifty loftiness; or, weigh'd
Down by their load (ambition's curse) decay.
  Encourage thou thy boilers; much depends
On their skill'd efforts. If too soon they strike,
Ere all the wat'ry particles have fled;
Or lime sufficient granulate the juice:
In vain the thick'ning liquor is effus'd;
An heterogeneous, an uncertain mass,
And never in thy coolers to condense.
  Or, planter, if the coction they prolong
Beyond its stated time; the viscous wave
Will in huge flinty masses crystallize,
Which forceful fingers scarce can crumble down;
And which with its melasses ne'er will part:
Yet this fast dripping in nectareous drops,
Not only betters what remains, but, when
With art fermented, yields a noble wine,
Than which nor Gallia, nor the Indian clime,
Where rolls the Ganges, can a nobler show.
So misers in their coffers lock that gold,
Which, if allow'd at liberty to roam,
Would better them, and benefit mankind.
  In the last coppers, when the' embrowning wave
With sudden fury swells; some grease immix'd,
The foaming tumult sudden will compose,
And force to union the divided grain.
So when two swarms in airy battle join,
The winged heroes heap the bloody field;
Until some dust, thrown upwards in the sky,
Quell the wild conflict, and sweet peace restore!
  False Gallia's sons, that hoe the ocean-isles,
Mix with their sugar loads of worthless sand,
Fraudful, their weight of sugar to increase.
Far be such guile from Britain's honest swains.

Such arts, awhile, the' unwary may surprise,
And benefit the' impostor; but, ere long,
The skilful buyer will the fraud detect,
And with abhorrence reprobate the name.
  Fortune had crown'd Avaro's younger years
With a vast tract of land, on which the cane
Delighted grew, nor ask'd the toil of art.
The sugar-bakers deem'd themselves secure
Of mighty profit, could they buy his cades;
For whiteness, hardness, to the leeward-crop,
His muscovado gave. But, not content
With this pre-eminence of honest gain,
He baser sugars started in his casks;
His own, by mixing sordid things, debas'd.
One year the fraud succeeded; wealth immense
Flow'd in upon him, and he bless'd his wiles:
The next the brokers spurn'd the' adulterate mass,
Both on the Avon and the banks of Thame.
  Be thrifty, planter, even thy skimmings save:
For, planter, know, the refuse of the cane
Serves needful purposes. Are barbecues
The cates thou lov'st? What like rich skimmings feed
The grunting, bristly kind? Your labouring mules
They soon invigorate: give old Baynard these,
Untir'd he trudges in his destin'd round;
Nor need the driver crack his horrid lash.
  Yet with small quantities indulge the steed,
Whom skimmings ne'er have fatten'd: else, too fond,
So gluttons use, he'll eat intemp'rate meals;
And, staggering fall the prey of ravening sharks.
  But say, ye boon companions, in what strains,
What grateful strains, shall I record the praise

Of their best produce, heart-recruiting rum?
Thrice wholesome spirit! well-matur'd with age,
Thrice grateful to the palate! when with thirst,
With heat, with labour, and wan care opprest,
I quaff thy bowl, where fruit my hands have cull'd,
Round, golden fruit; where water from the spring,
Which dripping coolness spreads her umbrage round;
With hardest, whitest sugar, thrice refin'd;
Dilates my soul with genuine joy; low care
I spurn indignant; toil a pleasure seems.
For not Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's green bounds,
Where Ceres with the god of vintage reigns
In happiest union; not Vigornian hills,
Pomona's lov'd abode, afford to man
Goblets more priz'd, or laudable of taste,
To slake parch'd thirst, and mitigate the clime.
Yet, mid this blest ebriety, some tears,
For friends I left in Albion's distant isle,
For Johnson, Percy, White, escape mine eyes:
For her, fair auth'ress whom first Calpe's rocks
A sportive infant saw; and whose green years
True genius blest with her benignest gifts
Of happiest fancy. O, were ye all here,
O, were ye here; with him, my Pæon's son!
Long known, of worth approv'd, thrice candid soul!
How would your converse charm the lonely hour?
Your converse, where mild wisdom tempers mirth;
And charity, the petulance of wit;
How would your converse polish my rude lays,
With what new, noble images adorn?
Then should I scarce regret the banks of Thames,

All as we sat beneath that sand-box shade;
Whence the delighted eye expatiates wide
O'er the fair landscape; where, in loveliest forms,
Green cultivation hath array'd the land.
  See! there, what mills, like giants raise their arms,
To quell the speeding gale! what smoke ascends
From every boiling house! What structures rise,
Neat though not lofty, pervious to the breeze;
With galleries, porches, or piazzas grac'd!
Nor not delightful are those reed-built huts,
On yonder hill, that front the rising Sun
With plantanes, with banana's bosom'd-deep,
That flutter in the wind: where frolic goats
Butt the young Negroes, while their swarthy sires,
With ardent gladness wield the bill; and hark,
The crop is finish'd, how they rend the sky!
  Nor, beauteous only shows the cultur'd soil,
From this cool station. No less charms the eye
That wild interminable waste of waves:
While on the horizon's furthest verge are seen
Islands of different shape, and different size;
While sail-clad ships, with their sweet produce fraught,
Swell on the straining sight; while near yon rock,
On which ten thousand wings with ceaseless clang
Their aries build, a waterspout descends,
And shakes mid ocean; and while there below,
That town, embower'd in the diff'rent shade
Of tamarinds, panspans, and papaws, o'er which
A double Iris throws her painted arch,
Shows commerce toiling in each crowded street,
And each throng'd street with limpid currents lav'd.

What though no bird of song here charms the sense
With her wild minstrelsy; far, far, beyond,
The' unnatural quavers of Hesperian throats!
Though the chaste poet of the vernal woods,
That shuns rude Folly's din, delight not here
The listening eve; and though no herald-lark
Here leave his couch, high-towering to descry
The' approach of dawn, and hail her with his song:
Yet not unmusical the tinkling lapse
Of yon cool argent rill, which Phœbus gilds
With his first orient rays; yet musical,
Those buxom airs that through the plantanes play,
And tear with wantonness their leafy scrolls;
Yet not unmusical the wave's hoarse sound,
That dashes, sullen, on the distant shore;
Yet musical those little insects' hum,
That hover round us, and to Reason's ear
Deep, moral truths convey; while every beam
Flings on them transient tints, which vary when
They wave their purple plumes; yet musical
The love-lorn cooing of the mountain-dove,
That woos to pleasing thoughtfulness the soul;
But chief the breeze, that murmurs through yon canes,
Enchants the ear with tunable delight.
While such fair scenes adorn these blissful isles;
Why will their sons, ungrateful, roam abroad?
Why spend their opulence in other climes:
Say, is pre-eminence your partial aim?——
Distinction courts you here; the senate calls.
Here, crouching slaves, attendant wait your nod:
While there, unnoted, but for Folly's garb,

For folly's jargon; your dull hours ye pass,
Eclips'd by titles, and superior wealth.
  Does martial ardour fire your generous veins?
Fly to your native isles: Bellona, there,
Hath long time rear'd her bloody flag; these isles
Your strenuous arms demand; for ye are brave!
Nor longer to the lute and tabour's sound
Weave antic measures. O, could my weak song,
O could my song, like his, heaven-favoured bard,
Who led desponding Sparta's oft-beat hosts
To victory, to glory; fire your souls
With English ardour! for now England's swains,
(The man of Norfolk, swains of England, thank)
All emulous, to Freedom's standard fly,
And drive Invasion from their native shore:
How would my soul exult with conscious pride;
Nor grudge those wreaths Tyrtæus gain'd of yore.
  Or are ye fond of rich luxurious cates?—
Can aught in Europe emulate the pine,
Or fruit forbidden, native of your isles?
Sons of Apicius, say, can Europe's seas,
Can aught the edible creation yields,
Compare with turtle, boast of land and wave?
Can Europe's seas, in all their finny realms,
Aught so delicious as the Jew-fish show?
Tell me what viands, land or streams produce,
The large, black, female, moulting crab excel?
A richer flavour not wild Cambria's hills,
Nor Scotia's rocks with heath and thyme o'erspread,
Give to their flocks; than, lone Barbuda, you,
Than you, Anguilla, to your sheep impart.
Even Britain's vintage here, improv'd, we quaff;
Even Lusitanian, even Hesperian wines.
Those from the Rhine's imperial banks (poor Rhine!

How have thy banks been dyed with brother-blood!
Unnatural warfare!) strength and flavour gain
In this delicious clime. Besides, the cane,
Wafted to every quarter of the globe,
Makes the vast produce of the world your own.
  Or rather, doth the love of Nature charm;
Its mighty love your chief attention claim?
Leave Europe; there, through all her coyest ways,
Her secret mazes, Nature is pursued:
But here, with savage loneliness, she reigns
On yonder peak, whence giddy Fancy looks,
Affrighted, on the labouring main below.
Heavens! what stupendous, what unnumber'd trees,
'Stage above stage, in various verdure drest,'
Unprofitable, shag its airy cliffs!
Heavens! what new shrubs, what herbs with useless bloom,
Adorn its channel'd sides; and, in its caves
What sulphurs, ores, what earths and stones abound!
There let Philosophy conduct thy steps,
'For nought is useless made:' with candid search,
Examine all the properties of things;
Immense discoveries soon will crown your toil,
Your time will soon repay. Ah, when will cares,
The cares of fortune, less my minutes claim?
Then, with what joy, what energy of soul,
Will I not climb yon mountain's airiest brow!
The dawn, the burning noon, the setting Sun,
The midnight-hour, shall hear my constant vows
To Nature; see me prostrate at her shrine!
And, O, if haply I may aught invent
Of use to mortal man, life to prolong,

To soften, or adorn; what genuine joy,
What exultation of supreme delight,
Will swell my raptur'd bosom. Then, when Death
Shall call me hence, I'll unrepining go;
Nor envy conquerors their storied tombs,
Though not a stone point out my humble grave.

THE SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Genius of Africa. Address. Negroes when bought, should be young and strong. The Congo-negroes are fitter for the house and trades, than for the field. The Gold-coast, but especially the Papaw negroes, make the best field-negroes; but even these, if advanced in years, should not be purchased. The marks of a sound Negro at a Negro sale. Where the men do nothing but hunt, fish, or fight, and all field drudgery is left to the women: these are to be preferred to their husbands. The Minnahs make good tradesmen, but addicted to suicide. The Mundingos, in particular, subject to worms; and the Congas, to dropsical disorders. How salt-water, or new Negroes should be seasoned. Some Negroes eat dirt. Negroes should be habituated by gentle degrees to field labour. This labour, when compared to that in lead mines or of those who work in the gold and silver mines of South America, is not only less toilsome, but far more healthy. Negroes should always be treated with humanity. Praise of freedom. Of the dracunculus, or dragon-worm. Of chigres. Of the yaws. Might not this disease be imparted by inoculation? Of worms, and their multiform appearance. Praise of commerce. Of the imaginary disorders of Negroes, especially those caused by their conjurors or Obia-men. The composition and supposed virtues of a magic-phial. Field Negroes should not begin to work before six in the morning, and should leave off between eleven and twelve; and beginning again at two, should finish before sun-set. Of the weekly allowance of Negroes. The young, the old, the sickly, and even the lazy, must have their victuals prepared for them. Of Negro ground, and its various productions. To be fenced in, and watched. Of an American garden. Of the situation of the Negro-huts.

How best defended from fire. The great Negro-dance described. Drumming, and intoxicating spirits not to be allowed. Negroes should be made to marry in their master's plantation. Inconveniences arising from the contrary practice. Negroes to be clothed once a year, and before Christmas. Praise of Louis XIV. for the Code Noir. A body of laws of this kind recommended to the English sugar colonies. Praise of the river Thames. A moon-light landscape and vision.

GENIUS of Afric! whether thou bestrid'st
The cattled elephant; or at the source
(While howls the desert fearfully around)
Of thine own Niger, sadly thou reclin'st,
Thy temples shaded by the trem'lous palm,
Or quick papaw, whose top is necklac'd round
With numerous rows of party-colour'd fruit:
Or hear'st thou rather from the rocky banks
Of Rio Grande, or black Sanaga?
Where dauntless thou the headlong torrent brav'st
In search of gold, to brede thy woolly locks,
Or with bright ringlets ornament thine ears,
Thine arms and ankles: O attend my song.
A Muse that pities thy distressful state;
Who sees, with grief, thy sons in fetters bound;
Who wishes freedom to the race of man;
Thy nod assenting craves: dread Genius, come!
Yet vain thy presence, vain thy favouring nod;
Unless once more the Muses, that erewhile
Upheld me fainting in my past career,
Through Caribbee's cane-isles; kind condescend
To guide my footsteps, through parch'd Libya's wilds,
And bind my sun-burnt brow with other bays,
Than ever deck'd the sylvan bard before.

Say, will my Melvil, from the public care,
Withdraw one moment to the Muses' shrine?
Who smit with thy fair fame, industrious cull
An Indian wreath to mingle with thy bays,
And deck the hero, and the scholar's brow!
Wilt thou, whose mildness smooths the face of War,
Who round the victor-blade the myrtle twin'st,
And mak'st subjection loyal and sincere;
O wilt thou gracious hear the' unartful strain,
Whose mild instructions teach, no trivial theme,
What care the jetty African requires?
Yes, thou wilt deign to hear; a man thou art
Who deems't nought foreign that belongs to man.
In mind and aptitude for useful toil,
The Negroes differ: Muse that difference sing.
Whether to wield the hoe, or guide the plane;
Or for domestic uses thou intend'st
The sunny Libyan: from what clime they spring,
It not imports; if strength and youth be theirs.
Yet those from Congo's wide-extended plains,
Through which the long Zaire winds with crystal stream,
Where lavish Nature sends indulgent forth
Fruits of high flavour, and spontaneous seeds
Of bland nutritious quality, ill bear
The toilsome field; but boast a docile mind,
And happiness of features. These, with care,
Be taught each nice mechanic art: or trained
To household offices: their ductile souls
Will all thy care, and all thy gold repay.
But, if the labours of the field demand
Thy chief attention; and the' ambrosial cane
Thou long'st to see, with spiry frequence, shade

Many an acre: planter, choose the slave,
Who sails from barren climes; where Want alone,
Offspring of rude Necessity, compels
The sturdy native, or to plant the soil,
Or stem vast rivers for his daily food.
  Such are the children of the Golden Coast;
Such the Papaws, of Negroes far the best:
And such the num'rous tribes that skirt the shore,
From rapid Volta to the distant Rey.
But, planter, from what coast soe'er they sail,
Buy not the old: they ever sullen prove;
With heart-felt anguish, they lament their home;
They will not, cannot work; they never learn
Thy native language; they are prone to ails:
And oft by suicide their being end.
  Must thou from Afric reinforce thy gang?—
Let health and youth their every sinew firm;
Clear roll their ample eye; their tongue be red:
Broad swell their chest; their shoulders wide expand;
Not prominent their belly; clean and strong
Their thighs and legs, in just proportion rise.
Such soon will brave the fervors of the clime;
And free from ails, that kill thy Negro-train,
An useful servitude will long support.
  Yet, if thine own, thy children's life, be dear;
Buy not a Cormantee, though healthy, young.
Of breed too generous for the servile field;
They, born to freedom, in their native land,
Choose death before dishonourable bonds:
Or, fir'd with vengeance, at the midnight hour,
Sudden they seize thine unsuspecting watch,
And thine own poniard bury in thy breast.
  At home the men, in many a sylvan realm,

Their rank tobacco, charm of sauntering mines,
From clayey tubes inhale; or, vacant, beat
For prey the forest; or, in war's dread ranks,
Their country's foes affront: while, in the field,
Their wives plant rice, or yams, or lofty maize,
Fell hunger to repel. Be these thy choice:
They, hardy, with the labours of the cane
Soon grow familiar: while unusual toil,
And new severities their husbands kill.
The slaves from Minnah are of stubborn breed:
But, when the bill, or hammer, they affect,
They soon perfection reach. But fly, with care,
The Moco nation; they themselves destroy.
Worms lurk in all: yet pronest they to worms,
Who from Mundingo sail. When therefore such
Thou buy'st, for sturdy and laborious they,
Straight let some learned leach strong med'cines give,
Till food and climate both familiar grow.
Thus, though from rise to set, in Phœbus' eye,
They toil, unceasing; yet, at night, they'll sleep,
Lapp'd in Elysium; and, each day, at dawn,
Spring from their couch, as blithesome as the Sun.
One precept more, it much imports to know.
The Blacks, who drink the Quanza's lucid stream,
Fed by ten thousand springs, are prone to bloat,
Whether at home or in these ocean-isles:
And though nice art the water may subdue,
Yet many die; and few, for many a year,
Just strength attain to labour for their lord.
Would'st thou secure thine Ethiop from those ails,
Which change of climate, change of waters breed,
And food unusual? let Machaon draw

From each some blood, as age and sex require;
And well with vervain, well with sempre-vive,
Unload their bowels.—These, in every hedge,
Spontaneous grow.—Nor will it not conduce
To give what chymists, in mysterious phrase,
Term the white eagle; deadly foe to worms.
But chief do thou, my friend, with hearty food,
Yet easy of digestion, likest that
Which they at home regal'd on; renovate
Their sea-worn appetites. Let gentle work,
Or rather playful exercise, amuse
The novel gang: and far be angry words;
Far pond'rous chains; and far disheart'ning blows.
From fruits restrain their eagerness; yet if
The acajou, haply, in thy garden bloom,
With cherries, or of white or purple hue,
Thrice wholesome fruit in this relaxing clime!
Safely thou may'st their appetite indulge.
Their arid skins will plump, their features shine:
No rheums, no dysenteric ails torment:
The thirsty hydrops flies.—'Tis even averr'd,
(Ah, did experience sanctify the fact,
How many Lybians now would dig the soil,
Who pine in hourly agonies away!)
This pleasing fruit, if turtle join its aid,
Removes that worst of ails, disgrace of art,
The loathsome leprosy's infectious bane.
There are, the Muse hath oft abhorrent seen,
Who swallow dirt; (so the chlorotic fair
Oft chalk prefer to the most poignant cates)
Such dropsy bloats, and to sure death consigns;
Unless restrain'd from this unwholesome food,
By soothing words, by menaces, by blows:
Nor yet will threats, or blows, or soothing words,

Perfect their cure; unless thou, Pæan, deign'st
By med'cine's pow'r their cravings to subdue.
  To easy labour first inure thy slaves;
Extremes are dangerous. With industrious search,
Let them fit grassy provender collect
For thy keen stomach'd herds.——But when the Earth
Hath made her annual progress round the Sun,
What time the conch or bell resounds, they may
All to the cane-ground, with thy gang, repair.
  Nor, Negro, at thy destiny repine,
Though doom'd to toil from dawn to setting Sun.
How far more pleasant is thy rural task,
Than theirs who sweat, sequester'd from the day,
In dark tartarean caves, sunk far beneath
The Earth's dark surface; where sulphureous flames,
Oft from their vapoury prisons bursting wild,
To dire explosion give the cavern'd deep,
And in dread ruin all its inmates whelm?—
Nor fateful only is the bursting flame;
The exhalations of the deep-dug mine,
Though slow, shake from their wings as sure a death.
With what intense severity of pain
Hath the afflicted Muse, in Scotia, seen
The miners rack'd, who toil for fatal lead?
What cramps, what palsies shake their feeble limbs,
Who on the margin of the rocky Drave,
Trace silver's fluent ore? Yet white men these!
  How far more happy ye, than those poor slaves,
Who, whilom, under native, gracious chiefs,
Incas and emperors, long time enjoy'd
Mild government, with every sweet of life,
In blissful climates? See them dragg'd in chains,

By proud insulting tyrants, to the mines
Which once they call'd their own, and then despis'd!
See, in the mineral bosom of their land,
How hard they toil! how soon their youthful limbs
Feel the decrepitude of age? how soon
Their teeth desert their sockets! and how soon
Shaking paralysis unstrings their frame!
Yet scarce, even then, are they allow'd to view
The glorious god of day, of whom they beg,
With earnest hourly supplications, death;
Yet death slow comes, to torture them the more!
With these compar'd, ye sons of Afric, say,
How far more happy is your lot? Bland health,
Of ardent eye, and limb robust, attends
Your custom'd labour; and, should sickness seize,
With what solicitude are ye not nurs'd!
Ye Negroes, then, your pleasing task pursue;
And, by your toil, deserve your master's care.
When first your Blacks are novel to the hoe,
Study their humours: some, soft, soothing words;
Some, presents; and some, menaces subdue;
And some I've known, so stubborn is their kind,
Whom blows, alas! could win alone to toil.
Yet, planter, let humanity prevail.
Perhaps thy Negro, in his native land,
Possest large fertile plains, and slaves, and herds:
Perhaps, whene'er he deign'd to walk abroad,
The richest silks, from where the Indus rolls,
His limbs invested in their gorgeous pleats:
Perhaps he wails his wife, his children, left
To struggle with adversity: perhaps
Fortune, in battle for his country fought,
Gave him a captive to his deadliest foe:

Perhaps, incautious, in his native fields,
(On pleasurable scenes his mind intent)
All as he wander'd, from the neighb'ring grove,
Fell ambush dragg'd him to the hated main.
Were they even sold for crimes; ye polish'd, say!
Ye, to whom Learning opes her amplest page!
Ye, whom the knowledge of a living God
Should lead to virtue! Are ye free from crimes?
Ah pity, then, these uninstructed swains;
And still let Mercy soften the decrees
Of rigid Justice, with her lenient hand.

Oh, did the tender Muse possess the power,
Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft abuse:
'Twould be the fond ambition of her soul
To quell tyrannic sway; knock off the chains
Of heart-debasing slavery; give to man,
Of every colour and of every clime,
Freedom, which stamps him image of his God.
Then laws, Oppression's scourge, fair Virtue's prop,
Offspring of Wisdom! should impartial reign,
To knit the whole in well-accorded strife:
Servants, not slaves; of choice, and not compell'd;
The Blacks should cultivate the cane-land isles.

Say, shall the Muse the various ills recount,
Which Negro-nations feel? Shall she describe
The worm that subtly winds into their flesh,
All as they bathe them in their native streams?
There, with fell increment, it soon attains
A direful length of harm. Yet, if due skill
And proper circumspection are employed,
It may be won its volumes to wind round
A leaden cylinder: but, O beware,
No rashness practise; else 'twill surely snap,

And suddenly retreating, dire produce
An annual lameness to the tortur'd Moor,
  Nor only is the dragon worm to dread:
Fell, winged insects, which the visual ray
Scarcely discerns, their sable feet and hands
Oft penetrate; and, in the fleshy nest,
Myriads of young produce; which soon destroy
The parts they breed in; if assiduous care,
With art, extract not the prolific foe.
  Or, shall she sing, and not debase her lay,
The pest peculiar to the Æthiop kind,
The yaw's infectious bane?—The' infected far
In huts, to leeward, lodge; or near the main.
With heart'ning food, with turtle, and with conchs,
The flowers of sulphur, and hard niccars burnt,
The lurking evil from the blood expel,
And throw it on the surface: there in spots,
Which cause no pain, and scanty ichor yield,
It chiefly breaks about the arms and hips,
A virulent contagion!——When no more
Round knobby spots deform, but the disease
Seems at a pause: then let the learned leach
Give, in due dose, live-silver from the mine;
Till copious spitting the whole taint exhaust.——
Nor thou repine, though half-way round the Sun
This globe her annual progress shall absolve,
Ere, clear'd, thy slave from all infection shine.
Nor then be confident; successive crops
Of defœdations oft will spot the skin:
These thou with turpentine and guaiac pods,
Reduc'd by coction to a wholesome draught,
Total remove, and give the blood its balm.
  Say, as this malady but once infests
The sons of Guinea, might not skill ingraft

(Thus the small-pox are happily convey'd)
This ailment early to thy Negro-train?
  Yet, of the ills which torture Libya's sons,
Worms tyrannize the worst. They, Proteus-like,
Each symptom of each malady assume;
And, under ev'ry mask, the' assassins kill.
Now in the guise of horrid spasms, they writhe
The tortur'd body, and all sense o'erpower.
Sometimes, like Mania, with her head downcast,
They cause the wretch in solitude to pine;
Or frantic, bursting from the strongest chains,
To frown with look terrific, not his own.
Sometimes like Ague, with a shivering mien,
The teeth gnash fearful and the bloods runs chill:
Anon the ferment maddens in the veins,
And a false vigour animates the frame.
Again, the Dropsy's bloated mask they steal;
Or, 'melt with minings of the hectic fire.'
  Say, to such various mimic forms of death,
What remedies shall puzzled art oppose?—
Thanks to the' Almighty, in each path-way hedge,
Rank cow-itch grows, whose sharp unnumber'd stings,
Sheath'd in melasses, from their dens expel,
Fell dens of death, the reptile lurking foe.
A powerful vermifuge, in skilful hands,
The worm-grass proves; yet, even in hands of skill,
Sudden, I've known it dim the visual ray
For a whole day and night. There are who use
(And sage Experience justifies the use)
The mineral product of the Cornish mine;
Which in old times, ere Britain laws enjoy'd,
The polish'd Tyrians, monarchs of the main,
In their swift ships convey'd to foreign realms:

The Sun by day, by night the northern star,
Their course conducted.—Mighty Commerce hail!
By thee the sons of Attic's sterile land,
A scanty number, laws impos'd on Greece:
Nor aw'd they Greece alone; vast Asia's king,
Though girt by rich arm'd myriads, at their frown
Felt his heart wither on his furthest throne.
Perennial source of population thou!
While scanty peasants plough the flowery plains
Of purple Enna; from the Belgian fens
What swarms of useful citizens spring up,
Hatch'd by thy fostering wing. Ah, where is flown
That dauntless free-born spirit, which of old
Taught them to shake off the tyrannic yoke
Of Spain's insulting king; on whose wide realms
The Sun still shone with undiminish'd beam?
Parent of wealth; in vain coy Nature hoards
Her gold and diamonds; toil, thy firm compeer,
And industry of unremitting nerve,
Scale the cleft mountain, the loud torrent brave,
Plunge to the centre, and through Nature's wiles,
(Led on by skill of penetrative soul)
Her following close, her secret treasures find,
To pour them plenteous on the laughing world.
On thee Sylvanus, thee each rural god,
On thee chief Ceres, with unfailing love
And fond distinction, emulously gaze.
In vain hath Nature pour'd vast seas between
Far-distant kingdoms; endless storms in vain
With double night brood o'er them; thou dost throw,
O'er far-divided Nature's realms, a chain
To bind in sweet society mankind.
By thee white Albion, once a barbarous clime,
Grew fam'd for arms, for wisdom, and for laws;

By thee she holds the balance of the world,
Acknowledg'd long sole empress of the main.
Coy though thou art, and mutable of love,
There may'st thou ever fix thy wandering steps;
While Eurus rules the wide Atlantic foam!
By thee, thy favourite, great Columbus found
That world, where now thy praises I rehearse
To the resounding main and palmy shore;
And Lusitania's chiefs those realms explor'd
Whence Negroes spring, the subject of my song.
  Nor pine the Blacks, alone, with real ills,
That baffle oft the wisest rules of art:
They likewise feel imaginary woes;
Woes no less deadly. Luckless he who owns
The slave, who thinks himself bewitch'd; and whom
In wrath, a conjurer's snake-mark'd staff hath struck!
They mope, love silence, every friend avoid;
They inly pine; all aliment reject;
Or insufficient for nutrition take:
Their features droop; a sickly yellowish hue
Their skin deforms; their strength and beauty fly.
Then comes the feverish Fiend, with fiery eyes,
Whom drowth, convulsions, and whom death sur-
Fatal attendants! if some subtle slave [round,
(Such, Obia-men are styl'd) do not engage
To save the wretch by antidote or spell.
  In magic spells, in Obia, all the sons
Of sable Afric trust:—Ye sacred Nine!
(For ye each hidden preparation know)
Transpierce the gloom which ignorance and fraud
Have render'd awful; tell the laughing world
Of what these wonder-working charms are made.
  Fern root cut small and ty'd with many a knot;

Old teeth extracted from a white man's skull;
A lizard's skeleton; a serpent's head;
These mix'd with salt, and water from the spring,
Are in a phial pour'd; o'er these the leach
Mutters strange jargon, and wild circles forms.
  Of this posset, each Negro deems himself
Secure from poison; for to poison they
Are infamously prone: and arm'd with this,
Their sable country demons they defy,
Who fearful haunt them at the midnight hour,
To work them mischief. This, diseases fly;
Diseases follow: such its wondrous power!
This o'er the threshold of their cottage hung,
No thieves break in; or, if they dare to steal,
Their feet in blotches, which admit no cure,
Burst loathsome out; but should its owner filch,
As slaves were ever of the pilfering kind,
This from detection screens;—so conjurers swear.
  Till morning dawn, and Lucifer withdraw
His beamy chariot; let not the loud bell
Call forth thy Negroes from their rushy couch:
And ere the Sun with midday fervor glow,
When every broom-bush opes her yellow flower;
Let thy black labourers from their toil desist:
Nor till the broom her every petal lock,
Let the loud bell recall them to the hoe.
But when the jalap her bright tint displays,
When the solanum fills her cup with dew,
And crickets, snakes, and lizards 'gin their coil;
Let them find shelter in their cane-thatch'd huts:
Or, if constrain'd unusual hours to toil,
(For e'en the best must sometimes urge their gang)
With double nutriment reward their pains.

Howe'er insensate some may deem their slaves,
Nor 'bove the bestial rank; far other thoughts
The Muse, soft daughter of Humanity!
Will ever entertain.—The Ethiop knows,
The Ethiop feels, when treated like a man;
Nor grudges, should necessity compel,
By day, by night, to labour for his lord.
Not less inhuman than unthrifty those,
Who, half the year's rotation round the Sun,
Deny subsistence to their labouring slaves.
But wouldst thou see thy Negro-train increase,
Free from disorders; and thine acres clad
With groves of sugar; every week dispense
Or English beans, or Carolinian rice;
Ierne's beef, or Pennsylvanian flour;
Newfoundland cod, or herrings from the main
That howls tempestuous round the Scotian isles!
Yet some there are so lazily inclin'd,
And so neglectful of their food, that thou,
Would'st thou preserve them from the jaws of Death,
Daily their wholesome viands must prepare:
With these let all the young, and childless old,
And all the morbid share;—so Heaven will bless,
With manifold increase, thy costly care.
Suffice not this; to every slave assign
Some mountain-ground: or, if waste broken land
To thee belong, that broken land divide.
This let them cultivate, one day each week;
And there raise yams, and there cassada's root:
From a good demon's staff cassada sprang,
Tradition says, and Caribbees believe;
Which into three the white-rob'd genius broke,
And bade them plant, their hunger to repel.
There let angola's bloomy bush supply,

For many a year, with wholesome pulse their board.
There let the bonavist, his fringed pods
Throw liberal o'er the prop; while ochra bears
Aloft his slimy pulp, and help disdains.
There let potatos mantle o'er the ground;
Sweet as the cane-juice is the root they bear.
There too let eddas spring in order meet,
With Indian cale, and foodful calaloo: [herbs,
While mint, thyme, balm, and Europe's coyer
Shoot gladsome forth, nor reprobate the clime.

This tract secure, with hedges or of limes,
Or bushy citrons, or the shapely tree
That glows at once with aromatic blooms,
And golden fruit mature. To these be join'd
In comely neighbourhood, the cotton shrub;
In this delicious clime the cotton bursts
On rocky soils.—The coffee also plant;
White as the skin of Albion's lovely fair
Are the thick snowy fragrant blooms it boasts:
Nor wilt thou, cocô, thy rich pods refuse;
Though years, and heat, and moisture they require,
Ere the stone grind them to the food of health.
Of thee, perhaps, and of thy various sorts,
And that kind sheltering tree, thy mother nam'd,
With crimson flow'rets prodigally grac'd;
In future times, the' enraptur'd Muse may sing,
If public favour crown her present lay.

But let some ancient, faithful slave erect
His sheltered mansion near; and with his dog,
His loaded gun, and cutlass, guard the whole:
Else Negro-fugitives, who skulk mid rocks
And shrubby wilds, in bands will soon destroy
Thy labourer's honest wealth; their loss and yours.

Perhaps, of Indian gardens I could sing,

Beyond what bloom'd on blest Phæacia's isle,
Or eastern climes admir'd in days of yore :
How Europe's foodful, culinary plants ;
How gay Pomona's ruby tinctur'd births ;
And gawdy Flora's various-vested train ;
Might be instructed to unlearn their clime,
And by due discipline adopt the Sun.
The Muse might tell what culture will entice
The ripen'd melon, to perfume each month ;
And with the anana load the fragrant board.
The Muse might tell, what trees will best exclude
('Insuperable height of airiest shade')
With their vast umbrage the noon's fervent ray.
Thee, verdant mammey, first, her song should praise :
Thee, the first natives of these ocean-isles,
Fell anthropophagi, still sacred held ;
And from thy large high-flavour'd fruit abstain'd,
With pious awe ; for thine high-flavoured fruit,
The airy phantoms of their friends deceas'd
Joy'd to regale on.——Such their simple creed.
The tamarind likewise should adorn her theme,
With whose tart fruit the sweltering fever loves
To quench his thirst, whose breezy umbrage soon
Shades the pleas'd planter, shades his children long.
Nor, lofty cassia, should she not recount
Thy woodland honours ! See, what yellow flowers
Dance in the gale, and scent the ambient air ;
While thy long pods, full-fraught with nectar'd sweets,
Relieve the bowels from their lagging load,
Nor chirimoia, though these torrid isles
Boast not thy fruit, to which the anana yields
In taste and flavour, wilt thou coy refuse

Thy fragrant shade to beautify the scene.
But, chief of palms, and pride of Indian grove,
Thee, fair palmeto, should her song resound:
What swelling columns, form'd by Jones or Wren,
Or great Palladia, may with thee compare?
Not nice proportion'd, but of size immense,
Swells the wild fig-tree, and should claim her lay;
For, from its numerous bearded twigs proceed
A filial train, stupendous as their sire,
In quick succession; and, o'er many a rood,
Extend their uncouth limbs; which not the bolt
Of Heaven can scathe; nor yet the all-wasting rage
Of Typhon, or of hurricane, destroy.
Nor should, though small, the anata not be sung:
Thy purple dye, the silk and cotton fleece
Delighted drink; thy purple dye the tribes
Of northern Ind, a fierce and wily race,
Carouse, assembled; and with it they paint
Their manly make in many a horrid form,
To add new terrors to the face of war.
The Muse might teach to twine the verdant arch,
And the cool alcove's lofty roof adorn,
With pond'rous granadillas, and the fruit
Call'd water-lemon; grateful to the taste:
Nor should she not pursue the mountain-streams,
But pleas'd decoy them from their shady haunts,
In rills, to visit every tree and herb;
Or fall o'er fern-clad cliffs, with foaming rage;
Or in huge basins float, a fair expanse;
Or, bound in chains of artificial force,
Arise through sculptur'd stone, or breathing brass.
But I'm in haste to furl my windworn sails,
And anchor my tir'd vessel on the shore.
It much imports to build thy Negro-huts,

Or on the sounding margin of the main,
Or on some dry hill's gently-sloping sides, [beach,
In streets, at distance due.——When near the
Let frequent cocô cast its wavy shade;
'Tis Neptune's tree: and nourish'd by the spray,
Soon round the bending stem's aërial height
Clusters of mighty nuts, with milk and fruit
Delicious fraught, hang clattering in the sky.
There let the bay-grape, too, its crooked limbs
Project enormous; of empurpled hue
Its frequent clusters grow. And there, if thou
Would'st make the sand yield salutary food,
Let Indian millet rear its corny reed,
Like arm'd battalions in array of war.
But, round the upland huts, bananas plant;
A wholesome nutriment bananas yield,
And sun-burnt labour loves its breezy shade.
Their graceful screen let kindred plantanes join,
And with their broad vans shiver in the breeze;
So flames design'd, or by imprudence caught,
Shall spread no ruin to the neighbouring roof.

Yet nor the sounding margin of the main,
Nor gently sloping side of breezy hill,
Nor streets, at distance due, imbower'd in trees;
Will half the health, or half the pleasure yield,
Unless some pitying Naïad deign to lave,
With an unceasing stream, thy thirsty bounds.

On festal days; or when their work is done;
Permit thy slaves to lead the choral dance,
To the wild banshaw's melancholy sound.
Responsive to the sound, head, feet, and frame
Move awkwardly harmonious; hand in hand
Now lock'd the gay troop circularly wheels,
And frisks and capers with intemperate joy.

Halts the vast circle, all clap hands and sing;
While those distinguish'd for their heels and air,
Bound in the centre, and fantastic twine.
Meanwhile some stripling, from the choral ring,
Trips forth; and, not ungallantly, bestows
On her who nimblest hath the greensward beat,
And whose flush'd beauties have inthrall'd his soul,
A silver token of his fond applause.
Anon they form in ranks; nor inexpert
A thousand tuneful intricacies weave,
Shaking their sable limbs; and oft a kiss
Steal from their partners; who, with neck reclin'd,
And semblant scorn, resent the ravish'd bliss.
But let not thou the drum their mirth inspire;
Nor vinous spirits; else, to madness fir'd,
(What will not bacchanalian frenzy dare?)
Fell acts of blood, and vengeance they pursue.
Compel by threats, or win by soothing arts,
Thy slaves to wed their fellow slaves at home;
So shall they not their vigorous prime destroy,
By distant journeys, at untimely hours,
When muffled Midnight decks her raven hair
With the white plumage of the prickly vine.
Would'st thou from countless ails preserve thy [gang;
To every Negro, as the candle-weed
Expands his blossoms to the cloudy sky,
And moist Aquarius melts in daily showers,
A woolly vestment give, (this Wiltshire weaves)
Warm to repel chill night's unwholesome dews:
While strong coarse linen, from the Scotian loom,
Wards off the fervo'rs of the burning day.
The truly great, though from a hostile clime,
The sacred Nine embalm; then, Muses, chant,
In grateful numbers, Gallic Lewis' praise:

For private murder quell'd; for laurel'd arts,
Invented, cherish'd in his native realm;
For rapine punish'd; for grim famine fed;
For sly chicane expell'd the wrangling bar;
And rightful Themis seated on her throne:
But, chief, for those mild laws his wisdom fram'd,
To guard the Ethiop from tyrannic sway!
Did such, in these green isles which Albion claims,
Did such obtain; the Muse at midnight hour,
This last brain-racking study had not plied:
But, sunk in slumbers of immortal bliss,
To bards had listen'd on a fancied Thames!
All hail, old father Thames! though not from far
Thy springing waters roll; nor countless streams;
Of name conspicuous, swell thy wat'ry store;
Though thou, no Plata, to the sea devolve
Vast humid offerings; thou art king of streams:
Delighted Commerce broods upon thy wave;
And every quarter of this sea-girt globe
To thee due tribute pays; but chief the world
By great Columbus found, where now the Muse
Beholds, transported, slow vast fleecy clouds,
Alps pil'd on Alps romantically high,
Which charm the sight with many a pleasing form.
The Moon, in virgin-glory, gilds the pole,
And tips yon tamarinds, tips yon cane-crown'd vale,
With fluent silver; while unnumbered stars
Gild the vast concave with their lively beams.
The main, a moving burnish'd mirror, shines;
No noise is heard, save when the distant surge
With drowsy murmurings breaks upon the shore!—
Ah me, what thunders roll! the sky's on fire!
Now sudden darkness muffles up the pole! [sense,
Heav'ns! what wild scenes, before the' affrighted

Imperfect swim!—See! in that flaming scroll,
Which Time unfolds, the future germs bud forth
Of mighty empires! independent realms!——
And must Britannia, Neptune's fav'rite queen,
Protect'ress of true science, freedom, arts;
Must she, ah! must she, to her offspring crouch?
Ah, must my Thames, old Ocean's fav'rite son,
Resign his trident to barbaric streams;
His banks neglected, and his waves unsought,
No barks to sing them, and no fleets to grace?——
Again the fleecy clouds amuse the eye,
And sparkling stars the vast horizon gild—
She shall not crouch; if Wisdom guide the helm,
Wisdom that bade loud Fame, with justest praise,
Record her triumphs? bade the lacqueying winds
Transport, to every quarter of the globe,
Her winged navies! bade the sceptred sons
Of earth acknowledge her pre-eminence!—
She shall not crouch; if these cane ocean-isles,
Isle which on Britain for their all depend,
And must for ever; still indulgent share
Her fostering smile: and other isles be given,
From vanquish'd foes.—And, see another race!
A golden era dazzles my fond sight!
That other race, that long'd-for era, hail!
THE BRITISH GEORGE NOW REIGNS, THE PATRIOT KING!
BRITAIN SHALL EVER TRIUMPH O'ER THE MAIN.

END OF VOL. XXVII.

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